MY MEMOIRS

J. B. IVEY

Alice V. Wilson.
Lenoir, N. C.

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With Best Wishes to
my valued Friend Rev J.W.
Hoyle – from the author
J. B. Ivey

To my daddy
with so much love
Mary.

MY MEMOIRS

Revised with the addition of several new chapters
1941

—Photo by Ivey's

JOSEPH BENJAMIN IVEY

MY MEMOIRS

J. B. IVEY

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by J. B. Ivey

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TO MY IMMEDIATE FAMILY
AND TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE HISTORY
WITH A HOPE THAT IT MAY PROVE
A PLEASANT RECITAL OF MY JOYS
AND SORROWS, SUCCESSES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS,
AND THAT IT MAY
BE AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE
GENERATIONS THAT ARE TO COME

INTRODUCTION

ABOUT 1918, I had a secretary who kept insisting that I write my memoirs and publish them. I told her that I didn't think any publisher would want it, but she kept talking about it and at last I became interested and decided to write my recollections of my early years for the benefit of my family.

I dictated several chapters to this secretary and then when Daisy and I made a trip to Miami in February of 1922, I engaged a stenographer and dictated further memoirs to her. I brought my history up to the time I moved to Charlotte in 1900, making about 200 pages of typewritten matter.

Here the subject rested for years, until 1938, when Virginia insisted that I bring my memoirs up to date, publish in a book and give it to my children as a Christmas present. During the summer of 1939, I commenced the work again, intending to publish and give it to my family as Christmas presents in 1939. I found it a larger job than I anticipated, and did not get it finished in time.

I think the events of my life up to 1900 are fairly in chronological order, and are more in detail than my writings last year and this. I am afraid the records of the last forty years are rather sketchy, and are not as full as the earlier accounts. I suppose this is because as we grow older we recollect much better the things that happened years ago than those that occurred only recently.

I decided to have one thousand published, and present them not only to my family, but to my friends and my employees in the stores of Charlotte, Asheville and Greenville, S. C. I consider these employees very much as members of the family and thought they might be interested in my early struggles and the building of a successful business in which they have had such a large part.

In the appendix, I have placed many accounts of my trips to various places. Most of these are reprints from articles in *The Charlotte Observer*.

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MY MEMOIRS

FIRST THINGS

ON JUNE 8, 1864, the writer of this book was born in Shelby, North Carolina, son of Rev. George W. and Selina Neal Ivey. I was the fifth child in a Methodist parsonage. My next older sister died in infancy, so that I was really the fourth living child. It was just about a year before the close of the great Civil War and the lot of a Methodist preacher and his wife with four small children was not an easy one. The country had been stripped of almost everything and the people, while willing, could not aid much in the support of their preacher.

My father, however, was a very fine manager and contrived to get along. Dr. Andrews of Shelby told me an incident in my father's life that gives some insight into his industry and efficiency.

There was a man living in Shelby at that time who thought that all preachers were lazy and were preaching only to escape work. He was clearing a woods lot a few miles from town and told my father that he could have all the wood he could haul in one day. Dr. Andrews said—and the story was later corroborated by my father—that my father had a big, strong mule. He borrowed another strong mule and a two-horse wagon from one of his parishioners and started to work at daylight and he hauled away in that one day nearly all the wood the man had. The doubter had no further reason to think that this particular preacher was lazy.

During the time we lived at Shelby there were numerous raids and rumors of raids of the Yankee cavalry who swept through the country taking horses and anything eatable. I have heard that it was common practice when they expected one of these raids, for the people to bury their valuables, together with the hams, etc., in the ground. I heard my mother speak of father's hiding his mule in a little smoke house on the lot. (If the present generation does not know what a smoke house is: it was a necessary adjunct to every house and was used to smoke fresh meats to cure them and to keep the flies away. A smudge fire of oak or hickory chips was built on the ground inside the smoke house, making a dense smoke. Almost every family had a smoke house.)

My father was appointed to the Lenoir circuit and moved from Shelby in the fall of 1865 when I was a little over one year old. I can't say that I recall any of the details of this moving or anything that happened at Shelby, but I do think that I remember when I was two or three years old at Lenoir. Boys and girls alike wore dresses in those days until they were five or six years old, and I have a faint recollection of going with my mother to a trunk where she got out a fresh dress and put it on me.

I do recollect clearly a total eclipse of the sun in August, 1869, when I was five years old. I can remember the older members of my family using smoked glasses to see the approach of the moon over the sun. I also recollect seeing the chickens going to roost. I was too young to be alarmed, but we heard that the negroes and ignorant white people got very much scared, thinking that the end of the world had come.

One of the pleasant recollections of this period was that of seeing a Christmas tree at Davenport Female College, which was then being conducted by Dr. Samuel Lander, a very fine type of Christian minister and college president. He took great pride in dressing up fancy Christmas trees. He had the floor under this tree fixed like a snow scene, with mountains and valleys covered with snow, and lakes with toy ducks swimming on them. Forty years later I remembered this and fixed a Christmas tree on this order myself, which seemed to be much appreciated by my children.

In the fall of 1869 my father was transferred to the Morganton Circuit. Moving in those days was a big job, as the roads were fearful and we had to depend, of course, upon horses and wagons. My father had a parishioner and a friend, a Mr. Hoover, who lived in the southeastern part of Caldwell County, who generally moved us. This man had a big covered wagon, the cover of which extended two or three feet over the front and rear. The distance between Morganton and Lenoir is only about fifteen miles and can now be made in less than half an hour over a splendid road. The trip then took us two days. We could not go the nearest route—I suppose on account of the bridge over the Catawba River being washed away—so we had to go by way of Lovelady Ferry, which is on the Catawba River near Rutherford College.

The weather was terribly cold and my mother had us all wrapped up very carefully and stowed away among blankets and quilts inside the covered wagon. My father and mother and the baby went in a one-horse hack. This hack was used by my father in traveling over his circuit, as most of his pay—or, as it was called then, "quarterage"—was paid in produce, and unless he could take it back home with him he would have missed this. We always seemed to have plenty to eat, though money was very, very scarce.

On this trip moving from Lenoir, not only was the weather terribly cold, but the roads were very bad. They had been frozen, and in the thawed places our wagon would frequently sink down to the axles; then it would be a job for the wagoner to get out, pry the wheels out of the mud, and whip the horses to get them to pull us out. Sometimes we would have to wait for a friendly fellow-wagoner to come along, take out his team and hitch to the tongue of our wagon, and the four mules could generally do the work.

We got down to the Catawba River before dark and the impression of that vast river, it seemed to me, as we crossed on a flat boat, was like looking at the ocean. Uncle Dan'l Johnson, my uncle by marriage, knew of our coming and was down at the ferry to superintend the navigation of the flat boat and to welcome us. We had a very hearty welcome at his home, which was right on the river near the ferry. They had a splendid meal prepared for us, including fresh fish from the river. Uncle Dan'l had a fish trap on the river and seemed always to have fish for the table. I do not remember any of the trip next day, or anything about arriving at Morganton.

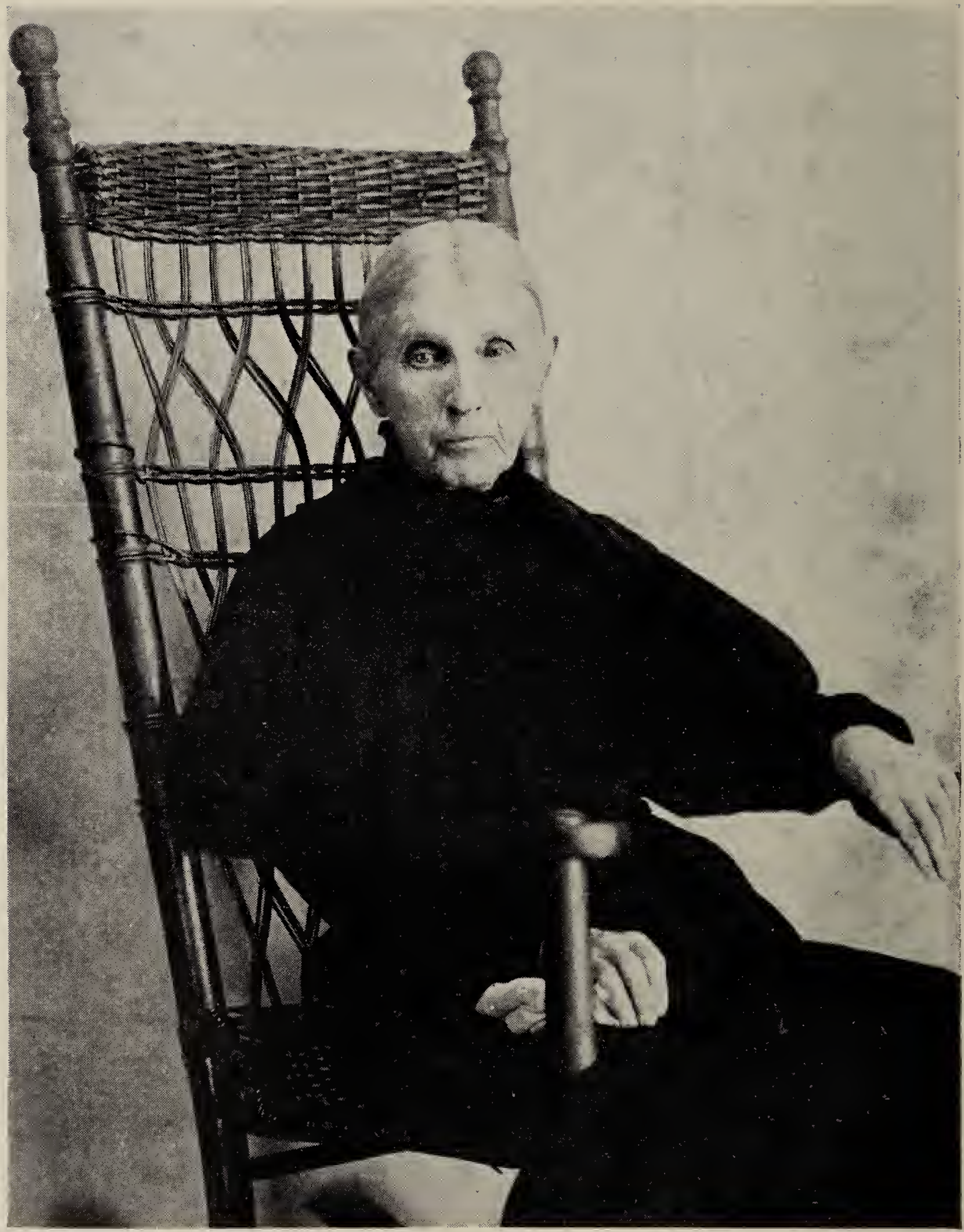
Going to school was quite a problem in those days, for the public school system was a farce. Public schools were not open but two or three months in the year. I remember clearly the first one I attended in Morganton when I was about seven years old. For some reason—I don't know why, unless most of the school houses were situated in old fields—all the public schools in those days were known as "Old Field Schools." The public school house that I remember was typical of that day. It was a small frame house of one room and with only one teacher. We sat on benches with no desks and Webster's Blue Back Spelling Book was the only book I recall.

This teacher's favorite method of enforcing discipline was to take by the ears two boys or girls who had been disturbers and knock their heads together. When I told my mother about being constantly subjected to this kind of punishment, she was alarmed and took me out of this school, and sent me to a private school taught in her own home by Mrs. Gettys, one of the ladies in the town. About the only thing I can remember about this school was that I would get very sleepy in the afternoons and would crawl up on the stair steps where the teacher could not see me and take a nap.

Later I went to another private school taught by Miss Maria Cousins. As I remember it, she was a good teacher for those days. She kindly enforced her discipline and gained the love of her pupils and I began slowly to progress in my Blue Back Spelling Book. I was very slow in developing. At six or seven years old I could hardly be understood by anyone who was not accustomed to hearing me speak. I must have been a little tongue tied.

While at Morganton I took my first trip on a train. The Western North Carolina Railroad, at that time, had its terminus

MY FATHER, REV. GEORGE WASHINGTON IVEY



MY MOTHER, MRS. SELINA NEAL IVEY

at Old Fort. Our Sunday School arranged to have an excursion to the end of the railroad, and I was very much excited and much awed at getting on this magnificent train. I had seen the train come in before, but this was the first time I had the proud consciousness of being a passenger. None of the large, palatial coaches that I have ridden in since seems to me nearly so fine as this small wooden one. The seats had no cushions and the backs were only about fifteen inches high. The windows were very small, I think only twelve inches square, and I suppose the length of the coaches was about one-third the length of the present fine ones that go over this same road. I remember we had brought our picnic dinner and I enjoyed eating it at Old Fort.

After the dinner—we never called any meal lunch—I went with some of the older children to see the place where some men were working on a tunnel through the mountains. This was the first tunnel of the many that were made through the Swannanoa Gap. The State was building this road and as there was very little money for this purpose progress was slow.

I went to my first Sunday School here at Morganton, though I don't recollect anything about the teacher. She must not have been a very good one or she would have left an impress on my young mind. I do recall that I was quite a baby and cried at the strangeness of the situation and my father was very much disgusted with me. It seems strange to think of a boy about six years old crying when he was with his own family at Sunday School. I think that I have always been from three to ten years younger than my age.

My father very often took some of his children with him as he went over the country preaching. I think probably this was to relieve my mother, who usually had a new baby to look after, as well as the other small children, and it was a relief to her to have him take some of us with him. I must have embarrassed my father by breaking out crying on some of these occasions, for I remember at one time when I was going with him to one of these country churches he warned me before we got there that if I cried he would have to whip me afterwards. I think this broke up my penchant for crying, as I don't recollect any further transgressions.

When I was about six years old I visited my Uncle Tom Parks, who married my mother's sister, Lou Neal. They lived eight or ten miles from Morganton, right at the foot of Table Rock Mountain. Wild deer were in abundance throughout the mountains in those days and deer meat was more plentiful than beef.

My uncle had a large field of "clay" peas, as we called them, and he offered to pay me for gathering the long pods for him. This is my first recollection of earning money. My uncle did not have any cash when I got through the job and promised to pay me when he sold the peas. I remember I had a hard time collecting for this work and every time I would see Uncle Tom I would "dun" him, until my father told me I must not speak to him about it again. I think he eventually paid me.

The first funeral that I remember attending was in the old church yard at Morganton. It was a Masonic funeral and I was much impressed with the solemn march of the men in their sheepskin aprons, spears, etc., and I looked on with great awe as they surrounded the grave and went through their Masonic ceremony. I would almost have been willing to have been buried myself then to get such an honor.

When I was about seven years old, there was a big wedding in town and my father was the officiating minister. Mr. Walter Brem, a dashing, handsome young man from Charlotte, had wooed and won the daughter of Todd R. Caldwell, who at that time was Governor of North Carolina. It was a marriage in high society and I remember going to the church and seeing the crowd at the ceremony. It was an early morning affair and the party left at once on the train for Charlotte. Mr. Brem told me later that the train was held for them one hour and that it took all day to go from Morganton to Charlotte. There was no connection at Statesville for Charlotte, so he hired a special train to take them to their destination.

In the front yard at our home in Morganton we had two fine plum trees. We small boys tried to see to it that none of the plums ever got ripe. As soon as they commenced turning red we would knock them down and try to eat them. At last my father told me that we must not knock down any more plums. The next day I was looking up longingly at a plum that I was sure was ripe, and had picked up a stick to throw at it when my father appeared on the scene. I rather think I was punished for breaking his prohibition. It seems to me that I was hungry all the time, though I know we had plenty to eat. We had a lot of peach trees on the place and one red, meaty kind we called an Indian Peach was a special favorite of mine.

About this time I saw my first Indian. Some white men were carrying an Indian over the country, using a covered hack to take him from place to place so nobody could see him. They exhibited him in the courthouse where they charged admission to see him and hear him speak. I did not have the necessary admission price, but I hung around outside and caught glimpses of him as he came in. Later, all of us had a good chance to see this Indian, as he brought his bow and arrow and gave an archery exhibit in a vacant lot near the courthouse. He would ask the men to put up a target on a stick and he would shoot at it. He would miss some of the pennies and nickels, but I noticed that he always hit the quarters or larger money. He got the money if he hit it.

This courthouse square was also the scene of the performance of a wonderful rope walker. A man stretched a rope between the Walton Hotel and the top of another two-story building across the street and, with a pole, he did what looked impossible—walked from one building to the other on this rope. When he did this same thing with his feet in a bag, we held our breath expecting every second to see him fall. For weeks after that all the small boys were practicing walking the top rails of fences.

It seems to me that the winters in those days were much more severe than they are now. I remember the snow lying for weeks on the ground, as is seems to me, and I also remember the long icicles, twelve to eighteen inches in length, hanging from the eaves of the houses.

There was quite an excitement among us small boys when we heard that a mill dam was to be built right in town. We watched this undertaking with bated breath and it caused as much excitement among us as if it had been the digging of the Panama Canal. As I look over the place now, I realize it must have been a very small, dirty pond, but to my youthful mind it seemed immense, and I was fully convinced that one of the older boys was the greatest swimmer in the world when he swam across it. My mother would not let me go in this "dangerous" lake, but we had a swimming hole right below the dam that we used almost every day during the summer. There was a corn mill, also a small saw mill run by the waters of this dam, and I first saw shingles made there.

The larger saw would cut off slabs the width of a shingle. They would then be sawed the length of the shingles, then the shingles would be ripped off with a smaller circular saw. This was a slow process and the shingles must not have been very popular, for the mill did not last very long. Other than these sawed shingles all the covering of the houses was of shingles made by hand. They were cut out of easy-splitting pine or oak and then put in a vise, and with a drawing knife were shaved down at one end to a thin edge and smoothed all over. Shingles were usually made on the spot where the house was to be built.

A great catastrophe happened at this time. A long-continued heavy rain came and one morning when we woke up we were told that Wilson's mill dam had broken during the night and all the water was gone. We hurried down to the scene and the Johnstown flood did not seem to those people to be more disastrous than this flood seemed to us. The dam was not repaired while we lived at Morganton, but many years later when the State Hospital was built they reconstructed this lake for the benefit of the patients. It must have proved unhealthful, for later they did away with it.

It is strange how evil thoughts stick in our minds to the exclusion of good ones. When I was about six or seven years old, at Morganton, I was with a crowd of small boys and an older man, who ought to have been lynched, told us a very smutty story. I have not been able to banish that story from my mind to this day.

At Morganton we used candles altogether for light, and my mother had a mould in which she made her own candles from beef tallow. The wicks sometimes would not burn well and would swell up to great black lumps in the flames. Candle snuffers were household necessities and we had several of them.

About this time we got our first coal oil lamp. It was a small brass fount with a round wick about a quarter of an inch in diameter, with no chimney. This made a much brighter light than candles, but was a great thing to smell and to blacken up the walls with its smoke. Later glass lamps, with flat wicks and glass chimneys came in, which were a big improvement. Then the so-called student lamp was invented, with large circular wicks, and the combustion in this was so much better that everybody tried to get a student lamp. Washing the lamp chimneys was a daily job for my sisters. It was considered quite a disgrace to have a smoked chimney, but they got black every night all the same.

There was a kindly old physician, a bachelor, by the way, who had his office near the parsonage. He was fond of children and one day announced that he was going to have a contest, with prizes of sticks of candy for the boys who could throw best. All the boys in the town were there at the appointed time and as one would hit the mark with a rock, Dr. Happolt would praise him and hand him a stick of candy. I was a very poor marksman and although I tried again and again, I could not hit the target. The fount of my tears was loosened. Dr. Happolt was sorry for me and allowed me to come nearer and nearer to the target until I hit the mark and got my candy. I shall always have fond recollections of the good old doctor.

When we first came to Morganton there was a garrison of Yankee soldiers there to keep peace, I suppose, and to prevent the wrong people from voting at the elections. I think it was Grant who rejoiced the hearts of all the people when he called the soldiers away from Morganton. Everyone intensely hated these Yankee soldiers.

Morganton was the only place I lived where there were open saloons. We children were warned never to walk on the side of the street where the saloon was, but as it was right on the way from our house to town, even though we walked on the other side of the street we could see a crowd of drunken loafers around the doors of the saloon, and, once in a while, a man reeling out almost past going. Lenoir, being a school town, never did have saloons, in my recollection.

I think probably it was while we lived at Lenoir that I made my first visit to my grandparents, who lived up near Marion. This was always an event in our lives. I was sent up there when one of the babies came, to be taken care of by my Aunt Harriet. Aunt Harriet was a fine aunt. She looked after us very carefully and did not fail to administer discipline when we needed it. Her favorite method of punishment (now looked upon with horror by child specialists) was to put us in a dark closet under the staircase when we had been bad. One time when we were living at Morganton, mother and the younger children had been to Grandma's. When they came back sister Emma had her head tied up and mother told us that a dog had bitten her right above the eye. It was a very bad wound and the scar can be seen to this day. We did not know anything about hydrophobia then and were not concerned about that.

Aunt Harriet was a typical spinster, a fine, kindly soul, and one who was always welcome when she came to visit us. She had many chances to get married when she was a young woman, but for some reason she turned them down. In later years, though, she advised my older sister, Clara, to get married to any decent man rather than remain single the way she had.

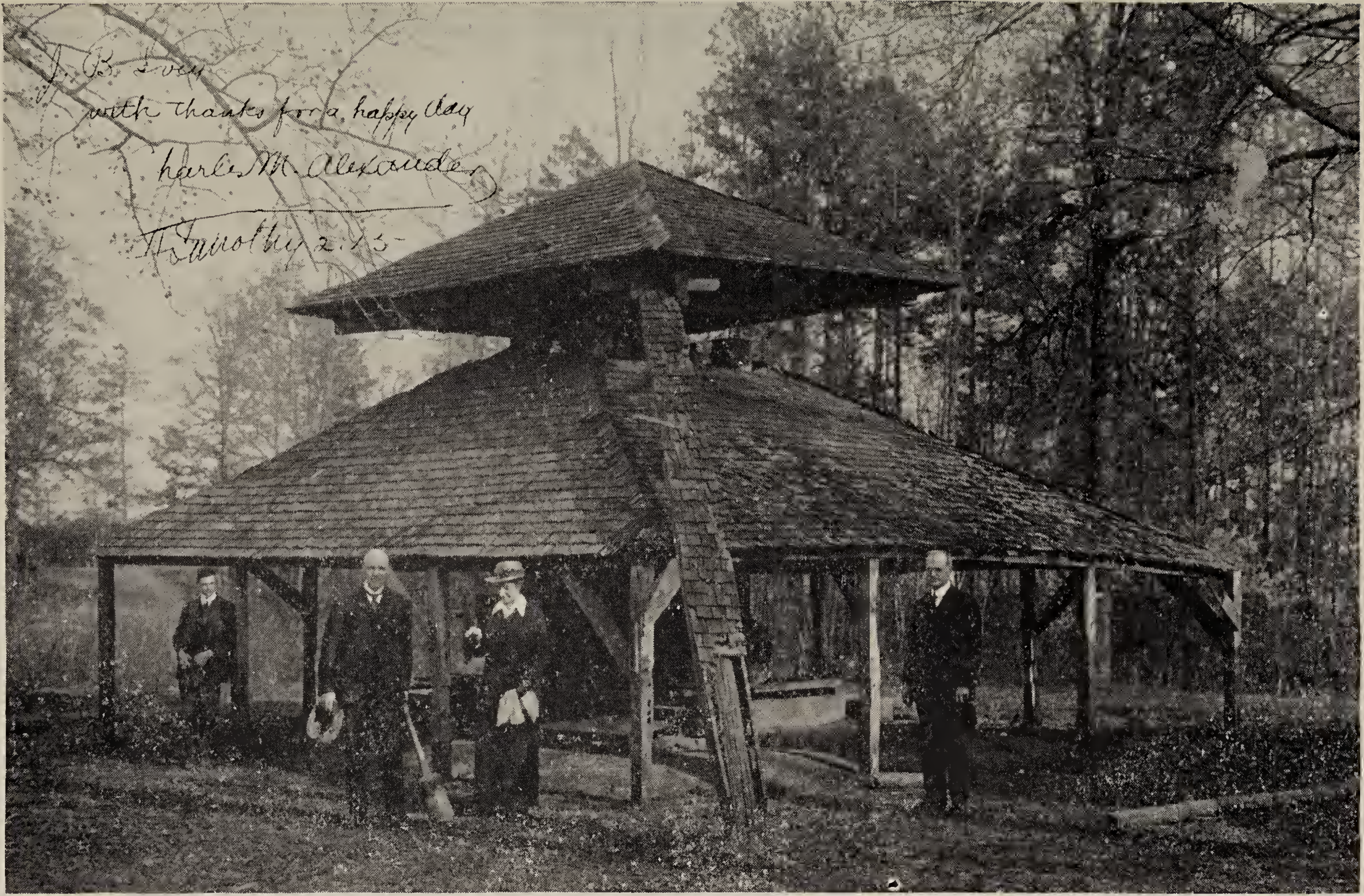
While we were living at Morganton and I was about six years old, I made a trip with my father to his old home in Stanly County. We drove through the country with his horse and buggy, and as I remember, it took us three days to make the trip. We stopped the last night in Concord and then went to my grandfather's home the next day.

One of my aunts was a good weaver. She had a large home-made loom set up at one side of the living room and there she made the jeans-cloth for the clothes of the men, and also wove the cotton homespun for the women's clothes. They themselves would spin the cotton and wool and all the cloth was made from the raw material grown on the farm. Later the cotton chain was bought at stores in five-pound bundles of about ten hanks, and this very much simplified the work of the home weavers. Later, when I was in the country store at Belwood we bought hundreds of yards of this home-made jeans and homespun from the women of the surrounding farms and sold it instead of the factory made cloths later used. Home-made jeans, as it was called, was a very strong, tough-wearing cloth, and for fifty cents a yard one could buy yard wide all-wool-filling jeans. A suit made of this jeans, with an extra pair of pants, would last for several years.

On this trip to my grandfather's I first saw cotton growing. It was in the fall and the fields were white with opening cotton, and great piles of it that looked like banks of snow were heaped on the porches waiting to be taken to the gin. I was much interested in the cotton presses, their arms 20 to 30 feet long, to which were hitched mules to operate the press. A great wooden screw was turned by these projecting arms and exerted immense force on the cotton put in the box-like enclosure for baling. After the screw was run down and the cotton compressed to the proper size for a bale, the side boards were taken off, iron ties were put around the bale to hold it when the screw was released, and the mules were again hitched to the long arms and driven in the opposite direction to raise the screw. It was a very picturesque sight—this old-time cotton gin—but these presses are never seen any more, as the modern power presses have put them out of use.

I had a good time playing with some colored children who lived on the place, and I remember going with the family over to Zoar Church to hear my father preach. In 1925, fifty-one years later, I was at Albemarle at a Sunday School convention and one of my cousins took me down to the old home place, the first time I had been there since my childhood days. The house had shrunk wonderfully, and did not seem to be more than half the size I remembered it, though they assured me it was the identical house in which my father was born and reared. I went over to where Zoar Church used to be and found my grandfather's and grandmother's graves in the old graveyard, which had been allowed to grow up in trees and brambles, and was in a generally dilapidated condition.

As our automobile drove up to the old house, we hallooed but had difficulty in finding anyone. At last two women appeared and when my cousin asked where Jim was, one of them said he had gone to the watermelon patch. Later Jim and a companion appeared and when they found out who we were, were quite friendly and showed us around the place. Jim was a renter on the place and no relation of ours. After we left, my cousin told me that Jim had a reputation of being a bootlegger, and no doubt he hid out when he saw us coming, suspecting us of being revenue officers. We had been in some danger of being greeted with a rifle shot, and I would not have been so easy in my mind had I known more about Jim before we went.



J. B. Ivey
with thanks for a happy day
harles M Alexander
II Timothy 2.15

GEORGE IVEY, DR. AND MRS. CHAS. M. ALEXANDER AND THE AUTHOR STANDING IN FRONT OF AN OLD STYLE COTTON PRESS, THEN SITUATED ABOUT 7 MILES OUT ON THE PARK ROAD, MECKLENBURG COUNTY

FOUR YEARS AT LENOIR

IN THE FALL of 1872 my father was again appointed by the Conference to the Lenoir circuit. Father's faithful friend of the covered wagon, Mr. Hoover, was called on and he came over to Morganton for us. The bridge over the Catawba near Morganton was in use at this time and we made the trip in one day.

I do not seem to remember as much about this move as the one three years before—probably because we did not have any romantic crossing of the Catawba in a flat boat, did not stay all night with any hospitable Uncle Dan'l, and the roads must have been better. A committee of citizens was at the parsonage to welcome us when we arrived. They had good fires made and hot supper ready, which we must have enjoyed. The parsonage then was a small four-room house with a kitchen and dining room attached by an ell. It was originally a log house, but had been weatherboarded, leaving fine cavities for the mice and rats to occupy. There was a large lot attached to this house, on which we had an orchard that bore very ordinary apples. My father always had a large garden, which he attended with great care and success. His was always the best garden in the neighborhood. In the orchard one of the apple trees had its trunk covered with poison oak vines. Some boy friends and I decided that we would rid this tree of the poison oak. After cutting it off with great glee and handling it a lot, we capped the climax by going to a wash basin and washing our hands and faces. In a few days I had a wonderful case of poisoning. It spread all over my body. My face was one mass of itching swelling and my eyes were so swollen that I could not see. I had so spread it by washing that I had as thorough a case of poisoning as I ever saw or felt.

For several years after that, about the same time of the year, I would have an attack of this poisoning though each year it was less severe than the year before. Whether this "breaking out" was a recurrence of the same old trouble or whether I was again infected by passing near some poison oak, I could not tell. I have always been very susceptible to poison oak and even yet I am most careful not to touch or come near any of this noxious vine.

Dr. A. A. Scroggs, one of the ugliest men I ever remember, but also one of the kindliest and finest, was my physician. The doctors didn't seem to know much about treating poison oak. Dr. Scroggs, like the others, prescribed bathing with a solution of sugar of lead, and I think this has never done me any good. Someone at Lake Junaluska, about 1910, recommended a prescription which I tried, and I found that it dried up the poison in a few days. I have always kept this on hand and have given it to a great many who have been poisoned, and I think it has always acted well with everyone who tried it. Dr. George R. Stuart, the evangelist, who had a home at Lake Junaluska, had a very bad case of poisoning and used everything without much relief. He finally tried my prescription and obtained relief so promptly that he enthusiastically said he was going to get a jug full to give some to everybody who was poisoned.

Hattie and Emma, my sisters, were jealous of the fact that I could stay at home from school while poisoned and they decided they would infect themselves, so they went down to the orchard, rubbed their hands and faces with the leaves of the poison oak with all of the success for which they could wish. They had wonderful cases of poisoning but I think they concluded that they paid too high a price for their absence from school.

But to get back to Lenoir: We were put in school at once, as day pupils, at Davenport Female College. There was a preparatory department, taught by Mrs. McLeod, where they took boys and girls up to ten years old. My sister, Hattie, and I went to this department. Both of us got into trouble frequently at school and took great pleasure in telling the family about the other being punished. We usually got a whipping, or at least a severe scolding, from our parents when they heard about our misbehavior and this finally resulted in our making a treaty of peace and agreeing not to tell on each other when we got in trouble at school.

It seems that I was always getting into some sort of mischief and I think most of my punishment was deserved. I do not recall that Mrs. McLeod ever punished me without due cause, and I think I never cherished any ill will against her. One time, however, I thought I was punished unjustly. Dr. W. M. Robey was president of the college at that time and one of his boys, Charlie, I think, told me that there was a stray cat sucking eggs in the hens' nests and his mother would like for us to do away with the cat. I think it very unlikely that Mrs. Robey really asked us to kill the cat, but we thought that she did. Four or five of us found the cat and several of the boys pelted it with rocks. The poor thing was writhing in agony and I was so sorry for it that I picked up my first rock and tried to end its misery. I was too tender-hearted to have wanted to hurt the cat but, like poor dog Tray, I was in bad company. We were all hauled up by Mrs. McLeod, who thought this too serious a matter for her to handle. She sent us to Dr. Robey who didn't waste much time in giving the accused benefit of counsel but proceeded at once to give us all a sound thrashing. I remember that one of the boys burst out crying as soon as Dr. Robey began to whip him, thereby losing the respect of the rest of us who stoically endured our whippings without a whimper. I always thought that Dr. Robey ought to have investigated this a little more, and I did feel I did not deserve any whipping.

Dr. Robey's office was in the laboratory. He had a few instruments in there which were very interesting to me. One was a glass disc, which, on being turned, produced static electricity, and if a girl stood on the insulated stand connected with this electrical machine, her body would become electrified and her hair stand out straight. In this day we are trying to get rid of static but then it was an interesting experiment.

There were dormitories in the college building and quarters for forty or fifty girls. They came from all over the State. There were no water works then and all the water had to be carried from a well in a valley back of the hill on which the college was built. The annual commencement was a great occasion. Practically everyone in the town attended and they filled the college auditorium to hear the sermon and addresses. I remember the father of one of the girls, Julia, was a Mr. Bowden from Wilmington. He came to commencement, showing a wonderful expanse of white vest on which he wore a huge gold watch chain which, in my recollection, seems to have been about the size of a log chain.

The college was a beautiful building, on the highest point in the town of Lenoir. From the front we had a magnificent view of Grandfather and Table Rock Mountains and at the rear Hibriten Mountain stood up like a sentinel only four or five miles from the college. It was a favorite tramp on Saturdays to walk to this mountain and climb to the top, where a very fine view could be obtained, as there were no other mountains within fifteen or twenty miles. There was a large telescope at the college, used by the astronomy class, and sometimes the "prep scholars," as we were called, were allowed to look through this telescope. I remember one day when there was a group going to the mountain we looked through the telescope and saw the members of the party climbing the mountain. I really think I saw them but it may have been a fancy.

There was a very cold spring at the bottom of this mountain, at the point where we started to climb, and about half way up was a most interesting cave. You had to get down on all fours and crawl in, but after getting through this opening you came into a fairly good-sized room where you could stand up and walk with ease. There were openings into other chambers but I was too timid to explore further than one or two, especially after one day when we went into this cave and found a bed of tips of cedars which we concluded was made by a bear. We got out in a hurry, afraid she would come back and find us occupying her home. Bears were plentiful through the mountains in those days and the natives frequently brought cubs down to Lenoir to display and try to sell. Bear meat was more or less common also.

The long incline from the college down to the street was a great place to coast when snow was on the ground. Homemade sleds were the only ones used but they would go down the steep hill with great speed and when the snow was well covered with ice, we could ride from the top of the hill to the principal street in town, a distance of three or four blocks.

I think I made very poor progress in school, as I did not desire to do anything except play and have a good time. I was a little awakened once when one of the boys told me that he overheard Mrs. McLeod talking to Dr. Robey about me. She told him that I was not doing well, but that I was smart enough and could learn if I wanted to. This rather touched my pride and I tried to get along better after that.

I had a hard time learning the multiplication table and never did learn it until I discovered the principle. I had a bad case of measles when I was nine or ten years old and my eyes hurt so that I spent a lot of my time sitting in a dark closet. While in there I made the interesting discovery that if two times four is eight, that three times four would be another four added on to the eight, and that multiplication was only addition. I was good at mental addition so I soon had the multiplication table down in fine shape. The measles injured my eyes and I have had a bad case of myopia, or near-sightedness, ever since.

While I was in the prep school at the college we were invited one day to a showing of a new picture at an artist's studio. The artist was Rev. J. A. Oertel, a native of Bavaria. He had been in this country for a number of years and had achieved fame as the painter of the now famous picture, "Rock of Ages." It has been said that more copies were made of this picture than of any other ever painted by anyone living in America. Unfortunately, Mr. Oertel did not get any remuneration from the great sale of copies of this picture. He had just finished another picture, "The Shadow of the Rock," and invited the students of the college over to view it. Even on my young, untutored mind it made a wonderful impression. It was a large picture showing a scene in the desert with the scorching sun pouring pitilessly down on the hot sands. A lone traveler, almost dead from exposure, had crawled into the shadow of a great rock and was luxuriating in its shade. Dr. Oertel was rector of the small Episcopal Church at Lenoir at that time. He must have been a genius in several ways, for he made the organ at the church, and was reputed to be able to do almost anything. A few years later he gave up this work and moved into the mountains around Blowing Rock to give his services free to the poor mountain folk, who did not have much opportunity to hear the gospel.

I attended Sunday School every Sunday at Lenoir. We did not have the International lessons at that time, and our sole text book was the Catechism. We also memorized verses from the Bible. We would get a white ticket with a Bible verse printed on it as a reward for learning verses or knowing our lesson. Five white tickets would get a green ticket and five green tickets could be exchanged for a red ticket, all with Bible verses on them. I am afraid some of the boys who were better traders than others had a larger supply of the red tickets than they were really entitled to own.

One Sunday my father preached from the text: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like precious ointment, etc." This appealed to my sense of rhythm in some way, and I went home that afternoon and committed to memory the whole short Psalm. The following Sunday when the superintendent of the Sunday School asked for verses to be repeated, I astonished him by getting up and repeating this Psalm. He commended me publicly for remembering the text the previous Sunday.

There was intense rivalry between the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches of Lenoir. Nearly everybody belonged to one of these churches. There was another church, the Episcopal, in town, but their membership was so small that they did not count. We Methodists felt that one might almost as well be a heathen as a Presbyterian and the Presbyterian boys looked down on the Methodists as too common to associate with.

The fact that the female college was a Methodist school and the boys' school, a Presbyterian school, seemed to add to this rivalry. The boys' school was taught by E. W. Faucette and Captain H. C. Dixon. For that day, they had a fine school —Finley High School—and boys were sent there from all over the State. Mr. Faucette had a reputation as a fine disciplinarian and if a boy could not be managed at home he was sent to Finley High School.

Mr. Faucette did not hesitate to use corporal punishment and he would thrash the biggest young men if they needed it. His favorite method of punishment though was to give a boy a dull mattock and have him dig up stumps on the campus. This acted well, but after a time the stumps got scarce and by the time I entered the school, stump digging seemed to have been past history. Governor Vance, who lived in Charlotte at that time, had one or two boys in Finley High School.

At the annual close of Finley High School the boys were up to all sorts of mischief. On the night just before leaving they would take off the gates to the fences, overturn all small buildings they could find, and I remember one time we found they had taken one of the buggies from the livery stable and left it on top of the roof of the stable.

At one time the Finley High School boys took great delight in worrying Dr. Robey by stealing things from the college at night. Dr. Robey had a big flock of ducks and these boys had great fun going up there and stealing a duck, going out in the woods and roasting and eating it. Dr. Robey was a great fighter and would go out himself to chase the boys. One night in chasing a group of boys he fired a pistol in the air and, to his great horror, saw one of the boys fall. He went to him and found, to his relief, that the boy had stumbled and fallen. He captured him though and took him into the laboratory and gave him quite a lecture. About that time whenever Dr. Robey or any of the college people would appear on the streets, a crowd of school boys would commence "quacking." I think my father got quacked at once or twice.

One of the great friends of the college was the superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School, Mr. Jethro Wilson. He was a very energetic little man and always walked very fast. The boys made up a doggerel that they sang at him when he was on the street. It was to the tune of "Get Along Home, Cindy," and ran something like this:

> "Where you goin', Jethro,
> You man of legs and might?
> Goin up to the college
> To help old Robey fight.
>
> "Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, etc."

This feeling of rivalry passed away and later the two schools were very good friends.

Lenoir, I suppose on account of the two schools, was quite a literary town. They had a circulating library, founded, I think, about 1873. The library was patronized freely and it was quite the thing to be able to talk about the books one had read. I got my first taste for reading from using this library. Although I was only about ten or twelve years old, I read at that time several of Scott's and Cooper's novels, David Copperfield and other of Dickens' novels, St. Elmo, The Hoosier School Master, and quite a number of other books. I don't know of any other town in North Carolina which had a circulating library as early as that.

We had two hotels in the town—Jones House and Central Hotel. Jones House was managed by a Mr. Earnhardt. He had a novelty in the way of a dining table. There was a circular shelf which revolved on a pivot in the center above the round table. It was smaller than the dining table, leaving room enough for one's plate, etc., around the edge of the table proper. The food was placed on this upper shelf and if a person wanted another biscuit and the plate was on the other side of the table, all he had to do was to turn the shelf until the plate of biscuits came in front of him.

There was another hotel table near Mount Airy that I heard of just like this. The hotel keeper's wife would put your coffee on this upper shelf and grimly, without a word, grind it around until it came in front of you and then look at you sternly, as much as to say, "You had better mind what you're doing and take your coffee off."

Central Hotel was an opposition hotel, situated in the next block. This was run by Mr. Tuttle. He came around one morning to where we were living and tried to buy a chicken from me. Mother had a lot of fine chickens running around. I suppose he had no thought of getting me to sell him a chicken without my mother's knowledge, but it appeared that way to me then and I thereafter looked upon him as a man who needed watching.

My oldest brother, Will, at this time was going to school at Rutherford College, about twenty miles away. Brother Tom, the next older brother, was attending Finley High School while the rest of us, who were old enough, attended Davenport College. The dormitories at the college were not sufficient to care for all who wanted to attend the college from out of town, so a great many of the citizens took boarders. I remember we had as a boarder Cousin Emma Higgins. Cousin Emma was a lovely girl and we were all very fond of her. She later married Captain Lemuel Hoyle of Belwood, of whom I shall write at length in another chapter.

Not very far from us lived a well-to-do Negro by the name of Jim Gaither. He had by his own labor built himself a neat house and was respected by the white people. A small stream went through our back lot and down through his lot. At one time we amused ourselves by building dams on this branch in our lot. Jim made protest, as he said when the rains came the dams broke and the water came through his lot and washed away his garden. As he had only a small place, this meant a good deal to him. My father saw the justice of the complaint, and told us we had better quit building dams down there.

Not long after the Civil War a great game with the boys was playing soldiers. One day brother Tom, who was captain of one army, challenged a rival group of soldier boys to a fight. We were going to occupy a hill on the other side of the lower creek and the challenge was for them to come and dislodge us. We were very much in earnest and had accumulated a lot of rocks on top of the hill for defense and it might have been a right serious affair if the other crowd hadn't weakened and not turned up.

Lower Creek, situated about half a mile from the center of town, was our swimming pool and also our fishing ground. Although we never caught anything larger than three or four inch catfish or minnows it was great sport. Sometimes during spring freshets Lower Creek would get out of its banks and cover the whole valley from hill to hill. This was when we went to the observatory building on top of the college to see the great expanse of water.

Down near Lower Creek was the Lenoir Farm, owned by one of the old settlers, Col. Walter Lenoir, for whom the town was named. I remember some immense crab apple trees on this place. As they did not care to gather them, we boys had a big time eating them. They tasted like vinegar when they were green but were very good when ripe. My mother used to send us down there to gather some to make crab apple jelly. It seemed to me she was always making some sort of jelly—

apple, blackberry jelly and jam or something of that kind. Our crowd of children were always wanting something sweet to eat. One of the finest things mother made was peach preserves. She would cook these in sugar syrup, take them out before they were soft and put the halves of peaches so treated in the sun to harden. Then, when they were preserved in syrup, they were a confection fit for a king. It was a great strain on us children to have these big plates of sugared peaches displayed in the sun and I think my mother had to keep a pretty sharp watch to prevent some of them from being purloined. She had them arranged in such a symmetrical way that one piece would be missed instantly, if taken.

We had daily mail from Hickory, about twenty miles distant. The stage left early in the morning with the mail and that same day came back, getting to Lenoir late in the afternoon. Great crowds would always be waiting at the post-office and when the four-horse stage was about a mile from town the driver would take up his long tin trumpet and give musical notice of his coming. He would always do this with a great flourish and it was one of his proudest duties. Mr. Mack Clark was the postmaster at this time. Later this office was taken away from him because he was a Democrat and given to a Mr. Bogle, a Republican. The Republicans were looked upon as the scum of the earth. There were only a very few citizens in town who had the courage to be anything but Democrats.

About this time Governor Vance and a Mr. Tom Settle, Republican, had a joint political speaking at Lenoir. Vance had nearly all the crowd on his side, and he had to plead with the people to give Mr. Settle a hearing.

Living near us was the richest man in the place, Mr. G. W. F. Harper. He had a beautiful home for that time and his son, George, was considered one of the aristocrats. While envying him, we looked down on him as being not a real boy. He and his sister had the only tricycle in town, which the rest of us looked on with envy.

My father had a large "claybank" horse. All of his horses were named Charlie. He always had good horses and fed them well. Corn meal and flour were not sold in the stores and we had to carry the wheat and corn to the nearest water mill to be ground. Father would fix the bag of grain, throw it on the back of the horse, and one of the boys would sit on top to keep it from falling off. It was my great dread that the horse, which was usually skittish, would get scared and throw off the bag of corn. When this did happen, I did not mind for myself, as I could land on my feet, but I was not strong enough to put the bag of corn back on the horse and would sometimes have to wait for several hours until some man came along who would put it back on the horse for me. The miller at Powell's, one of the mills we patronized, did not like to see me coming, for he did not like to shoulder the bag of meal and put it on the horse for me. I would go along at a very slow rate for fear of joggling the bag off, and sometimes got so sleepy that I would almost fall off.

One of my friends was Fritz Newland. Fritz later became a successful merchant of Lenoir and at this writing (1920) is living in Pasadena, California, where he moved on account of his wife's health. Will Clark, son of the postmaster, was another one of my special friends. Bob Harsten was a neighbor and also a loved friend.

Court week was a big occasion at Lenoir. All the hitching posts on the streets would be filled with horses and mules, and wagons drawn by horses and oxen. Sometimes an ox and a horse hitched together would come over the mountains, bringing produce to trade. More trading was done during this week than at any other time of the year. Also, the hotels would be filled with visiting lawyers who made a big impression on me with their long-tailed frock coats and high silk hats. They would take their morning walk after breakfast, smoking their cigars, and I could picture them as characters in Scott's novels.

My mother had quite a hard time convincing me that their tobacco smoking was not a very fine thing. I think my older brother, Tom, was not as fully convinced as I of the evil of tobacco and, I believe, seeing these fine looking gentlemen gave him more temptation than he could stand, for he later took up smoking, while I did not.

Just before the circulating library was established in Lenoir and the hunger for reading was strong among the boys, there was an underground exchange of "yellow-backed novels," as they were called in that day. These were lurid tales of Indians and of the West. We were forbidden to read these books, but brother Tom had such a hunger for them he would borrow one from a friend and hide it under the mattress when he was not reading it. Although I felt a sense of guilt in reading these banned books, I was just as curious to read them as the other boys were.

Of course, I had my boy love affairs! There was one girl in Lenoir about my age who moved there from Wilmington in order to attend college. Clara Pearsall was very popular with all the boys and I thought I was very much in love with her. Some of the other boys though were better looking and wore better clothes than I did, and I did not have her favor much of the time. Kate Newland was another of our class of whom I was rather fond. She was a militant young lady and did not hesitate to fight boy or girl who got in her way. I remember one day she gave me a stiff battle. I think I felt even then that it was more or less a disgrace to have a fight with a girl.

I had vivid red hair at that time, with a temper that goes with it. Any of the boys could get in a fight with me any time they wanted to do so. Owing to this pugnacious disposition and the fact also that I was a pretty homely boy, I was not very much of a favorite, but I did not seem to care a great deal. I have a picture taken of myself at that time. All the pictures were tintypes and were pretty crude affairs. This one shows me wearing long pants and a short coat and with an old felt hat crushed in my lap. I did not obey the photographer who told me to keep still, but moved one of my fingers and the photograph shows six fingers. The photographer, a Mr. Lindsay, was a traveling photographer who put up his tent wherever he went and when he had finished one town, moved on to the next.

Mr. Lindsay had the reputation—whether deserved or not, I don't know—of being a tyrant in his home and also very deceitful. They told of him that he would take his wife into a store and very sweetly ask her if she didn't want to buy a dress or other goods but she, knowing what would happen after they got home if she accepted anything, would always tell him that she did not want to buy anything.

One of the characters that I remember very well was Major Blank. He had a general store when we first moved to Lenoir, but later he retired and for many years was the leading, if not the only justice of the peace in the town. Major Blank was a quaint character—one who wanted to be friends with everyone and yet had strong convictions. The following story told of him illustrates: A farmer brought in a load of hay. He came to the Major stating he had tried all over town but failed to find a customer and asked if he would not help him to sell it. The Major very suavely told him it was a great pity that the citizens of Lenoir would allow a fine farmer like him to come in town and not buy his big load of timothy hay. The man went off feeling that the Major was a fine citizen. After he left the Major remarked to a bystander, "What do you think of that *blank* farmer coming to this town and trying to sell that little load of briars and weeds he calls hay?"

It was told of the Major that he was very popular as a marrying justice of the peace. Couples came to him from all over the country to be married. Quite often they came after he had retired, and did not bother to get up and dress but had the party assemble outside his window and he would perform the marriage ceremony from his bed.

On September, 1875, just a year before we left Lenoir, there was great excitement in our town caused by the appearance of the first newspaper published in Lenoir. It was four pages, and was called "The Caldwell Messenger," later changed to "The Lenoir Topic," and still later to "The Lenoir News Topic."

While visiting my niece, Mrs. Buford Williams, about 1933, I went to the office of the newspaper and in looking over the old files I became so interested that I wrote the following article:

I always enjoy a visit to the beautiful town of Lenoir, N. C. I spent seven years of my boyhood there, and I love to roam over the scenes I knew then. A few days ago, while in Lenoir, I decided to go to the Lenoir News Topic office and see if they had a file of the paper from its beginning. I remember, as a small boy, the excitement caused by the appearance of the first newspaper printed in Caldwell County on September 25, 1875. It was called the Caldwell Messenger and was published by James C. Nutty.

When I visited the office of the Lenoir News Topic, I was cordially welcomed by Mr. F. H. May, Mr. P. B. West and Mr. C. H. Hopkins, the President of the Company, who came in while I was there. I was shown the file of the old issues, and sure enough, there was the first edition of the Caldwell Messenger, and I had a good time for half an hour or longer poring over the news of nearly sixty years ago. The subscription price was $1.50 per year, not very different from what it is now, although at that time the paper was issued weekly, and today it is semi-weekly. I noticed that they accepted trade for subscriptions, but "subscriptions taken for this paper in wood, but no fodder if you please." The inference is that the Editor did not own a horse or a cow.

Dr. Earnhardt, owner of the Jones House, was especially thanked, not only for an ad for his hotel, but for turning in eighty subscriptions to the paper. Dr. Earnhardt was the grandfather of Mr. M. H. Courtney of Charlotte.

I was interested to see that this first issue carried a notice of a marriage ceremony performed by my father, Reverend George W. Ivey, who was the Methodist pastor at Lenoir at that time. The contracting parties were Mr. J. P. McCall and Miss Emma Shell. My father also was mentioned as one of the officers of Hibriten Masonic Lodge No. 26.

The advertising rates of the Messenger were $5.00 per inch, per year, and this issue carried a good number of advertisements. It was surprising to see six or eight ads from businesses in Marion, West Virginia. As I could not see how these concerns could expect to receive any orders from Caldwell County, a strong suspicion formed in my mind that Mr. Nutty must have come from that town, and carried these ads free to please his former advertisers, and perhaps to entice local paying ads.

In the local columns was a directory of "New Ads." This reminds us that in those days merchants hardly ever changed their copy but twice a year, once in the spring and again in the fall. G. W. F. Harper announced that he had $10,000 worth of staple goods to exchange for blackberries, dried fruits, marketable roots and produce generally. M. V. Moore and Bro. announced: "We want to buy all kinds of fruits, grain, pork and chestnuts." Hamilton and Haile made the general statement: "Special inducements offered each purchaser."

The Singer Sewing Machine Company carried an ad stating their sales of machines for the previous year were 232,444. The St. Charles Hotel of Statesville stated that: "The St. Charles will not be excelled by any hotel in the West."

Among the news items were the following:

"Late Ex-President Johnson has a granddaughter in Salem Female Academy."

"The new 50c note will be issued October 1st."

"A Kansas court has decided a man and his wife can go to a circus on one ticket, as they are one flesh and a unit."

"A Wyoming husband has given full consent for his wife to run for office after an argument which broke every dish in the house."

Here is an item that should convince us that we have no depression: "The La Grange Reporter, La Grange, Ga., says that at J. S. Hill's sale, good mules sold at $5.00 each; good horses at $5.00; oxen at $2.00; cows at $3.00 and $3.25 and good two-horse wagons at $3.00."

One of the most interesting characters to us was the only foreign-born person in the town, Gustav Westman, who came to this country from Sweden. He had a small store in the block next to us and as it was the nearest one, I often stopped there to make purchases for my mother. He was very polite, and as I remember it, waited on me with as much efficiency as the later day merchants. He led a very lonely life and had rooms above the store where he lived by himself. One of the streets in Lenoir is named for this merchant. Later, he had a nephew, Gus Westman, to come over from Sweden. This nephew was about my age and was a great curiosity among us boys, as he knew very little English. He picked it up rapidly though and having a genial, friendly disposition, he soon found a place among us. He was an expert ice skater and I remember the beautiful figures he could cut on the ice pond behind Dr. Beall's. Young Westman entertained us with wonderful tales of the miles and miles of skating he had done on the rivers in Sweden.

Our next door neighbor in the log parsonage at Lenoir was a Mrs. Pell. Her husband was a preacher in the North Carolina Conference and before he died, I think, was publisher of a paper at Cary. She had five children, and as people in those days did not have any insurance, Mrs. Pell had to get out and earn a living for her family after her husband's death. She was a hard worker and got a job as housekeeper at Davenport College. She first tried boarding the Finley School students but I think she found that it was not profitable.

Ed Pell and I were playmates and we had good times together. Ed later became a preacher and has achieved a good deal of fame as a writer and lecturer. Another one of the brothers became a Supreme Court judge, and another one president of Converse College at Spartanburg, S. C. The daughters were beautiful little girls and were playmates of my sisters.

I don't want to leave the impression from my former reference to Dr. W. M. Robey, president of Davenport Female College, that he was not a very respected man. He was one of the foremost preachers of the State and afterwards served acceptably as pastor of Tryon Street Methodist Church at Charlotte. Dr. Robey was a great fighter. He just loved combat. About that time he got into a spirited newspaper controversy with Dr. R. L. Abernethy, president of Rutherford College. One of the articles in the paper from Dr. Abernethy showed that it might have been written by someone other than the author of the previous articles ascribed to him. Dr. Robey suspected that one of Dr. Abernethy's sons had written the last article, so in his reply he headed his article—"Stand Back, Pap, and Let Me Try."

Dr. Robey was one of the earliest advocates of prohibition in the State and edited a prohibition paper at Charlotte about the year 1878. The cause looked hopeless to almost everyone at that time, but Dr. Robey fought as gamely as if he thought prohibition was coming right away. Dr. Robey was one of the best preachers in the Conference. He was quite an orator and liked to use flowery figures of speech. One day at camp meeting while preaching a sermon on the Judgment Day, he spoke of the Angel Gabriel coming down and standing on the highest point of the Rocky Mountains with one wing touching the Atlantic Ocean and the other wing reaching the Pacific Ocean and proclaiming in thunderous tones that "Time would be no more." That night at the preacher's tent my father was sitting on one side in deep thought. At last he looked up and remarked, "Brethren, wasn't Robey's angel a whopper?"

Dr. Robey kindly brought me home from a camp meeting

I had gone to with my father and on the way back he asked me what I expected to do when I got to be a man. This question aroused me, for I had never given the least thought to what I would become when I grew up, as I was interested only in the things that were happening every day. To help me out, he asked me how I would like to be a shoemaker. The only shoemakers I knew were the few cobblers around town who sat on low wooden benches with leather seats and with wooden pegs tacked half soles on shoes at ten cents per job. I told him that didn't appeal to me very much. He said, "Oh, I don't mean a shoemaker like Tim Brown," and with his whip tapped his own fine custom-made boots, resplendent with Mason's blacking, and said, "The man who made those boots is the man I am talking about. He has a large factory in Massachusetts and is doing a big job." As a matter of fact, in later years, I did become a shoe manufacturer. My capacity was about twenty-five pairs a day and these were peddled out through the country stores of Cleveland and adjoining counties.

When I was about ten years old and still living at Lenoir, I accompanied my father to a camp meeting at Mount Pleasant, between Lenoir and Morganton. This was quite an event in my life as I had heard a great deal about camp meetings, but had never attended one. At that time churches were few and far between and most of the country churches especially had preaching only once every month and sometimes only once every other month. Someone in the early church life of this country conceived the idea of a number of families gathering together in a central place, camping out for about a week and having the best preachers available come and preach. They would have early morning services before breakfast to correspond with the morning prayers, then a regular sermon at 10 or 11 o'clock, another sermon at 3 o'clock and another one at night. It was considered quite a disgrace for anyone not to attend all these services. The people really enjoyed them as they had opportunity to hear very few good speakers and they were hungry to hear real preaching. The services were all strongly evangelistic. An altar was one of the necessary parts of the meeting place. The ground was covered with several inches of clean straw and everybody knelt in prayer.

Very often in the fervor of the penitent's desiring to be forgiven of his sins he would get down in the straw and roll. You could hear the cries, groans, and shouts around this altar for a considerable distance. A great many reformations started here and many a person received his call to preach while attending a series of these services.

The camp meeting idea had progressed from the camping stage to selecting some central point and building rude plank huts, still called tents, from the fact that the first shelters were only cloth tents. Camp meeting was looked forward to every year not only as a religious festival, but as a good social gathering where people could meet with friends they had made at the camp grounds before and talk over the affairs of the country, personal gossip, etc.

The camp meeting filled a distinct need of that period. At Mount Pleasant camp ground in Burke County there was a row of wooden tents built around a hollow square. At the back of each tent was a rude shelter where the cooking was done over open fires; farther back the horses were tied, where rude shelters would be made for them but usually they were tied to trees and would have to take the elements as they came. In the center of the quadrangle between the tents was the meeting place. This was always called the "Arbor." When the camp meetings were first organized they were really arbors; a shelter was made large enough to cover the congregation, light poles were placed over this, laid flat, then branches of large leaf trees, usually oak, were cut and the flat roof was thickly covered with these branches. This made an excellent protection from the sun on a hot day and from the falling dew at night but was a total loss when it rained. For this reason the arbors were later substantially made, and well covered with boards or shingles.

The seats of the arbor were split logs laid across other logs with the flat side up and smoothed off to some extent with an adz. These made substantial seats but having no protection for the back they were rather trying. They were very wakeful benches and the preachers did not have many people go to sleep on them.

At that time, there being no electricity, nor even lamps for illumination, this inside quadrangle was lighted by fire stands. Four posts with forked tops were driven into the ground and a platform made on these supports about four feet from the ground. This platform was covered with earth for several inches so that the fire would not burn the round timbers forming the floor, then at night huge bonfires of pine knots were kept burning on the four stands. This gave a very good light and lent a romantic charm to the surroundings. Further to help out in the arbor, lighted candles were placed in hanging holders with side shields to protect them as much as possible from the currents of air. It was not a very successful illumination and it lent a weird air to the surroundings, but it answered the purpose.

This particular camp meeting was a notable one in that year, for it had been announced that Bishop D. S. Doggett, one of the great bishops of the Methodist Church, was to preach on Sunday. Very few people in that congregation had ever seen a bishop and a tremendous crowd gathered on Sunday morning to hear him.

Although it has been over sixty years since I attended that camp meeting, I remember distinctly the bishop's text. He preached from the great book of Ezekiel, the vision of the dry bones. He made this description very graphic—as it must have been—to remain in my memory all these years.

That night after the bishop had left, some other notable visiting minister preached and my father followed with an exhortation. This was almost invariably the order at these meetings. One preacher would preach for an hour or so, then another one would follow him with an exhortation. This was usually a call for penitents and took up very little time, but occasionally an earnest exhorter would get interested in his own talk and exhort longer than the preacher had preached. Still there was no complaining of long sermons in those days. In my father's exhortation that night he pleaded with the people to come up to the altar and make a profession of religion. At last he made the proposition that all who wanted to give themselves to the Lord would come up and give him their hands. I was suddenly impressed that I wanted to make this stand and without any hesitation or delay I went up and gave my father my hand. When I went back to the preachers' tent that night, where I stayed with my father, one of the preachers took me aside and told me he was very glad to see me take that stand.

In that day it was felt that a boy or girl did not know enough about religion to become converted and join the church until fifteen or sixteen years old. I think this must have been my father's idea, for he never said anything to me about joining the church and gradually the impression wore off and I never thought much about it. I would have been saved a great deal of misery later if this matter had been definitely explained to me and settled at that time. When I came home one of my school mates, Charlie Robey, heard that I had made a profession at the camp ground and we had a very confidential talk. I told him I had decided I wanted to give myself to the Lord. Charlie said he was thinking about it himself and I suggested to him that he talk to my father about it. Charlie was a year or two older than I and my father was very glad to have a talk with him. He came out of the room with a bright face and told me he was going to join the church and in a short time he was received into the church. I suppose my father expected me to indicate my desire to him to join the church, for he was very careful, and wished everyone to be perfectly sure in his own mind. I suppose this was the reason, aside from the prevalent notion that young boys did not know much about such things, that he did not suggest that I join the church at the same time as Charlie. I was very glad indeed that Charlie joined the church, for during the next year he became sick and died, and it was a great comfort to me, as well as to his family, to know that he had taken this step the year before.

I did not think much more about this for a number of years and when I was about fourteen years old my father had a serious talk with me one day and told me he thought it was about time I was making a profession and joining the church. I had not thought of it but at the next revival meeting I went up as a penitent, and although I went repeatedly and prayed and wept, I could not feel there was any change in my feeling toward God. This was a great trial to me as I had been taught to believe there must be a definite change of heart and I could not have this assurance. I decided though to join the church with a feeling that this would come out all right some way. I still had the feeling that I had not been converted and at every revival meeting I wanted to go up as a penitent again, for I longed to have the definite assurance that I had been converted. I tried to live as a Christian should but I did not enjoy my religion at all. I prayed a great deal over this and at one revival, when I was praying very earnestly for God to make me a better man, like a flash came the assurance that I had been converted back there at the old Mount Pleasant camp ground ten years before and I am confident it was given in answer to that prayer. How much misery I would have been saved had I been taken in hand at that time and my innermost resolves had been understood and directed.

Mrs. G. F. Harper of Lenoir tells this interesting story about my father. When I lived at Lenoir there was no Baptist Church there, but later they established one.

About the time of the Spanish-American War, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Lenoir was Rev. Mr. Blank. He was intensely sectarian and had the reputation of dividing every congregation that he served. He announced the starting of a protracted meeting in his church and invited the pastors of the other denominations to omit their night services and assist him. They all did as he requested, but when they were all there he launched a bitter tirade against the other denominations. Next day my father was in the bank and Harper Beall said, "Well, Uncle Ivey, I guess you will not go back to the Baptist meeting tonight." "O yes I will," replied my father. "He may blow up the Maine tonight."

She also reminds me of his this story: He was invited by a Baptist preacher to assist him in a meeting. My father assented and for two weeks worked with all his might, exhorted, etc., in helping to make the meeting a success. At the close of the meeting it was announced that they would have the baptizing of the converts and also have communion. Before the service the Baptist minister took my father aside and apologetically said, "You know, Brother Ivey, that we have close communion, and I am very sorry that I cannot ask you to commune with us. I am sure you understand the situation." "It is the Lord's table, isn't it?" asked my father. "Yes, certainly," replied the other minister. "Well, I am His child and I will commune," and the story goes that he carried out his resolve.

FOUR YEARS AT DENVER

I SUPPOSE all children like a change and every year when my father came home from the Methodist Conference the first question we would ask was, "Are we going to move?" We thought this was a great adventure, although it was a very serious matter with my father and mother to make these laborious moves.

In the fall of 1876, Father had been at Lenoir four years, which was the extreme limit of his pastorate, and we knew we had to move. We looked forward to this with a great deal of pleasure and wondered where we were going. When Father returned from the Conference he told us we were going to move to Denver, a little village about sixty miles southeast of Lenoir.

We had never heard of Denver, but there was a good school there and probably this influenced the bishop in sending my father to this place. We packed up and again called on Father's old friend, Mr. Hoover, with his covered wagon, to move us. The first night we spent at Hickory Tavern, as it was then called. At that time there were eight children, although my oldest brother, Will, was at Rutherford College going to school and was not in the moving. We had to be divided out at Hickory. Most of the family stayed with Dr. Johnson, a son of Uncle Dan'l, who was a practicing physician at Hickory. Brother Tom and I were given a room at the home of Mr. Suttlemyers, a faithful member of the Methodist Church at Hickory, who was engaged in the confectionery business. I remember that he had a daughter, an attractive girl, named Etta. I wanted very much to have Etta talk to me but she seemed to be a very reticent young lady. I don't remember about the trip next day, but do recall arriving at Denver in the afternoon. Professor D. Matt Thompson and his wife had gotten together some of the neighbors who gave us a warm welcome and prepared supper.

Denver, we found, was a very small village with only about a dozen homes, practically in the country. We were twelve miles from the nearest railroad. There were two stores in the place, one practicing physician, a saw mill and the Piedmont Seminary, a boarding school, taught by Professor D. Matt Thompson and his wife. This was a very fine place for us to go to school, as Professor Thompson and Mrs. Thompson were both excellent instructors. We did not have anything to distract our attention from our studies and I obtained here what education I received from going to school. I did not get much help from my school at Lenoir but Professor Thompson inspired me and made me want to have an education. Living at Denver was very hard on my oldest sister, Clara, who had graduated the previous year from Davenport Female College. She had no congenial friends and life was a drab affair for her. Nothing ever happened at Denver. There were only two events in the whole year: one was the commencement of the school and the other was the camp meeting. There was a large camp ground of about three hundred tents situated within a quarter of a mile of our home at Denver and thousands attended this camp meeting every year in August. People came from far and near and the wagons were rolling in all during Thursday and Friday nights before the meeting began. In dry weather the dust in the road would get five or six inches deep. (For detailed description of this noted Camp Ground see article on Rock Springs Campground in the Appendix.)

I soon found playmates among the boys in Denver and there were always congenial spirits among the boarders in school. One of my playmates was Ed Bolick. Ed was a great admirer of Professor Thompson and tried to copy him in every way. Professor Thompson had started the New England pronunciation of broad "A" as in "was." Ed conscientiously pronounced all these words as Professor Thompson taught us. He liked to hear himself say half, laugh, etc., and really invented sentences to bring in these words. One day in school before the

Christmas holidays, Professor Thompson wanted an opinion from the pupils as to how long they would like the Christmas holidays to last. Some said they thought we ought to have two weeks; others said one week, etc. At last Ed Bolick held up his hand, wanting to speak, and the Professor called out, "Edward." "Professor, I would like to have half (pronouncing it hoff) a day."

There were a number of boarding students from Lincoln and Gaston counties and it was a most excellent school for that time. We had a debating society, among other things, and there I did my first public speaking. A burning question then was, should we have or not have a stock law? The cows and hogs of the farmers were all turned into the roads and they were free to graze anywhere there was no fence and frequently, when the fences were weak, they would break into the fields and ruin the crops. Every cultivated field or garden had to be protected with a fence. There was an agitation at that time to have a law compelling everyone to keep his own cows, horses, hogs, etc., inside a fence and not compel the farmers to fence their tillable ground. As is usual with any innovation, this was vigorously opposed. People said it would just ruin the business of raising cattle and hogs. Later, when it was tried out, it was found that it was very helpful to the hog and cattle industry, as the farmers got a better grade of stock and looked after them more carefully. Every once in a while we would have as our subject in the debating society, the practicability of a stock, or no fence, law.

The annual commencement of the school was a great event. We would hire a brass band from one of the surrounding towns, secure the most eloquent orator we could get to come to our school and everybody would "knock off" work for the two days and attend the commencement.

The election of marshals from the student body was a very important event. A month before the election we would notice some of the boys, who had ambitions to be marshals, getting very friendly. I remember the guile used by one older boy in talking to me. He was candidate for the office of chief marshal, and wanted my support. He came to me very confidentially and started by saying that I ought to have the office of chief marshal myself. This was entirely a new thought to me, as I was too young for the place, but I was very flattered and supported George Davenport, the boy who was courting me for the place. Several years later I was elected chief marshal and if I were elected President of the United States I think I could not be any prouder or feel more important than I did when I was elected chief marshal.

The chief marshal had a round wooden baton about an inch and a half in diameter and fifteen inches long, decorated with bright ribbons. I wish I had kept this as a souvenir, but it was the custom to present your best girl with the marshal's baton after the commencement was over. I have even forgotten who my best girl was then but she received the baton.

The marshal also had a brilliant sash draped from one shoulder down to the opposite side made of dark blue velvet, trimmed with gold braid and gold lace hanging to the ends of the sash. No wonder it was a coveted office, carrying with it the right to wear this wonderful regalia.

The commencement this time was held at the Camp Ground Arbor, as the school auditorium was entirely too small for the immense crowds who attended. There were a number of large hickory nut trees in the woods surrounding the camp ground and we had great fun gathering the nuts in the fall. Also, around the camp ground were several thickets of hack berry bushes. These bore a small, round, pleasant-tasting fruit something similar to the huckleberries, and there were so many that we gorged ourselves on these hack berries. I have never seen these berries anywhere else nor even heard of them.

There was, and is yet, at this camp ground, a spring of fine cold water coming out of a large rock. This spring gave the name to the camp ground—Rock Springs. Thousands would come with their pails and carry away this water for cooking and drinking purposes and also for watering stock. The flow was usually equal to the demand though sometimes the authorities had to prohibit people from the use of this water for stock. The water never got muddy even when it was so heavily drawn upon.

Soon after we moved to Denver the rowdies began making trouble at the camp meetings. They would congregate in the woods at night, their favorite amusement being to throw rocks over the tents and let them fall on the wooden roof of the arbor. The special police appointed for the occasion would rush out but of course couldn't find them. They also amused themselves by rocking the preacher's tent, the one set aside for the visiting preachers. At one time the preachers got so nervous that my father went down there to sleep, as a sort of protection, I suppose.

The women from some of the tents would come around every morning to make up the beds and clean up. The beds, by the way, were one long bed. A raised plank platform, or shelf, about 20 feet long was built at one side of the room, a 12-inch plank was nailed along the edge, making a long box about 7 feet wide, 20 feet long and 12 inches deep. This box was filled with clean, fresh straw and the bed clothing was laid on this. There were no springs, of course, and the straw was apt to stick through the sheets and, in addition, several in the long row of preachers lying there were almost sure to snore.

The rowdies also would congregate in some numbers in the arbor after the services were over and would have a big time holding mock services, calling on Brother Ivey, Brother Robey or Brother Nelson to pray, and then another one calling up penitents. This so shocked the preachers that they passed an ordinance forbidding anyone entering the arbor after services were over at night. This worked a hardship on the rowdies, who had no other place to sleep, and a good many of them braved the police and crept under the benches and slept on the straw.

While my father was here, a special law was passed by the Legislature, giving the camp meeting community special police authority. Under this act they sent several of the leaders of the rowdies up to Lincolnton to jail. This put a damper on their activities and before we moved from Denver the camp meetings were quiet, orderly affairs.

When I was about 15 years old, I, with two or three other boys, decided to go up to Ball's Creek camp meeting and tent. Ball's Creek camp meeting was on my father's circuit about nine miles from Denver. One of the boys had secured a small cloth pup tent which would hold three or four of us, although we had to crawl in and lie pretty straight. We found a location for our tent out in the woods and got along fine until one night it commenced raining; then the thin cloth shelter didn't do any good. It seemed to us that it rather acted as a magnet and drew all the rain in that direction and poured it in on us. This soon got too annoying so we decided to get up and see if we could not find better quarters. The night was so pitch dark you could hardly see your hand before your face. We were not on the road and had to pick our way in the direction where we thought the wooden tents were, past innumerable mules and horses tied to the trees. We ran a great risk of running up against the business end of some mule and getting severely injured with a kick, but finally we found the road and made our way to the tent of a traveling photographer whom some of us knew. We found other kindred spirits had been run in here by the rain. This tent was of regular tent cloth which shed the rain. After a while we got tired of talking, and lay down on the bare ground to snatch a little sleep. The rain got harder and streams of water came running through the tent from the ground above. We had to find other quarters and I think we spent the balance of the night in the straw under the arbor. I believe there was no ordinance against this as at Rock Springs.

At this camp meeting some boys, in the spirit of mischief, bobbed the tails of several of the preachers' horses which were stabled under a rude shed back of the preachers' tent. My father's horse was one of those bobbed. It is a tribute to my father's religion and serenity of mind that I never heard him berate the ones who were responsible for what was considered then the mutilation of a horse, though he did regret very much that his beloved horse could not defend himself from the flies. The young man who was guilty of cutting off the tail of my father's horse must have been impressed with my father's religion for he later was converted in one of father's meetings and confessed to him that he did the deed.

The first year after we came to Denver there was a traveling singing teacher, a Mr. Gentry, who had a singing school at the seminary building. I attended and I remember very well his small portable organ and a little clicking instrument, called a metronome, which he used to keep time. It had a pendulum like a clock and when set going gave a regular tick for three-quarters time, full time, etc.

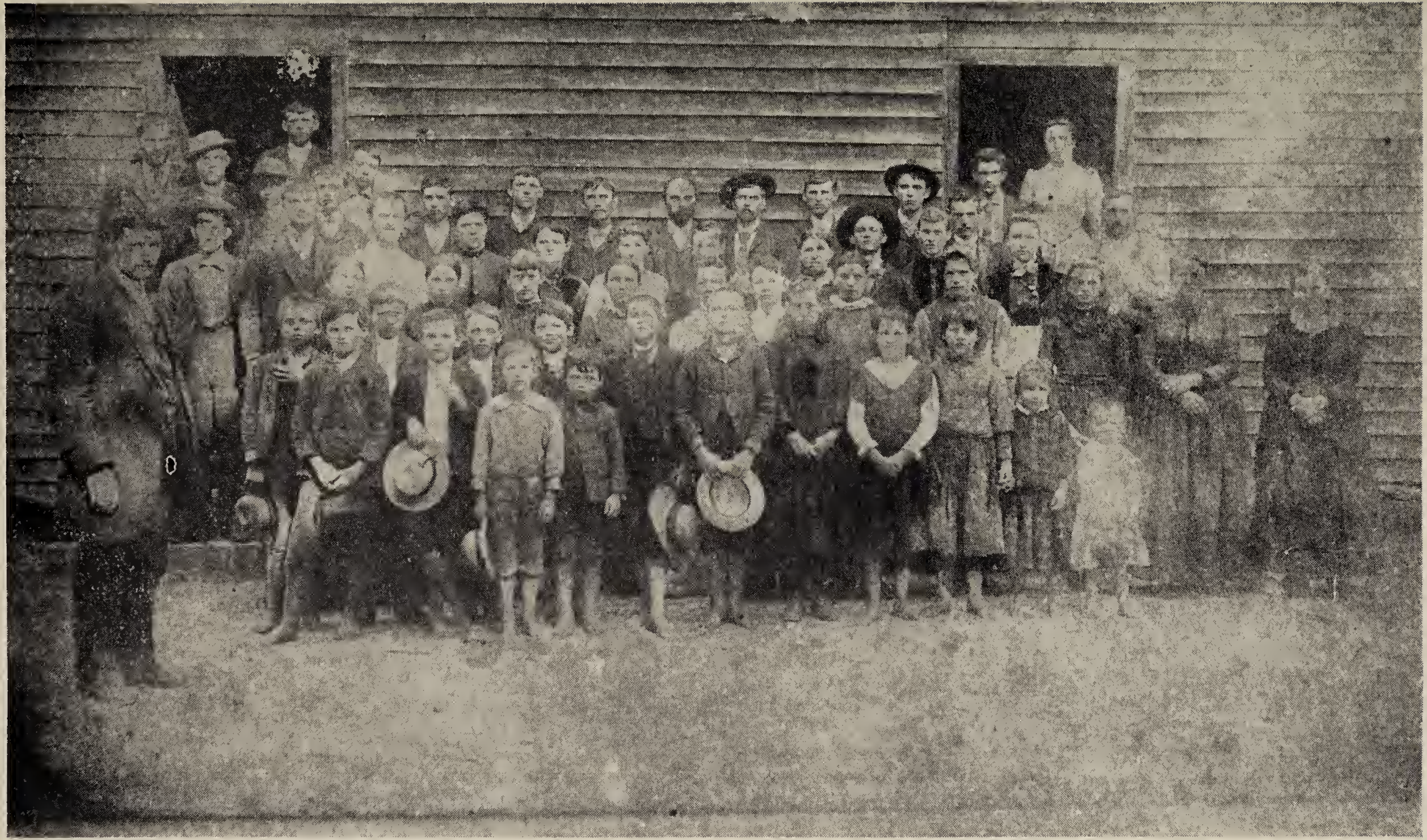
I did not seem to absorb any of this musical teaching and came to the conclusion that I had no music in me at all. All my brothers and sisters sang but everyone considered that I was left out in the distribution of singing ability. I had the same opinion of myself, and so continued until at Belwood, when I was about twenty-one years old, we had a singing school at Kadesh Church. I was superintendent of the Sunday School then, and being anxious to improve the music at Sunday School, I was instrumental in getting Professor Long to come and conduct a singing school. He was a good teacher in that he induced me to believe that I could learn to sing and, although I have never attained to much in that line, still, I will thank him all my life for the pleasure I have had in trying to sing. He divided the members of the school into four parts, tenor, bass, air and alto. Two of the girls wanted to sing "upper line," but the Professor frowned on this and said he would have no high tenor sung by ladies in his class.

Mrs. Hoyle played the piano and was a great help in the school. We all got very much enthused and had a big concert at the close. Professor Long said that, as I was superintendent of the Sunday School, he would let me sing the air but would not allow any other of the male voices to do so.

A year or two after this Professor A. J. Showalter of Dalton, Georgia, had a singing school at Shelby. He was a well known composer of music and a splendid instructor. He called this a musical "normal" school, and people came to it from all over the country. I got two weeks' leave of absence from the store and attended, as I had really become interested in singing by this time. I boarded with my friend, Dr. Ware, of whom I shall speak more later. He also attended the singing school.

Dr. Ware had a very fine bass voice. Professor Showalter this time put me among the tenors. I did not get as much out of this school as I did the one at Kadesh as I did not attend as regularly. I left before the school was over and attended a Sunday School convention at Rutherfordton. I was a guest in the home of Mrs. Rucker. One evening her daughter, Myra, who was a very accomplished musician, suggested that we sing something. I realized when we were through that I had not done much in my attempted singing of tenor with her, so remarked that I had a cold and could not sing much that evening, but she very politely replied, "I think you sing bass beautifully." It took me a good while to get over this set-back.

Tournaments were quite the fashion among the youth of that day and I remember a largely attended tournament held in the field across the road in front of our house at Denver. Three poles were erected, about a hundred feet apart in a single straight line; an arm about six feet long was fastened to the top of each and from every one of these arms a bright ring about two inches in diameter was suspended. The young men would train their horses to make the distance of the course in a certain required number of seconds and, while riding very fast, they would try to take off these rings with their long pointed spears. They were entitled to about three rounds and



PROF. LONG'S SINGING SCHOOL AT OLD KADESH CHURCH (1890)
J. B. Ivey in light suit near left end

the knight capturing the most rings was declared the victor. The successful knight was then allowed to crown his best girl as the queen of love and beauty. Sometimes they had a clown who rode an ox and when he came to a ring he would stop and, with a loud "Whoa!" reach up and take off the ring at his leisure, then amble along slowly to the next ones and get all the rings. He crowned a man as the queen of love and beauty.

Kel Davenport, at Mount Holly, was an expert knight and rode in all the tournaments. He was the successful knight on this occasion and my recollection is that he crowned as his queen of love and beauty, Miss Mamie Sherrill, who later was married to my oldest brother, Will. That night they had a tournament dance. This shocked the whole community as nothing of that sort had ever before happened at Denver. This was the first and last tournament ever held at Denver of which I know.

About the only industry around Denver was raising cotton. One summer, after school, I got a job hoeing cotton for Mr. Bolick, Ed's father. Mr. Bolick said later he could tell which row Ed hoed, for my row would be clean of grass, while Ed's work would be slovenly done. I never disputed the point with him but I was suspicious that mine might have been the grassy row as Ed had a good deal more experience than I had. Still, I got the reputation of being thorough. Professor Thompson gave me a contract for putting up a rude shed to cover the washing place and he said he gave it to me because I would make the posts firmer and do the work better than Sam Goodson, a negro man who was my competitor for this job. I am not sure yet but that Professor Thompson told me this to stimulate my pride and to get me to do a first-class job.

Just before this, Professor Thompson had had his new home built on the lot next to us, and I was very much interested in watching the workmen erect this house. They were much more particular in some ways than the carpenters are today. All the framing had tenons and mortises and was held together by stout wooden pins. Holes were bored in the mortise and tenons before they were put together and exact measurements had to be made so they would fit as almost no nails were used in putting together the frame of the house.

About the next summer I got a job with a carpenter who was building another house. My job was to plane the weatherboarding by hand, as we did not have any planing machines in those days. It was a strenuous job for a fifteen year old boy but I stuck to it and made several dollars. As I recollect it was 25c a day that I received for my work, for about a twelve-hour day. Mr. William Howard, my employer, was not a hard task master and we spent a lot of time resting and discussing the events of the day. Mr. Howard built a log dry kiln, as all timber for house was then dried on the premises. He gave me the job of daubing the cracks with mud. George, who was about nine years old at that time, came down to watch me work. He got interested in my job and asked if he could not do some of the daubing. I refused, telling him that it was a particular job and I was afraid he would not do it right.

That summer's work and my contract for putting up Professor Thompson's shed were responsible for my decision, the next year, to make carpentry my business. This was encouraged by my father, who wanted one of his sons to be a practical artisan. Brother Will had already decided to be a doctor and was spending some time then, between his studies, in clerking in a drug store at Hickory, where he was learning *Materia Medica.* Brother Tom had aspirations to be a lawyer but this was frowned upon by my parents who did not think well of the lawyer's profession.

During the fall, Brother George and I made our pocket money picking cotton for the farmers near Denver. We picked all the cotton in one field for Mr. T. F. Stacey, a small merchant of the village, with the agreement that we were to trade out our wages in his store. This was easy, as my father said he would buy the groceries from Mr. Stacey and then pay us the money. At first Mr. Stacey objected to this, as his idea was that we would buy candy or notions on which he would make a little larger profit, but at last he agreed to the proposition when we threatened to quit. We had no desire to work hard in the afternoon after school and then buy things we considered non-essentials.

On October 7, 1880, there was held a Centennial at Kings Mountain commemorating the defeat of Ferguson by the Revolutionary forces under Generals Sevier, Shelby and Campbell. It was a big occasion and a number of the students at the Seminary made up a party to attend this celebration. There were about six of us boys. We had difficulty in arranging for transportation, as all the farmers were very busy and were not willing to leave their cotton fields for the several days required for the trip. At last we made a trade with "Big Foot" Mon Howard. He was called "Big Foot" Mon to distinguish him from another Monroe Howard, an uncle of his. "Big Foot," as I remember, wore a number twelve shoe. He agreed to take us if each would pick so many pounds of cotton when we came back. This would make up for lost time and, besides, he was anxious for the trip for himself and his boy who went along.

We left in high glee in "Big Foot" Mon's covered wagon and the first night camped in Dallas, a distance of about 20 miles. Several of the citizens came down to our campfire and engaged in friendly conversation. One of the boys in the crowd had the reputation in school of being a little loose on the subject of intoxicants. (Professor Thompson was so strict about such matters that I think this boy never drank any at Denver.) That night at Dallas we missed him awhile and when he came back his breath smelled pretty strongly of wine. There was a saloon in Dallas, and he had not been able to withstand the temptation.

The next day we drove through the village of Kings Mountain and on to the battle ground. The woods were filled with wagons and horses. A regiment of artillery, the Richmond

Howitzers, had been sent down to help in the celebration and a large monument was unveiled. It had been advertised that there would be a mock battle but that failed to materialize.

I had been asked by our school newspaper editor to make a report of our trip. I was sitting one day in the crowd with my back to a tree, making my notes for the day, when some young fellow passing by yelled out, "Hey! News and Courier."

There was such a crowd that the spring which furnished water for the people gave out and a detachment of soldiers was stationed at the spring to prevent the watering of horses there. Mr. Howard had to ride his mules some distance away from the camp to get water for them to drink.

When we got back I labored faithfully and delivered up my required pounds of cotton and, in addition, I picked the quota of cotton for Bob Connell. Bob Connell was teaching a writing school on Saturdays and I paid my tuition by picking his quota. Bob was a good teacher and when I finished my course with him, I could write a beautiful Spencerian hand and could make pen birds, scrolls, etc. Bob later became bookkeeper for the Weddington Hardware Co. in Charlotte and made out the bills for some hardware which I bought from them when I was in a country store in Belwood. I thought I detected misspelling on Bob's part and desiring that he should bring no reproach on our school teachers, I wrote him that he spelled "tacks" wrong on his bill and had put it down "tax." Bob slid out of this by writing me that he knew this was not the way to spell that kind of tacks, but they shortened all the words they could because they had so much writing to do.

The brightest student we had in school was John Doe. It was no trouble for him to master Latin, trigonometry, or any of the other studies that were very hard for us. He was also an accomplished speaker and a very handsome young man of wonderful promise, but he was the black sheep of his family. He held heretical views on religion and openly boasted that he would take a drink when he wanted it. He had the promise, if he had used his mental faculties properly, of being almost anything he wanted to be. He later added to his other handicaps by busying himself in Republican politics, which we considered about as low down as a man could get. He was a failure in life. On the other hand, the very dullest pupil in the school whom all of us had to help to get along at all in his books and, we thought, never would amount to anything, later became a very successful and popular professional man. He was an industrious plodder and just kept plugging away until he arrived.

Another bright boy was Frank Jones. Frank had a fine mind and was very popular among the students. He became a very successful merchant at Chester, S. C., but he got to drinking and ruined what would probably have been a very prosperous career. He neglected his business, got in bad morally, left his wife, and departed for parts unknown.

On a trip to California in 1906, while I was registered at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, the bell boy came up and told me a gentleman wanted to see me. I told him he must be mistaken because I knew nobody in San Francisco, but he insisted that a gentleman wanted to see Mr. J. B. Ivey. I went down to the lobby and, to my surprise, found Frank Jones. He told me he had been traveling all over the world, had spent most of his time in China and Japan and found those people very different from what he had thought them; that there were smart, clever people among them. From what I could gather he had been leading a gambler's life and I think his people have no idea now where he is, or if he is still living.

One summer at Denver, when I was about 14 years old, I worked for Dr. J. A. Sherrill, who had a farm about six miles from Denver. Dr. Sherrill was a fine physician and an upright Christian man, but he had a habit which was very annoying to me, of calling me to get up at daylight of a summer morning. I got very tired, not being accustomed to the work in the sun and in a week or so when my poison oak developed I was glad of the excuse to give up the job and go home. Mrs. Sherrill was a superior type of woman, very kind and a good cook. I remember hearing her say that she had no nerves and that she could help hold a man to have his head cut off if she thought it would do him any good. She helped the Doctor in his minor operations which were done then without any anesthetics.

Here at Denver, as well as in Lenoir, it was my job to go to the mill. I could put on the bags of corn myself by now and I did not dread the job as much. Besides, I would occupy the time waiting for the grain to be ground at the mill by fishing or playing fox and geese with the miller, using grains of white and red corn. One day I thought I had a big fish. There was a tremendous tug at my line and I could hardly pull out my catch, but when I got him to the top of the water I found I had caught a turtle. I was afraid to try to get my hook out of his mouth as it was said that when a turtle bit you, he did not let go until it thundered, so as there were no clouds in the sky to indicate impending thunder, I cut off my line to my great regret, for I had only one hook.

One of my industries at Denver was catching rabbits. We would hunt through the fields and find where rabbits had a path through a fence and had made a mark where they crawled through the rails. Rabbits use the same path in their journeys at night and gnaw out a considerable space on the rail where they pass through a fence. We had an idea that they did their blazing this way so they would know their path, but it is more likely that they ate the wood, or were sharpening their teeth. We would make an oblong wooden box about three feet long, close up one end and make a trap door at the other end. This door would be connected with a trigger so that when the rabbit entered the box to get the apple, which we had put in there for bait, he would spring the trigger and close the door, making himself our prisoner. We had several boxes set through the fields and very often caught one or two rabbits. We were usually sure that we had one or more when the snow was on the ground. Rabbits seemed to want to get into a dry hole at this time. These rabbits made a welcome addition to our diet which, though plentiful, often lacked variety and besides sometimes we could sell the fur skins for five cents apiece.

Professor Thompson had two sons, Holland and Walter, who were younger than we and who were stirred by our success at catching rabbits. They decided they wanted to go into the business, too. We encouraged and helped them to select places to set their two traps but, for some reason, they did not have any success. Morning after morning they visited their rabbit traps with high hopes only to return home crestfallen and disappointed. George and I were sorry for them and one morning when we had two rabbits we decided to put one of ours in one of their traps. Then we casually asked them after we got back home if they had been to their traps that morning, but they had gotten so discouraged that they had stopped going. We told them, as innocently as possible, that they had better go to them that morning for they might catch a rabbit and it would be cruel to leave it in there away from water and food so long. They started off with no signs of hope that they would bring back anything but there was an entirely different note as they returned proudly displaying their first rabbit. We never did tell them we had put the rabbit in the box. Holland later became a very literary man. He now occupies a prominent position as professor in The College of the City of New York, and has written several books. Walter became well known and prominent in his church, was the first superintendent of the Jackson Training School at Concord, and later was superintendent of the Methodist Children's Home at Winston-Salem.

Soon after we left Denver, Professor Thompson had a better offer as principal of the school at Lincolnton, and later he was elected superintendent of the schools at Statesville, which place he held with great honor from the townspeople, until he was run over by an automobile in the streets of Statesville and was almost killed. The accident did injure his brain and, although he regained his strength, he had to spend the balance of his days in the State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton.

A strange thing happened in his case. There has never lived, in North Carolina, a cleaner man, one with higher ideals and who, to my mind, did as much good as Professor Thompson. Thousands of his pupils throughout the State say that he was their incentive to try to live honorable, clean lives and, next to my parents, he and his wife had more influence in shaping my life than any others. While he had his mind he loathed profanity, yet they tell me that at Morganton he was continually cursing. This looks very much like the demon possession of Christ's day.

We did not have a very great variety of food. We had biscuits once or twice a day and corn bread the other meals. Also, every winter Father would order a small barrel of mullets from Wilmington, and we enjoyed them very much, although they grew a little monotonous toward spring. Father also made lye hominy out of whole corn. We all enjoyed this so much that in order to have enough for our large crowd, he made it in a wash pot. It would keep for a long time in clear water. During the summer, Father had his usual fine garden and this gave us quite a variety of food as long as the growing season lasted.

Another interesting experience that stands out in my memory is seeing Mother and Father make lye soap. The ashes would be saved and put into a hopper and as the water was poured on the unleached ashes, the lye that dripped out of the hopper was saved and put into a large wash pot together with all the old scraps of meat that had been saved. This, when it had boiled sufficiently, congealed into a sticky, jelly-mass and was used as soft soap. All the families in our part of the country made their own soap and, although it was pretty hard on the skin, it brought out the dirt.

I never get a scent of lilacs in the spring but that it carries me back to the springtime at Denver. Right across the street from our school in an old field were a lot of lilac bushes. A dwelling house had been there years before and it seems that when it burned down the lilacs were not injured. They grew up into immense bushes and every spring the air was laden all around with the delicious fragrance of these lovely flowers.

One of the excursions that we made on our picnics was to the one little mountain within ten miles of Denver. This was a sharp peak rising from the midst of a plain and I never heard of any other name for it except "Little Mountain." A fine view could be obtained from the summit. I climbed to the summit only once and at that time we got completely covered, as I remember it, with red bugs, or chiggers. The whole mountain must have been full of them. My skin was subject to poisoning from these chiggers and it completely discouraged me from ever making another trip to the mountain.

The Duke alumni once had a picnic dinner in the woods near the Lake at Lake Junaluska. In Doctor Few's talk to the alumni he said, scratching himself, that they must have selected the right place for a picnic, for two million chiggers couldn't be wrong.

I did use the mountain in a gesture of a speech I made at one of the Denver Seminary commencements. My subject was: "North Carolina Bacon and Beans." The idea I tried to put over was, that although we had so many natural advantages in our State, we were continually sending elsewhere for almost everything except cotton, and I pleaded with the people to develop the resources of our own State. I don't remember the connection, but somewhere in my speech I referred to our grand mountains, and made an attempted graceful gesture toward our "Little Mountain."

There was not very much to disturb the serenity of our existence at Denver, so that we welcomed any innovation. One day a runaway couple from Lincolnton came to the parsonage to be married. I think my father did not know that they were runaways until later or he would not have consented to marry them. They were being directed, and all the arrangements were made by Dr. Munday, who had been reared near Denver. About all I can recollect of the bride is that she was a beautiful, buxom young lady, who had on a light blue dress with a large ribbon bow pinned on her back instead of her waist. She did her dressing in my sister Clara's room and Sister Clara complained bitterly, after she left, that the bride had used about all of a fresh bottle of Hoyt's German Cologne that Sister had just purchased. Sister Clara thought that Father ought to have given her part of the fee.

During the summer when we were not in school and could not find any work, we spent a good deal of time playing parchesi, authors and croquet. We had a nice croquet yard which we built down in the field and which was popular with the young folks.

After we had been in Denver a short time, I think it was in the spring of 1877, we heard the disastrous news that Davenport College had been burned. This was very distressing to us, especially to Sister Clara who had spent four happy years there, and had graduated the previous year. By the way, I also had a diploma from Davenport Female College, having graduated from the preparatory department in the spring of 1876. I kept the diploma for several years in the little box that held my valuables but in moving around it was lost, which I very much regret.

There was a fair-sized orchard on the lot in the rear of our home and just about camp meeting time we had some of the most delicious peaches that I ever tasted. I wonder why such peaches can't be grown today! There were also several large sweet apple trees in our front yard. A favorite place for me to study my lessons in the spring was perched on one of the limbs of an apple tree surrounded and inspired by the beauty and fragrance of the pink and white apple blossoms. The fruit on these trees protected itself from being eaten before it was ripe, as is was absolutely uneatable before it turned yellow, but when it did turn yellow and fall on the ground, it was delicious. There was a race among us children to get up early in the morning and run out under the apple trees to gather the fruit that had fallen during the night.

On each side of the walk in this front yard my father had planted a row of red and yellow dahlias. He always took his dahlia tubers with him when he moved to another place and it was the one flower for which he seemed to care very much. In later years, when I took up the culture of this beautiful flower, it was a long time before it occurred to me that I might have inherited the love of the dahlia from him.

I do not remember seeing Father sick in bed but one time. This was when his spirited horse ran away with him while he was plowing in our corn patch. Father got caught in the harness while trying to stop the horse and it was seemingly through a miracle that he was not severely injured. I caught up with the horse and managed to stop and hold it while Father disengaged himself from the harness and plow. He was in bed only for about a day, for he had a very vigorous constitution and never thought of staying in bed for any indisposition.

In one of the apple trees in the orchard at the rear of our house I built a little house which, as I remember it, was my first attempt at building. Then later I built another little playhouse, this time on the ground. This house had a basement, but it was not large enough for more than one to get into at a time. I had a little store down there, the medium of exchange being pins which passed as money. It was hard to keep candy in stock as my younger brothers and sisters would manage somehow to accumulate enough pins to buy me out soon after I laid in a stock. My older brother, Tom, insisted that that was where I got the incentive which led later to my being a merchant. I do not agree with him, as this store lasted only a short time and later, when I did go into a store, it was from necessity and not from choice, and I did not like it at all.

On the Fourth of July, about 1879, there was a celebration at Hill's Chapel, a church near Lowesville, about twelve miles from Denver. We all went down and had a big celebration. Col. W. W. Fleming, a lawyer from Lincolnton, made the address. A secret temperance society had on their regalia and participated in the exercises. They sent a delegation up to Denver to form a society there. I was one of the officers of the new society and for a while we had a flourishing lodge. It did not last long as there was much opposition among most of the prospective members to the requirement of the lodge forbidding the drinking of cider. We could see no need for this prohibition and I think many of the members disobeyed it. This society was attractive on account of having pass words, mysterious grips, regalia for the officers, etc.

One day in the walls of the old log cabin back of the house, which served as our kitchen, I found an old pistol. It was one of the earliest types, was fired with a cap, had only one barrel and was loaded from the muzzle. It had a solid shot rusted in the barrel and I was never able to dislodge it so could not use it. My father never had allowed any firearms around the house, but on account of the harmlessness of this particular pistol, he permitted me to keep it. I was very proud of it and treasured it for some time. It filled my desire, which I suppose all boys have for pistols, and I have never cared for a real pistol nor ever owned one. When I later became a storekeeper and sold toy pistols, I convinced myself that this was a good idea as it would have the same effect on the children that my pistol had on me. Mrs. Ivey, though, thinks that this builds up a desire in the small boy to own a real pistol and is, therefore, harmful.

Matches were very scarce and expensive in those days. They were sold in little round wooden boxes, about twenty-five matches for ten cents. The tips were mostly of sulphur and gave forth a vile smell whenever they were lighted. They were very easily ignited and frequently in taking a match from the box the friction would ignite the whole box and it would burn up before your eyes, with no chance of putting out the fire until all the matches were ruined. On account of their expensiveness matches were a luxury and very few families even had them at that time.

A fire was kept alive in the fireplace and very carefully covered up with coals every night so that there would be fire to start with next morning. As most of the cooking was done in the open fireplace, it was easy to preserve this fire even in the summer time. At a great many farm houses, they never let the fire go out from year to year. When I lived at Belwood later, there was one old farmer, Sanders Wright, who claimed that his fire had not gone out in fifty years. Seed Petty, a great fox hunter of Cleveland County, said that one night he came by Sanders Wright's very late at night and, knowing that Sanders always had a fire, went in to warm. He said, waggishly, that the fire was so old and feeble he could get no warmth from it. When a fire did go out by accident, someone usually went to a neighbor's and brought some live coals in a covered vessel. Most of the men could start a blaze by firing a cap on their muskets and having some loose powder and tinder or cotton where the flash from the cap would ignite. I don't remember anyone getting fire by rubbing sticks together Indian fashion, though we boys had tried it frequently without success.

About 1879 I realized a desire which I had had for sometime of making a trip to Charlotte. I had never been to as large a town and I looked forward with great interest to visiting this metropolis. The merchants of our village made more or less frequent trips to Charlotte to sell their produce and replenish their stocks and I made a bargain with the driver of Mr. Sid Kidd's wagons to take me to Charlotte on his next trip. We had a load of butter and eggs, principally, and the covered wagon was filled with forage for the horses, as we were to be away from home for several days. Charlotte is about forty miles from Denver and it took nearly two days each way to make the trip. We crossed the Catawba River at Rozzelle's Ferry. There had been a bridge over this river, but it was burned by the Yankee raiders in the closing years of the Civil War and never had been rebuilt, though the stone pillars remained as silent sentinels. This bridge was rebuilt about 1920.

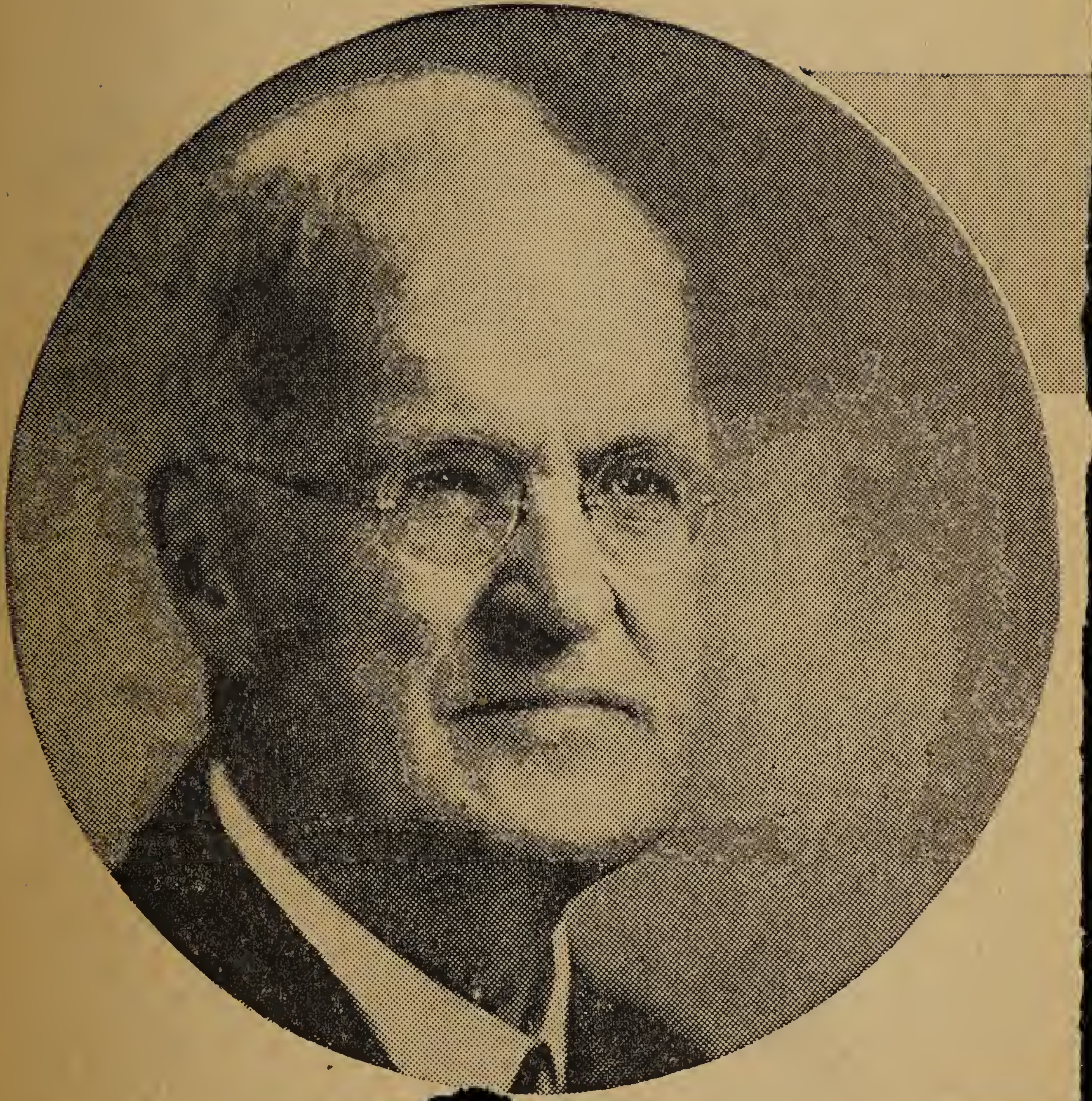
Uncle Dick Rozzelle, a member of my father's church at River Bend, was the ferryman of the large flat boat. He lived on the other side of the river and you had to halloo for him to come over after you. We camped for the night about eight miles from Charlotte, right by the side of the Carolina Central Railroad and, during the night, were startled by the roar of a freight train passing by.

Some of the neighbors, seeing our camp fire, came over to swap news with us. There was one white man and another one who was of a swarthy complexion. When my companion had supper cooked, which consisted of fried ham and fried eggs, together with some cold biscuits we had brought along, he very politely said, "Won't you have supper with us?" They, as politely, declined, saying they had eaten. After they left I told him the dark man must be an Italian. My companion said: "Is that so? I thought he was a Negro and I ought to have said 'you'ns' when I invited the other man to supper."

The next day we drove into Charlotte, left our wagon near the old town pump on West Trade Street in front of the store now occupied by Mellon and Company. We had trouble disposing of our eggs at ten cents a dozen, as it was summer time and eggs were more or less of a drug on the market. We loaded up with our purchases and got back home without incident except that my wagoner seemed to have visited one of the saloons of Charlotte and had imbibed to some extent. He warned me though that I must not inform his employer, Mr. Kidds, that he had been drinking.

There were four stores then at Denver, one kept by Mr. J. A. Kidds, one by W. C. Proctor & Brother, and another one by our friend, Mr. Stacey. Mr. Jim Kidds had the largest and best store and he also kept the post office.

When I first went to Denver, the school taught by Professor Thompson was named "Rock Springs Seminary." In a year or so, Professor Thompson moved his school to a large storeroom in the center of town because he disagreed with Mr. Lock Wilkinson, the owner of the former building, as to the amount of rent to be paid. Mr. Wilkinson hired another teacher who also taught in the Rock Springs Seminary. There arouse a contest of survival of the fittest and the Denver Seminary, taught



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Solid Mahogany, Cherry Or Maple

-Piece Bedroom Suite

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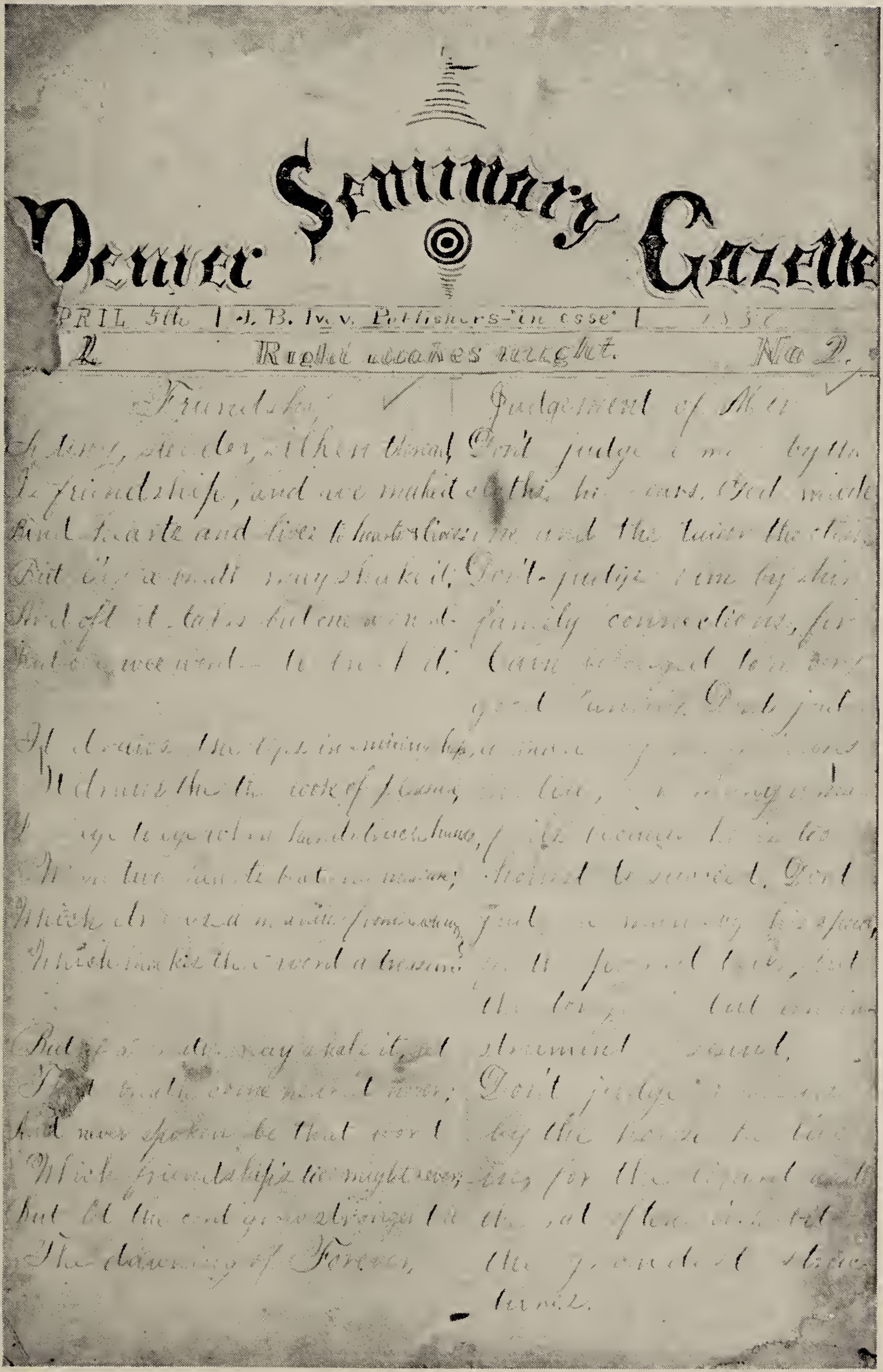
by Professor Thompson, lived on, while the old Rock Springs Seminary lasted only about one session.

Professor Thompson had the Sunday School lessons every Friday and we had to study these and be graded on them the same as on other studies. It was fine training. When I was about fourteen years old, Professor Thompson asked me to teach the primary class in the Sunday School. I was panic stricken and tried to get out of it because I thought I was not equal to it and, besides, I did not want to be held down to the things I felt that a Sunday School teacher should or should not do. I will always thank Professor Thompson that he insisted on this, as it meant a great deal in my spiritual life. We used the literature published by David C. Cook Publishing Company, Chicago. Their primary leaflet was called "The Dewdrop," and at that early date they published a primary magazine which I think was the first gotten out by any publishing house. David C. Cook had other helps for the teachers, such as reward tickets, badges, etc., and my father said I spent all my spare change with the David C. Cook Publishing Company. I feel that it was a fine thing for Professor Thompson to have me take this responsibility, for I was held back from boyish escapades that I might have gotten into by the feeling that I must live up to my responsibilities as a Sunday School teacher.

One day Sister Hattie was studying her Sunday School lesson, to be recited the following Friday. I was also studying and was not noticing what she was doing. I thought she asked me what was Pa's native place and I replied, "Stanly County." During the recitation of the Sunday School lesson on the following Friday, Professor Thompson asked where was Paul's native place. Hattie had supreme confidence in my knowledge of anything pertaining to Sunday School, so she confidently held up her hand to be allowed to give the answer. When she replied with a very strong voice and in a confident manner, "Stanly County," the whole place broke out in laughter. Hattie confusedly said, "Bennie told me that was the place." I had to get up and explain how she got this misconception.

The Sunday School at Kadesh Church, situated about a mile and a half from the village, was the only one within several miles of Denver. The Sunday School at this church was conducted only in the summer and was very much of a failure as regards any teaching. We had only two classes with no helps at all and very few Bibles or Testaments. We had preaching once a month and on the other Sundays we would sometimes have class meetings. Brother Frank Q. Howard was the class leader and he would go among the congregation and with a loud voice exhort every member, inquire into their spiritual condition, and then there would be a number of prayers frequently led by "praying Frank Howard." Being a believer in long prayers, he would commence low, get very excited and rise to a high voice then, after a long time, he would apparently become exhausted and his voice would drop to a very low pitch. By this time I would get tired on my knees on the hard floor as we always knelt in prayer, and would hope he was coming to the end which he usually did, but frequently he would get interested again, rise to a high voice and the prayer would go on, it seemed to me, interminably.

Near the church lived Squire Munday. He had a very pretty daughter, Miss Luzetta Munday, who was the belle of the whole country, and Squire Munday's was a general meeting place for all the young men of the section. Soon after we came to Denver I was invited to a party at Squire Munday's. It was to be the first party I attended and I was correspondingly excited. My best footwear then was a pair of heavy cowhide boots. They had gotten considerably wrinkled, hard and red from long separation from any blacking. To make them more pliable and presentable, I greased them with some tanner's oil which my father used to soften his boots. When I got through they were not exactly a thing of beauty and my father embarrassed me by questioning the propriety of my going to a party wearing these boots, ill-smelling from the tanner's oil. I don't remember whether I wore my boots to the party or not, but I was there and thought it a great event. My brother, Tom, later



Denver Seminary Gazette

PRIL 5th | J. B. Ivey, Publishers-"in esse" |

2 Right makes might. No 2.

Friendship

Judgement of Men

PHOTO COPY OF THE PAPER I PUBLISHED AT DENVER, N. C.
NOTE THAT IT IS WRITTEN IN LONG HAND AS
WE HAD NO PRESS

fell in love with Luzetta and they had quite an affair. Squire Munday did not smile on the match and definitely discouraged his daughter's receiving Tom's attentions. Before we left Denver she married Frank Smith and my brother was sad for a long time and thought himself very ill-used.

At Denver Seminary, Professor Thompson always had some new ideas to interest us and for a while, under his direction, we published a school paper called "The Denver Seminary Gazette." I was the publisher, my task being to write out in long hand the articles given me for publication. I think, too, I was the local reporter and got up the local news. From an old copy dated May, 1880, which I have preserved, I will quote the following items:

> "The best cotton is quoted in Charlotte at 12⅝."
>
> "We had a hard shower on the 19th; some hail fell."
>
> "Straw hats are now the rage; almost everybody has one."
>
> "We had quite a siege of rain and mud from March 5th to 18th."
>
> "New goods at Stacey's and Shelton's. Dr. Kidds is also receiving new goods."
>
> "The students of Denver Seminary have holiday today. We wish them a pleasant time."
>
> "We learn that over a thousand country merchants visited Charlotte during the excursion."
>
> "T. H. Proctor has his new engine up and running. It has power enough to run the saw."
>
> "One of the salesmen of the Calendar Clock Co. passed through last week. He sold some."
>
> "A letter from Gaston County says that the snow on the 8th inst. caught some of the farmers plowing corn."
>
> "Y. F. Stacey and W. C. Proctor were in Charlotte last week purchasing goods for their respective stores."
>
> "Sidney Kidds, one of our enterprising citizens, is building a fine dwelling on Chestnut Street. It will soon be completed. It will be a fine piece of architecture when finished."
>
> "Sam Wingate, a negro man, was tried in this place on the 27th inst. for stealing corn of Mr. A. J. Allen. He was found guilty and

was started to jail under Mundy. Unfortunately he let him escape on the way there."

"The following marshals were elected: M. F. Jones of Gastonia, chief; A. P. Cannon of Gaston, J. P. Benton of Rockingham, L. C. Holler of Mecklenburg, H. M. Eddleman, W. V. Rutledge and W. F. Farrar of Gaston."

This reminds me to include at this point a copy of an editorial written by Mr. Wade H. Harris in *The Charlotte Observer* September 20, 1920:

"FORTY YEARS AGO"

"The fact that Mr. J. B. Ivey, head of a popular mercantile firm in Charlotte, is a retired editor is not generally known. Perhaps Mr. Ivey, himself, had forgotten the distinction until reminded of it by receiving an original copy of *The Denver Seminary Gazette*, which he penprinted in May, 1880, when he was a student there. It is interesting to note that he was advertent to the fact that 'W,' in *The Charlotte Observer*, 'advises farmers to sell their cotton.' At about the time, there was an agitation on over Best's proposition for the sale of the Western North Carolina Railroad, and the paper was an advocate of the sale. No interest had developed in the State politics up to the time Ivey went to press, but '*The Charlotte Observer* had raised to its mast head the names of Seymour, of New York, for President, and William H. English, of Indiana, for Vice-President.' The same month a warrant was issued 'for the arrest of the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives for assault and battery, at the instance of Josiah Turner.' But more entertaining than all is revival of memories of the fight against the no-fence law which broke out in the State when the measure was new and untried, and Editor Ivey made reference to the fact that it had caused 'great dissatisfaction in Gaston County.' The people in Dallas were in 'rebellion,' and had raised a red flag, 'declaring war, rather than be forced under the stock law.' That was the history of the reception of that law all over the State when the farmers were blinded by prejudice against a good thing. The people who then raised the red flag against the coming of the no-fence law, would now draw a gun on any man who might propose to abolish it.

"Mr. Ivey had among his acquaintances one writer who gave voice to a plaint that was much older than the stock law and for the silencing of which the stock law had just stepped in as one of the factors which were later to develop. The writer was undertaking to explain 'why North Carolina is poor.' There is familiarity even to the present day in the strain of his discourse. He laid down the proposition the 'never was there a State that contained better soil, climate and natural resources than the State of North Carolina. Never was there a State occupied by a more noble, brave, sober, steady and naturally industrious people than North Carolina. They are a people of the manliest type, yet they are politically poor.' What he wanted to know was why such a fertile State peopled by such men should remain poor? Then he proceeded to explain. It was because she was reduced to a skeleton, paying tribute exacted from her by unequal and unjust Federal legislation. What single interest of hers has been fostered by protection? Not one. The fishermen of the New England States have received bounties. The cotton spinners of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the sheep-raisers of Ohio and Vermont, the hemp growers of Kentucky and Missouri, the sugar planters of Louisiana, all have had the boon of protection extended to their several industries, thereby doubling the value of their products. But nothing has been done for North Carolina. She is principally an agricultural State, and because it could be done, her supplies of grain have been taxed exorbitantly. The fruit that grows in her orchards, the grain that waves on her hillsides, have been taxed to an unreasonable extent. All this has gone on till thousands of her sons, in despair, have bid adieu to their beautiful native hills and sought homes in other States where Federal legislation brings benefits and not burdens. To whatever States her sons have gone, they have illuminated its annals by their genius, valor and statesmanship. No citizen has ever been President of the Republic, and yet three Presidents were born within her borders, and owed their success to the great abilities they inherited. Other losses she might endure, but when you tax her to impoverishment, and drive her people to other States, like Jacob she exclaims: 'If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.'

"If Editor Ivey was mindful of the fact that he had opened his columns to advocacy of the high protection theory he was careful to keep quiet about it. One trouble at the time was that the people had rested too confidently under the impression that North Carolina was purely an agricultural State. When the people began turning their hands to industry there was 'something doing' in the State. In textiles North

Carolina is now in a fair way to take a position of supremacy in the Nation and in its diversified industries it is forging forward to the place occupied by the most progressive States in the Union. Manufacturing its own raw products, North Carolina has become one of the States of recognized prosperity. It has quit sending its youth abroad to be educated; it provides an education for them at home, and the success which has attended the endeavors of the North Carolina educated youth has been a factor in bringing about a reversal of the situation; other States are sending their youth to North Carolina to secure an education that counts for something in the business, industrial and professional world. If the writer of 40 years ago in The Denver Seminary Gazette were to approach the same subject matter today, his text would not be why North Carolina is poor, but why North Carolina is rich."

I have spoken of the farmers around Denver raising cotton almost exclusively. A strange scene to the present day farmers would be to look at the piles of cotton seed thrown out in the fields, left to rot as manure. Farmers of that day knew nothing of the many uses of the products of cotton seed and many farmers did not even trouble to haul the seed away from the gin. Now the seed is very valuable.

We had a local physician in Denver, Dr. Charlie Rozzelle, who was a son of Uncle Dick Rozzelle of Rozelle's Ferry. He had a beautiful wife who was a Miss Davenport, sister of George and Kel Davenport. Two of the Davenport girls attended school at Denver. Miss Dora was a beautiful young lady and had lots of admirers; Eunice, while not as pretty as her sister, was a bright, attractive girl and I thought I was in love with her. Eunice though attracted some of the older boys and she gave them most of her favor. I had many heartaches over the way I thought Eunice treated me.

Mrs. Rozzelle was more timid than the average woman of that day and frequently had me come over and sleep in the company room when Dr. Rozzelle had to be away all night. Dr. Rozzelle presented me with a beautiful pearl handled knife at Christmas for my trouble in protecting his wife. Mrs. Rozzelle played the organ at commencement; she also had an orchestra composed of two or three fiddlers—not violinists—who gathered frequently at her house, and I was greatly taken with "Arkansas Traveler" and other music that they gave.

One of our duties was to water the horse three times a day when my father was not out on the circuit. We had to draw water at the well and we thought that horse was very thirsty. Sometimes we would ride him down to a branch in our pasture, but as we had to pass through two gates, it was less trouble to take him to the well and draw the water. I remember one time my younger brother, George, rode behind me and we took the horse down to the branch to water. There was no saddle and we were riding bareback. There was a steep little hill just before we got to the branch. We got down to the water all safe, as I clamped my knees around the horse and kept both of us from sliding off. Coming back, though, the horse made an extra effort to get up the hill and both of us slid off behind. I chided George for crying, telling him he was not hurt and he indignantly replied that I was not hurt because I fell on top of him.

At the Methodist Conference in the Fall of 1880 we were all much concerned as to where Father would be sent, as we knew we would have to move, having been at Denver four years. When he came back, he told us he had been appointed to Clinton Circuit in Sampson County. As this was a move of 200 miles, our family was to break up considerably. My brother, Will, had been teaching in Hickory and had definitely decided to become a physician. Brother Tom had just graduated at Trinity College and had gotten a school at River Bend down near Rozzelle's Ferry. I had made a trade, through my father, with Mr. Azor Shell, a cabinet worker of Lenoir, to learn the cabinet and carpentry business.

The measles which I had at Lenoir had left me with impaired eyesight. Professor Thompson noticed I could not see the work on the board at the distance other pupils could, and when a traveling optician from Charlotte came around, my father had him test my eyes. To my surprise and gratification, I found that by putting on the proper glasses I could see clearly where before my vision had not been distinct. He fitted me with a pair of glasses that did fairly well and I have been wearing glasses constantly ever since I was fourteen years old.

STARTING TO LEARN THE CARPENTER'S TRADE

MY FAMILY thought my eyes would not allow me to finish my education, so it was decided that I should learn a trade instead of going to college. I have always felt the loss of not attending college as my brothers did and wish now that I had not quit school so early.

My brother Will came to pay a visit to the family before they left on their long journey, and I was to ride back with him as far as Hickory in the buggy in which he had made the trip. One snowy morning in December we bade goodbye to the home folks and, with the spirit of adventure in my breast, I think I did not feel the separation as keenly as I did later. I was with my brother, I was taking a trip, and was going to learn a big business, which I thought I would like very much. We stopped at a house the other side of Little Mountain to warm, for it was a very cold day. We were in an open buggy and the brick which my mother had heated and put in the foot of the buggy had cooled off. It was a good thing for my feelings that I did not know the sorrow that was in my mother's heart at thus seeing me leave home. The other children told her I had always been her favorite and no more tender, loving mother could be imagined than my mother was to me.

Being a Methodist preacher, and a very much loved and successful itinerant, my father was much better known all over Western North Carolina than was my mother. But when you consider that my father was necessarily away from home most of the time, and that the responsibility of the rearing of eight children fell mostly on my mother, you can appreciate what a care this was to a frail little woman. When I relate with pride that all these children turned out to be devout Christians and successful in their lives, you will naturally conclude that my mother must have been an unusual woman. Devoted to her church, a helpmate for her husband, a loving and faithful mother of ten children, eight of whom grew to maturity, there were no idle moments in her life while these children were needing her loving care.

She was compelled to be very economical, as my father's salary perhaps averaged around $600 per year. She knew how to stretch a dollar so that it did its utmost. Much of her time was spent in patching and mending our clothes, and in the evenings she would always have knitting or some other work to do after the rest of us were through our chores and studies.

Above all she was deeply religious, and felt heavily the responsibility of rearing her children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." I well remember the quiet moments when she talked to me of sacred things. We children now see, as we did not realize at the time, how wonderful was the mother with whom we were blessed.

That night we stayed at Will's boarding place in Hickory. The next morning he went to the wagon lots to find a wagon that was making the trip back to Lenoir, for there was no railroad then, and all the trips had to be made by wagon. He found a man who agreed to take me to Lenoir for a dollar. The roads were very bad and it took us all day to go the 20 miles from Hickory to Lenoir. I was getting very thoughtful by this time and realized that I was a long way from home. I got to Lenoir after dark and my wagoner objected strenuously to my insisting that he drive me into town. He wanted to camp about a mile out of town and have me walk the rest of the way. When I reminded him that I had paid him to take me to Lenoir, he told me I could not expect to make a success going out to work for myself if I could not do a little thing like walking a mile.

Mr. Azor Shell had been communicating with me and was expecting me. He did not seem to be very much enthused, though, at meeting me and did not put me to work for a day or two. It would have been better for my feelings if he had. Having nothing especially to occupy my mind and having been away from Lenoir so long, I had grown out of the recollection of my friends and they did not seem to remember me as well as I did them.

It was nearly Christmas, and Christmas Day was a very lonely day for me. I went uptown and expended the sum of ten cents for some stick candy. I did not have so much pleasure in eating it, though, by myself. While I was standing near the stove in M. V. Moore & Bro's. store munching my candy, I saw a desolate looking colored boy looking at me with hungry eyes and seeing misery apparently greater than mine, I gave him a stick of my candy. This helped both of us. That night when I went to bed in my cold, desolate room, although I was a boy 16 years old, I broke down and cried like a child. I felt as though I would never see my mother, father, or brothers and sisters again. It was as severe a case of homesickness as one could imagine, in a strange town, many miles from home, on Christmas night and so lonesome and unhappy!

I should have stayed at Hickory with my brother until after the Christmas holidays, as I might have missed some of the terrible loneliness and homesickness. Mr. Shell had closed up his shop for the holidays and did not open it for nearly a week. A day or two after Christmas he had me go with him over to the cemetery and help erect a small tombstone on the grave of his child who had died a short time previously. I had to take the stone in a hand-cart and it was quite a humiliation to my spirit to be seen trundling this hand-cart past the homes of people whom I knew.

After we had placed the stone and as I, in deep dejection, was trundling my hand-cart through the court house square, I heard someone yelling and looking around I saw a colored boy running toward me. I recognized him as the boy I had given some of my Christmas candy to a few days before. He came up out of breath and asked me if I did not have a job for him. I was already feeling badly enough but the idea of this boy asking me for a job was too much and I had difficulty in keeping back bitter words. It is possible that he wanted to push the cart and thereby repay me for the kindness I had shown him, but I was very humiliated at the idea of anyone, who was getting only three and a third dollars a month, being applied to for a job. It was bitter to my soul.

The terms of my apprenticeship were that I was to get $40.00 for the first year, $50.00 for the second year and $75.00 for the third year. I was also to get room and board, and the board was very meager.

Mr. Shell had not had much work and, although he got his apprentices at very low rates, he did not seem to make enough to get along. Our principal meals were composed of corn mush and fat bacon gravy, no vegetables and no desserts except the cheapest molasses. On Sundays we would have biscuits, but only once a week. Occasionally, about every two or three weeks, we would have a chicken, which was not a great extravagance, as a good hen then could be bought for fifteen cents.

I shall always remember with pleasure and gratitude Mr. and Mrs. Jethro Wilson. Mrs. Wilson invited me over to her home frequently and I was fully prepared to enjoy to the utmost the splendid meals she served us. Also the kind hospitality that she gave a poor, lonesome, homesick boy was greatly appreciated.

As would naturally be supposed, a growing boy of sixteen, who had been accustomed to good things to eat at home, got very hungry with such fare as I had to live on and I never was tempted to steal as much as I was one afternoon when I passed in the rear of Major Harper's kitchen and smelled some delicious rolls cooking. I am afraid that if I could have crept in and taken some of those rolls without being detected I might have done so. If I had gone to the kitchen and asked Mrs. Harper for one she would have been glad to give it to me, for she knew our family, but I could not bring myself, hungry as I was, to beg, as I considered it.

Soon after the first of the year Mr. Shell decided to move to Hickory, which was about twenty miles away. Hickory was a thriving little town by that time and he thought he could get more work than at Lenoir. There was no building at all going on at Lenoir and the shop could not run only on short time. Mr. Shell formed a partnership with a Mr. Carter of Hickory. Mr. Carter was the outside builder, while Mr. Shell's part was to do the inside shop work. He did not have a great deal of machinery to move, but the one piece that gave us the most difficulty was the steam engine. We loaded this on the heaviest wagon we could get and three of the apprentices walked the whole distance of twenty miles ready to hold on the ropes to steady the engine in bad places. The roads were terrible and without this steadying on our part the engine would have turned over.

Mr. Carter had rented an old tobacco factory for the work shop and we installed the machinery in this building. Our principal piece of equipment, besides the engine, was a planing machine. My job was to be fireman of the engine and also help with the planing mill. We had to change the blades frequently and in using our poor wrenches to loosen and tighten the nuts, I would let one slip almost every day and my hand would be skinned against the iron. It is a wonder I did not die of blood poisoning. Walter, the apprentice whom I liked best, slept with me in a room in the shop. This had been used for an office and also apparently for the storing of tobacco, for the corners of the room were caked with tobacco which we did not take the trouble to get up.

Our bed was a wooden bunk we built ourselves. Our mattress was cheap ticking filled with straw and we had straw pillows. After working ten or twelve hours in the shop it took no rocking to put me to sleep even in this sort of bed.

There were one or two factories in town that observed an eleven-hour rule, but we were supposed to go to work soon after daylight and work as long as we could see.

Our fare was not any better here than at Lenoir, fat bacon, corn mush with white bacon gravy, and, almost every day, fried mush which I welcomed very much. Mrs. Shell, before her marriage, was a Miss Montgomery who had been a school teacher and she felt very much humiliated at having to serve such poor meals, but I suppose Mr. Shell was doing about as well as he could, as work in Hickory was very scarce and there were so many willing to do the work at a starvation figure that he did not get along very well.

Mr. Shell had the apprentice boys to come into his bedroom in the morning, build fires, build a fire in the kitchen stove and do other work around the house which I considered menial. I made bold to tell him that I would do any sort of work in the shop but that I did not feel that I was called upon to do this kind of house work. This put me in bad with the other apprentices and I was frowned upon as an upstart. I think this condition led Mr. Shell to tell me after about three months that, on account of my eyesight, he was afraid I would not make a success at the business and, in fact, I was ready to come to the same conclusion.

The one bright spot in the Hickory incident was that my brother, Will, was living there and I ate dinner with him every Sunday. My! how good those meals did taste! He was boarding with Mrs. W. P. Reinhardt.

I had my church membership moved to Hickory and attended regularly the Methodist Sunday School, of which my brother was superintendent. He was having a Bible contest at the time. Bible questions were given out every Sunday and the one making the best record was to receive some sort of a prize. I think I was debarred on account of being a brother to the superintendent.

I had to be very careful about my expenditures, as I could not collect even the small pay of three and a third dollars per month, for Mr. Shell was always out of money. I was overjoyed one day when I received a letter from my mother enclosing a five-dollar bill. It looked like a million dollars and I think I went downtown and invested ten cents in some liquid bon-bons, which were some sweet fluid enclosed in hard bon-bons. Living as poorly as I was and working hard, I craved sweets.

The letters from home were always looked forward to with pleasure and these, together with the visits to my brother, were bright oases in a desert of gloom.

I hated to give up what I had started out to do but I was not very much in love with my job and began making arrangements at once to find something else. Mrs. Jethro Wilson of Lenoir found out in some way that I was looking for work and she told her brother-in-law, Captain L. J. Hoyle of Belwood, N. C., who wrote me that he could use me as a helper on his farm and in his country store.

I START TO LEARN THE MERCANTILE BUSINESS AT BELWOOD, N. C.

ABOUT the fifteenth of April, 1881, when I was nearly seventeen years old, I made the trip to Black Rock (name soon after was changed to Belwood). This was a post office and store about fourteen miles from Shelby. My brother, Will, drove me over there from Hickory through the country. It had been a very late spring and snow was on the ground in part of the places we passed through.

Captain L. J. Hoyle had married Miss Ella Round of Lenoir and I remembered her with pleasure. Mr. Hoyle had two boys by a former wife, a cousin of mine, as mentioned before. At this time they had two children, a little boy, George, and a daughter, Louise, about a year older. The latter lived with Captain Hoyle's widowed mother, Aunt Nancy Lewis.

My duties were to work on the farm except on Saturdays and rainy days when I was to help out in the small country store run by Captain Hoyle. The store was a one-room frame building about 15 feet by 30 feet with a fireplace in one end, around which the neighboring farmers gathered on cold and rainy days to discuss politics and other things. We had mail once a week, brought on horseback from Shelby and, if we had a deep snow, we missed even that.

Captain Hoyle had a pretty good library and, as I was a great reader, I did not get lonely.

The store was quite a gathering place for the whole community. Captain Hoyle told me that a few years before, the crowd had gathered around the store anxiously discussing the outcome of the Presidential race between Grant and Greeley. All of the Southern people were very much interested in the outcome of this election, but it took several weeks to get the news through at that time, and everyone was eager to learn the results.

One day a crowd was gathered around the store and one man said that Bill Stone had gone to Cherryville that day and would probably get some news. Cherryville was the terminus of the Carolina Central Railway at that time and was a distributing point for all that country. After a while someone excitedly exclaimed: "Yonder come Bill now!" He rode up very deliberately, with an important air, as he knew he bore news of interest to them all. Someone asked him, "Bill, did you hear any news about the election while at Cherryville?" Bill replied: "Yes, I am right from Cherryville Hill and the news is 'kerect'." "Well, someone impatiently said, "Who is elected?" Then Bill, in a puzzled manner, scratched his head and said: "It was a fellow named Grant or Greeley one, I disremember which." It's a wonder he wasn't mobbed.

Jake Siler and Sam Jones (fictitious names) were two of our regular customers, who were always present on rainy days and both always drank whenever they could find liquor. They were a great deal of trouble around the store when they were drinking. About this time Captain Hoyle added Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to his stock. I don't know that he knew it was about 95 percent whiskey with a little medicinal quality in it, but I do know that he had a very brisk trade on these bitters. Jake and Sam bought a bottle every few days, although they did not seem to be in an unhealthy condition. Captain Hoyle was a steward in the church and a conscientious man, so he discontinued carrying this popular medicine. Sometimes when these men were on a drunk and could not get any whiskey they would buy all the peppermint drops we had to sell to sober up on. One day, several years later, Jake was in the store drinking and, as Captain Hoyle was not there, he took that occasion to be very disagreeable. I had always been inoffensive and tried to keep peace with him, but this time he aroused my temper by making insulting remarks about Captain Hoyle. I jumped over the counter, popped my fist in his face and informed him that he could not talk that way about Captain Hoyle. This was a new side of me to Jake and he was very much surprised. It was also more or less of a surprise to me.

He did not want to fight and apologized for the matter, and afterwards seemed to have more respect for me.

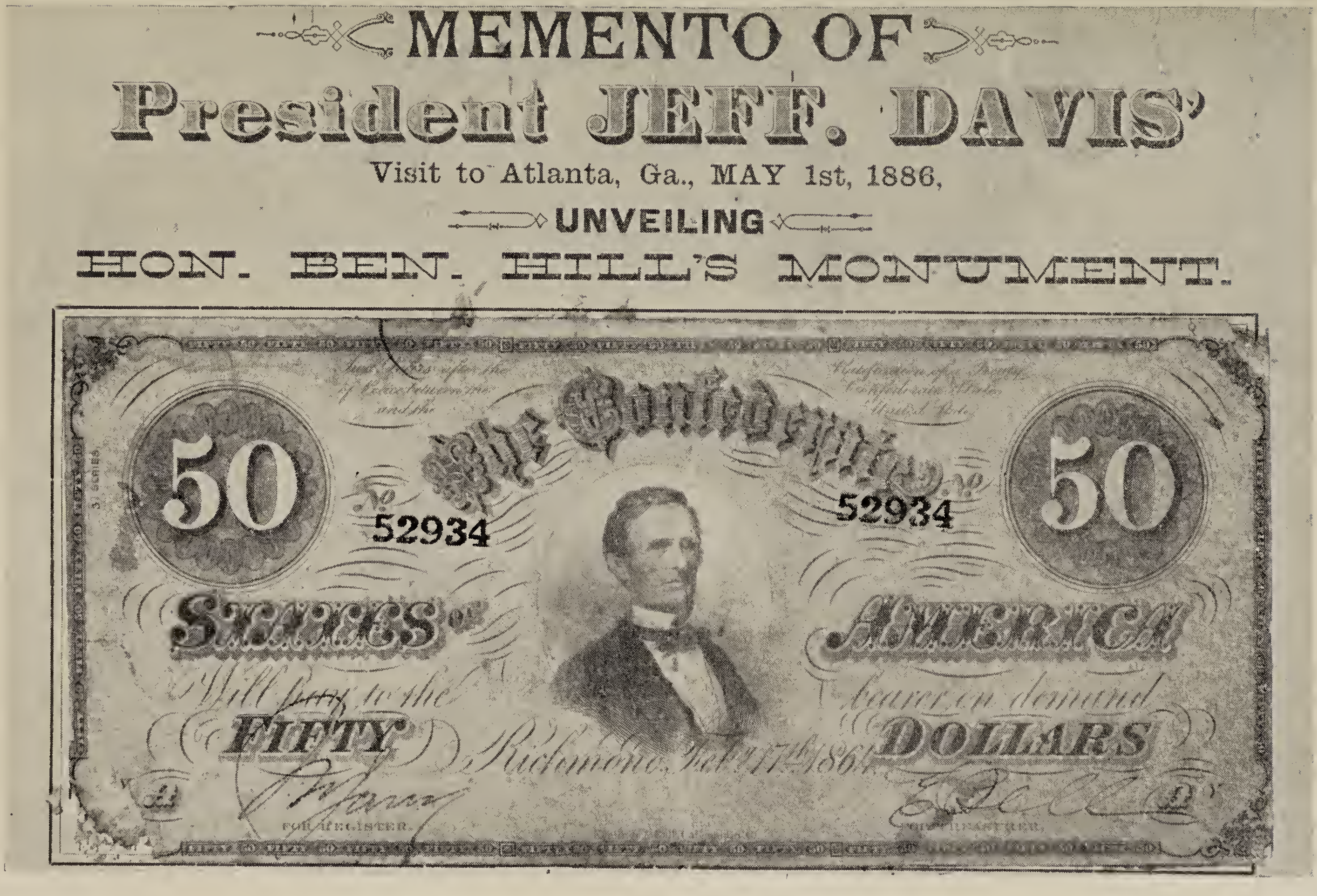
During the summer I hoed cotton and corn with a Negro John Kelley, who was superintendent of the farm, and I would get pretty tired before the end of the day. We worked from sun up to sun down. My companion was not a typical Negro, for he was a very hard worker all the time. I think that, in addition to his pay, he got part of the crops and he wanted to get ahead. He had a beautiful stallion, the finest horse in the whole country. On Sunday he would dress, put the saddle on his horse and ride down to the colored meeting house. He was considered an aristocrat among the Negroes and his opinion was valued by the white farmers, as he was a better farmer than most of them.

I occupied a little room built at the end of the porch. No heat ever got to it so it was pretty chilly in the cold weather when I would crawl in between those icy sheets.

We got our water from a spring about two hundred yards down a steep hill and the first thing I did in the morning was to go down to the spring and bring a bucket of water. I thought several times of making an aerial railway down to the spring and let down a bucket with a long cord and pull it back, but I did not get it planned out how to fill the bucket after it got down there, and never carried out my scheme. I had seen this done at places where the water poured over a rock and could be caught in the bucket underneath.

During the fall of 1881, Captain Hoyle built a larger store about half a mile from the other location. At this time the name of the post office was changed from Black Rock to Belwood. When we moved into the new store, which we did that winter, my whole time was given to the store and I did not work on the farm, except at rare intervals.

A little room was built in the rear of the new store and Captain Hoyle told me he wanted me to sleep in there as a protection against robbers. There was a professional burglar, Chance Proctor, who had lived in that neighborhood and had



MEMENTO OF

President JEFF. DAVIS'

Visit to Atlanta, Ga., MAY 1st, 1886,

UNVEILING

HON. BEN. HILL'S MONUMENT.

50
No 52934
The Confederate
No 52934
50
STATES of
AMERICA
Will pay to the
bearer on demand
FIFTY
Richmond, Feb. 17th 1864
DOLLARS
FOR REGISTER.
FOR TREASURER.

A MEMENTO OF THE CONFEDERACY

broken into several stores and had been sent to prison. We learned he had broken out of the penitentiary and had been seen around the neighborhood and Captain Hoyle was afraid he would break into our store. I had always been more or less scared at night and did not at all relish the idea of walking through a quarter of mile of dense woods in the dark to the new store after I had eaten my supper down at the old house, to sleep in this lonely spot. There was no one living within a quarter of a mile. The store was built right in the woods at the cross-roads and my heart was in my mouth every time I would go through those woods at night for fear that Chance Proctor, or some other criminal, would leap out on me and take away my key. Any one could have easily done it.

After I got into the store I kept a loaded musket near my bed, as I was still quite nervous and slept very poorly for a while. I was determined not to show the white feather so did not complain to Captain Hoyle and, after a while, I got used to it and did not mind. However, I did not enjoy the prospect of Jake Siler, or Sam Jones, or some other drinkers coming to the store at night, as they frequently did, and wanting to buy tobacco or cinnamon drops. I would get up and wait on them through the window but would not let them into the store.

Chance Proctor was recaptured in a few weeks and taken back to Raleigh. This was certainly a great comfort to me, also to Captain Hoyle. We heard of the capture one Sunday afternoon. At that time we were having a men's prayer meeting Sunday afternoon at the church, and Captain Hoyle, when he heard the news, said: "We must get to prayer meeting and return thanks."

Soon after this Captain Hoyle's new house, which he was building near the store, was completed and he moved in, so I felt much safer. I continued sleeping at the store all the time I was there until we needed this back room for a new millinery department we put in some years later and I then moved down to Captain Hoyle's house.

Mail service had been increased to twice a week and Captain Hoyle was the postmaster. I asked him why he didn't ask for a daily mail. He said there was no use asking, because the Republicans were in power at Washington and would not give anything more to the South than could be helped. However, I insisted that he send the petition on to our Congressman and, to our delight, we soon got notice that the service would be increased to every day.

Captain Hoyle now subscribed to two daily papers, *The Louisville Courier-Journal* and *The Charlotte Obeserver.* He also took a weekly paper, *The Charlotte Democrat,* published by W. J. Yates. There was a continued story by E. P. Roe running in *The New York Tribune* that I wanted to read, so I subscribed to it, but I got disgusted with their ugly flings at the South and wrote them to discontinue my subscription.

My duties at the store were very light indeed during the summer. Sometimes during the farmers' working season, I would sweep out the store and not have a customer until noon when a farmer would come in while his horses were eating and get a plow or some other farming implement which he needed.

At that time we took the agency for the Oliver Chilled Plow. Very few of the farmers turned their land, except with a small shovel plow. We advertised and pushed this new turnplow and sold a good many of them, so many, in fact, that a hardware concern in Shelby made application for the agency for the county. I made a special trip to Richmond, Virginia, to see the Southern agents and, after bringing to their attention the fact that we had established the business by much advertising and work, and that was the most progressive section in the county, they agreed to give us the sole agency in the county. This was a bitter pill for the Shelby merchant who considered us very small fry.

The main store room was about thirty feet by fifty feet with two warehouses for the heavy groceries and in them storage bins for wheat, corn, oats and other grains and produce that the farmers brought to us to exchange for merchandise.

We would frequently have two or three hundred bushels of this grain on hand and it was quite a job to dispose of it as nearly everyone raised his own grain.

My brother, Tom, who had succeeded in securing a position as teacher in a private school at Shelby, was taken with typhoid fever and Reverend Mr. White, the man he was boarding with, sent word for me to come down and nurse him. Captain Hoyle agreed to let me off and I went down and stayed with him until he got up. The Young Men's Christian Association had one of their number come every night and sit up with Tom while he was sick and I stayed with him all day. Dr. R. J. Brevard was his physician. Dr. Brevard soon after this moved to Charlotte and became one of the prominent politicians of the day.

My father stayed only one year at Clinton on account of the family who were sick a great deal that year from chills and fever. He was moved to Rutherfordton. Sister Clara stopped with us a few days on her way to Rutherfordton and I was certainly glad to see one of the family again. Afterwards I made a number of trips through the country to Rutherfordton to see them. I generally used Captain Hoyle's white horse, Selim. Selim was a "wind sucker," that is, he would hold on with his teeth to any wood in reach and suck wind until his skin would be swollen tight. To prevent this he always had a leather strap buckled fairly tight around his neck. My sister, Hattie, at Rutherfordton was much interested in this habit of old Selim's and whenever I would go up there she would have me take off the strap a few minutes and drive near a fence to see him in action. I was afraid for him to do this long as I did not know but that it would injure him.

Old Selim was pretty smart. I have seen him come from a trip to Shelby, hitched with another horse to the supply wagon, apparently worn out, head hanging down and stopping every once in a while to rest. One day he carried this too far. When he was unhitched from the wagon and the harness taken off he kicked up his heels and, with a snort, ran off having a good time. We knew then that he was playing off on us. Captain Hoyle's mother had a very pretty horse named Sallie and sometimes she would lend me this horse to make the trip to Rutherfordton.

Rutherfordton is an old town and there were many interesting things to be seen and heard around there. It was the center of the gold mining industry for a good while and a Mr. Bechtler had a private mint, authorized by the Government, to coin gold at Rutherfordton. The records show that he coined over three million dollars in $1.00, $2.50 and $5.00 pieces. The Bechtler Gold Dollar was in limited circulation at the time I was at Belwood and occasionally one of them was given us in trade at the store. One of the gold miners made a last request that the letters on his tombstone be covered with gold. This was done but it did not stay on the marble long as it was picked off by thieves.

There were several aristocratic families in the town, especially Dr. J. M. Craton's. He was a very successful physician and his family set the social pace for Rutherfordton. The Cratons were very kind to our family and we saw a good deal of them, as Dr. Craton was a prominent member of my father's church. Mrs. Craton later lived in Charlotte for a while with her daughter, Mary, who married R. E. L. Durham, and I was very glad to be able to show her some attention and she seemed to appreciate it.

I remember one time, when I was at Rutherfordton visiting my people, I heard my sister talking a good deal about the wife of one of the young men of the town, who had been quite a society girl somewhere in Georgia, I think. It was the time when women were wearing a great many white petticoats in order to make the dress skirt stand out. It was stated that this bride wore ten petticoats at one time and the laundering, in that day, was quite an item as all of these were starched stiffly.

My Father was the "Circuit Rider." His charge consisted of the following ten churches, and I am giving the amounts promised by each church for his and the Presiding Elder's support for 1882:

Rutherfordton	$120.25
Centennial	123.25
Gray's Chapel	80.41
Gilboa	70.95
Union	44.10
Pisgah	37.90
Kestler's Chapel	40.00
Tanner's Grove	22.70
Wesley's Chapel	35.55
Ervins	14.50
Total	$589.53

The churches did not pay the full amount and my father received $516.53 for the year's work. I do not understand how he managed to support a wife and the five children who were then with him on this meager salary.

This story is told of Colonel Bill Horn, one of his members who lived at Cuba, N. C. My father strongly disapproved of going to the circus. I think his chief objection was patronizing such low characters as the performers and circus followers were at that time. He also considered it a sinful waste of time and money. One day Colonel Horn came to town to attend the circus. It turned out to be a cold, rainy day and Colonel Bill had come from home without his overcoat. He came up to the parsonage and borrowed my father's overcoat not saying where he was going. When he went down town he told his friends about the borrowed coat and said, he was a "wolf in sheep's clothing."

Soon after we moved up to the new store Sister Clara applied for and secured a position to teach at the public school at Belwood. This school was situated about a mile and a quarter from where we lived and it was quite a task to pick your way through the muddy road in winter time. I enjoyed very much having Sister Clara with me, for she boarded at Captain Hoyle's. She was one of the finest sisters a boy ever had. We were great chums, although she was eight years older than I. She took a great deal of interest in helping to instill high principles in me.

About the second year I was at Belwood I attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Greensboro. We did not have a Y. M. C. A. at Belwood but had a Young Men's Prayer Meeting which was entitled to representation. Reverend William Black was the presiding officer at this convention and he made a very fine chairman. We got a good deal of inpiration from this convention and it helped us in our prayer meeting.

Reverend R. M. Hoyle, a cousin of Captain Hoyle's, was our preacher for several years. He was one of the best preachers in the conference and would have occupied the high places had he been more particular about his personal appearance. He had no thought whatever about how he looked. He would go into the pulpit with a dirty collar and his shirt streaked with tobacco juice, but he certainly could preach.

At that time Belwood and St. Peters, a church about three miles above us, were on the same circuit. As Belwood paid about three-fourths of the preacher's salary we had morning preaching while St. Peters had afternoon preaching, except on the Fifth Sunday, when St. Peters had the morning service. Mr. Hoyle did not think this was fair that we should have the most time simply because we paid the most money, so he gave St. Peters as many morning services as we had. Mr. Hoyle had some strange views. For instance, he would not let his little girl have a doll, nor would he allow pictures in his home. He considered this breaking the Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, etc."

Sunday was a very quiet day at Belwood, especially after the Sunday School was discontinued for the winter at Kadesh Church on account of cold weather and very bad roads. We had preaching only once a month at that time but I spent my time pretty well reading. I read very nearly everything in Captain Hoyle's library, with the exception of Dante's *Inferno* and Shakespeare. I tried both of these but found them most too heavy. I would spend a great deal of time walking around over the hills in the fall, hunting walnuts and black haws. On one of the hills back of our house was a hedge of fox grapes which tasted pretty good to a boy of seventeen. I would frequently walk over to the house of Aunt Nancy Lewis, Captain Hoyle's mother, and play with three of Captain Hoyle's children who lived with her. Sometimes we would drive to one of the other churches three or four miles off to attend preaching.

Kadesh Church was one of the old fashioned churches and at that time the men and women sat apart, the women on one side and the men on the other. It was considered quite forward for a boy and girl to sit together, which some bold ones occasionally did and thereby caused quite a lot of comment. Spittoons were liberally supplied on the men's side so that those whe were not conveniently situated near a window could chew their tobacco and spit into these. Many of the men did not hesitate to use the floor when they did not find a convenient spittoon. I heard of one church which put up a sign in plain view that read: "Gentlemen Do Not Spit On the Floor."

Although Captain Hoyle had married my first cousin, I did not call him cousin and I think he liked this as he did not much like the pressing of kinship.

During this first year, when I had a great deal of leisure, I decided to learn to play the organ under the direction of Mrs. Hoyle, who taught music and was a good performer. I practiced faithfully on scales and exercises for a few days and one day asked Mrs. Hoyle when she thought I could play a piece. When she said it would probably be two or three years, I got discouraged and quit. Hers was the only musical instrument in the whole community and frequently the young preple would gather there on Sunday afternoon for singing.

In the springtime a popular place with me was a large plum orchard whose bushes bore delicious yellow and red plums. Uncle Billy Beaver was an old man who worked by the day for Captain Hoyle. He also loved plums and was a regular glutton over anything to eat. He said that when he first went to the plum orchard he swallowed seeds and all until he got his appetite somewhat satisfied and then he would spit out the seeds. Uncle Billy was one of the poor whites who had a hard time making a living and did not get much to eat at home. When he worked for Captain Hoyle on the farm he got all his meals at the house. No matter if it was raining and Uncle Billy knew he could not work on the farm that day he would turn up for breakfast just the same, telling Captain Hoyle he had looked at the sky in the east and it looked as if it was going to clear up. He always got his breakfast and then, if it continued to rain, he would go home.

About 1882 my brother Will, who had finished his studies at the University of Maryland and received his physician's degree, decided to come to Belwood and start his practice. There was no physician within five or six miles and he thought it was a good field in which to start. The people there were afraid of a young doctor and he had a hard time getting any practice, except from those who would not pay and who came to the new doctor knowing he would practice for them a while before finding them out. He also grumbled about having all the people with chronic complaints who had tried all the other doctors, come to him to try him out. He was not very busy and we passed away lots of time playing checkers and backgammon. He lived with me in my little room behind the store and frequently we would play all morning as neither he nor I would have a call for business. About a year after that he moved to Newton, where my father was living, and opened an office there. After a short time he had the opportunity of stepping into a good practice at Sherrill's Ford.

After Brother Will had been at Sherrill's Ford for two or three years propinquity got in its work. He found himself in love with Miss Mamie Sherrill, the daughter of the man with whom he boarded. Will asked me to come over and be his best man at this marriage. This was an entirely new situation for me but I did the best I could. They had a quiet marriage at home and I was very proud of my new sister. Soon after this Brother Will received the appointment of assistant physician at Morganton Insane Asylum. This was a new State institution housing, at that time, some two or three hundred unfortunates. I went up to visit Will while he was there and found it interesting to talk with the patients. A great many of them were allowed the freedom of the grounds and were crazy only on certain subjects. A number of them though were violent and had to be kept locked in wards. Just before I was up there one of the patients had killed another one with a mop which an attendant had carelessly left in the ward. My brother asked this man, in my presence, why he killed his companion. Very earnestly he looked straight at my brother and said that the man he had killed was a witch and the Bible said to kill witches.

Dr. H. T. Hudson, a very able minister and writer, was our pastor at one time at Kadesh. He was the best preacher we had. For a while he lost his mind and was sent to Morganton. After his recovery I was talking to him one day and he was telling about his experiences up there. They had regular dances in the hospital for the patients and Dr. Murphy, the head of the asylum, told Dr. Hudson he cured as many people with dancing as with medicine. Dr. Hudson told him that Solomon had said there was a time for everything and he supposed the time to dance was when a person went crazy.

I was sorry to have Brother Will leave Belwood as he was good company. Someone asked him one day why he hadn't got interested in the young ladies there. He said there was only one pretty girl in the whole neighborhood and he did not feel like cutting his brother out as I was going with her. This was when I was about eighteen years old. Miss Hattie Dixon, the one in question, was a very pretty young lady, belonging to one of the best families in the community, and I was very fond of her. I would go home with her from preaching about every other Sunday. She would invite me to dinner and I would stay around most of the afternoon. Sometimes, too, I would go over there Sunday evenings. But this had its drawbacks, as I had to go by the graveyard of Kadesh Church at night going home and I looked for ghosts to jump out at me from the tombstones as I was passing in the darkness.

I think Hattie liked me but her father and mother, very sensibly, did not want her to get too much interested in an eighteen-year old clerk who had nothing, and they rather frowned on my attentions. She soon married another suitor whom I had displaced for a while. He had a store of his own about ten miles away from our house and was considered a "good catch." Hattie had two sisters who were both very attractive and the Dixon house was quite a popular place for the young men. My friend Lem Hoyle later married one of the Dixon girls.

I remember at a party at Dixon's one night I was sitting by another young lady, but my attentions to her were interfered with by my interest in Hattie. My companion got tired of this and suddenly I felt a pin sticking in me and she laughingly said, "I did that so you would look the right way."

I also frequently visited at the home of William Hoyle. He was a fine man, a good farmer, a faithful member and attendant at the church and he had an interesting family of boys and girls, some of them around my age. I would frequently go home with them on Sunday and I got interested in one of the daughters, Lizzie. When I left Belwood to go to Newton, distance cooled any ardor we may have had for each other and another young man wooed and won her.

One of my good friends at Belwood was Lem Hoyle. Lem was a little older than I and one of the finest young men I ever knew. He had very high ideals and was a good influence over me. Lem and I went to Cloverhill Camp Meeting together at one time and heard a good sermon on tithing. We both resolved from that time forth we would give a tenth to the Lord and this has been my policy ever since. It has been a great satisfaction to have a rule to go by and, while I do not confine myself to this amount, I have never given less than one-tenth. Lem was a little strict on some matters, more so than I. He was a very devout Christian and did not feel it was right to attend the parties the young people had in the neighborhood. These parties were very innocent affairs as we played only games such as cross questions and crooked answers, clap in and clap out, weaving the thimble, proverbs and such. There was no dancing or card playing known in that neighborhood. I have been very much confused about Lem's business life. He was always a hard worker, never wasted his money, was a consistent supporter of the church and yet he never accumulated anything. He lost his farm and was generally working for someone else. This never seemed to bother him for he went right on, bright and cheerful, accepting whatever came with a grateful spirit. He married one of the Dixon girls who made him a splendid wife. He had an interesting family of children and I think his boys are doing well.

As mentioned once before, I did not care about the store and made a very indifferent clerk. I only did this because I could not find anything else to do and had no intention of making it my life work. I have frequently told the clerks at my store in Charlotte that I was one of the poorest prospects I ever saw; that I had never had one who was not a better clerk in one year than I was after three years of experience. After I had been in the store for several years I began to like it better and made up my mind I would learn as much about it as possible and so decided I would be a merchant for life.

None of the stores in the State, as far as I have been able to find out, did business on a "one price" system at that time. All goods were priced in characters and we could ask any price we wanted and, if necessary, come down to the lowest. In other words, if a person came into the store and did not know the value of an article, was agreeable and did not take up our time arguing, he would pay the highest price; on the other hand, a good bargainer would come in, take up our time, and we would reward him for being hard to trade with by selling him an article at a low price. As a consequence, nearly everybody would haggle and bargain and it would sometimes take two hours for a man to do his trading for a few pairs of shoes, coffee, sugar, etc. Merchants at that time were not considered very high-class but most of them were looked upon as sharpers who would cheat a customer if they had the chance.

I remember one old lady customer with whom I was very careful. She always had me wait on her and became very fond of me. One day when she was in the store she said, "Bennie, I am sorry you are a storekeeper." I said, "Why, auntie?" and she replied, "Because no store people can go to heaven."

Some of our customers were rather unscrupulous. They did not hesitate to cheat us if they got a good chance. I remember one day I bought a large ball of butter and in packing it I had to cut it in two to fit the box. To my surprise I found that there was about a half inch shell of butter around a ball of lard. The lard was much cheaper than the butter. They did not hesitate to put old butter inside of a plating of new butter. Also, we frequently bought eggs that had been out in the yard for weeks at a time and they must have known that they were entirely unfit for use.

Soon after this, I heard about John Wannamaker, who had made a great success at Philadelphia using the one-price system. After much argument with Captain Hoyle, who was doubtful about its being successfully done, we put in the one-price system. As far as I know, ours was the only store in North Carolina at that time that had one price to all.

During the spring and summer nearly all the stores had to sell on credit. The farmers were very poor and few in the neighborhood were far enough ahead not to buy "on time" as it was called. They would give chattel mortgages on their growing crops and any livestock they had would be included.

A very unfair method then was to charge enormous interest for these time purchases. For instance, if bacon was ten cents a pound for cash, twelve and a half cents per pound was charged on time. Corn would be fifty cents per bushel cash and sixty to seventy-five cents per bushel on time. As it was only for about six months it could be seen that the unfortunate farmers were compelled to pay fifty to one hundred percent interest. This did not appeal to my sense of rightness and I got Captain Hoyle to inaugurate the plan of selling at the same price to the time and cash customers, with ten percent extra for the time customers. For instance, if a farmer would give us a chattel mortgage for $50.00, the amount he considered necessary for him until crop time, we would issue to him pasteboard checks calling for $45.00 worth of trade at cash prices. This was very popular with the time customers and we would have done an immense business in this way if our capital had been sufficient.

Captain Hoyle was very conservative and when he had sold one or two thousand dollars on time he would get scared and stop. Other merchants who did an extensive business on credit and were fair collectors made a good lot of money at it. Of course, some of the customers were improvident and if there was a failure of crops the merchants stood a chance of losing all they had advanced on many of them, but, as I see it now, we could have made a great deal more money and could have done a distinct service to the farmers had Captain Hoyle had a little more nerve.

We had almost daily customers in Jake Cox's boys. Jake was a good worker but would frequently get on drunks and had a hard time getting together enough food to provide for his large family. Jake or his wife would almost every day send one of the boys down to the store with a few eggs, or a poke of wheat or corn, or a bag of rags to barter for coffee, tobacco, etc. I remember one day one of the boys came in with ten cents worth of eggs and he gave his order very importantly: "Give me two cents worth of soda, five cents worth of coffee and the balance in 'baccer'." Another day he came in with a bag of old rags. We bartered for rags, provided they were done up in a bag. They were kept in the loft of our warehouse until we had a wagon load when we would trade them to Tiddy's Paper Mill, situated near Lincolnton, exchanging them for wrapping paper. On this occasion when the Cox boy brought his bag of rags, I weighed them on the platform scales and then started to fling the bag up into the loft. The bag was rotten and as I gave it a good fling a large rock fell out of one of the holes in it and made a great clatter as it fell on the floor. Young Cox affected great surprise and exclaimed, "Gosh, where'd that rock come from?" I put the rock on the scales and deducted the weight from the amount I was going to allow.

The more prosperous farmers brought their corn and wheat to trade to us. One of my duties was to go out to the wagon and bring in the bags of grain for them. I developed a lot of strength and could, when I was about twenty years old, easily shoulder two bushels of grain and carry them to the scales to be weighed. Also, when we sold 200-pound sacks of salt, which we frequently did, I could shoulder one of them by myself and carry it to the wagon.

One of our tests of strength was to take a twenty-five-pound sack of shot, grasp the sack by the top and lift it over our heads from one shoulder to the other. This is harder than it sounds and few young men who came into the store could equal me in this feat. Caiaphas Richards always remarks on this feat when I go up to Belwood, but he adds something to it. He says that I could take two bags of shot and lift them from one shoulder to the other over my head.

At that time prices were very low. Wheat sold for fifty to sixty cents per bushel, corn from thirty to fifty cents per bushel, oats thirty-five to forty cents per bushel, eggs eight to fifteen cents a dozen. Captain Hoyle said when eggs got over ten cents a dozen he quit eating them as they were getting too high.

We sold quite a lot of molasses. We would buy it in fifty-gallon barrels, bore a hole in one end with a bung borer, screw in a faucet, then roll the barrel up to a platform about twelve inches high, high enough to let the measure sit on the floor under this. The molasses measuring pumps came a number of years later.

In the winter time the molasses would sometimes get very stiff in the cold warehouse and frequently it would take half an hour to draw a gallon and pour it into a small-mouth jug.

I became very expert at holding the measure steadily at a height of two or three feet so that the stream would be very small by the time it came down to the jug. If I wavered the stream would get on the side of the jug and the mouth would promptly fill up with molasses and I would have to commence all over again.

New Orleans molasses was a favorite brand and it sold for fifty to sixty cents per gallon. We also sold Cuban molasses, called by a good many of the farmers "Little Black Ones." It did have the color of tar. One day I was drawing some varnish and another customer coming in asked if that was "Little Black Ones." It was not necessary to add "molasses," as everyone knew what he was talking about. Although I had been taught in school to speak of molasses in the singular, I heard molasses spoken of so frequently by my customers as "those molasses" and "them molasses" that I got to calling it that myself.

We would have trouble sometimes with the molasses "working." It would begin fermenting and foaming and so great was the force that it would open the staves and pour out through the cracks. When we found molasses commencing to work we would knock out the bung on the top of the barrel to give it relief It was said that if we put pieces of bacon in the barrel that would stop the boiling. This seemed to have some effect but whether it was on account of the bacon or some cold substance going into the barrel I do not know. Another remedy was to draw off a few gallons of the molasses to give room for the fermenting. Sometimes we would go to the warehouse and find the floor covered with molasses from a barrel which was "working."

We also bartered for dried apples and peaches. Dried apples we could buy at two and a half to four cents a pound. The bright color which was cut from the green fruit would always bring the higher price, although the darker was cut from ripe fruit and was really much better than the bright. We would pack this dried fruit in jute bags. One of us would get into the bag with our feet while the other shoveled in the dried fruit. This would be tramped until the fruit got so high in the bag there was danger of toppling over. In this way we could get two or three times as much dried apples or peaches in a bag as if packed in by hand.

In fear of my readers doubting my veracity, I am going to relate how we shipped eggs. We could not get a market near us for the great quantity of eggs which we would buy in the winter and spring so we had to ship them. We could get the best prices by sending them to New York.

We would get a stout sugar barrel, cover the bottom with about three inches of wheat chaff, then place a layer of eggs over this, leaving them about three inches from the edge of the barrel, but close together. Then we would put in about two inches of chaff, place a round barrel head on top of this and stand on top to press it down. We would do this until the barrel was filled with alternate layers of eggs and chaff. Then we would heap up several inches of chaff on top of the barrel and, under pressure, would pry the barrel head into the slots of the barrel, fasten it up and the barrel was ready for the roughest freight handlers.

If eggs are whole when packed and are pressed close together so they will not rattle it is almost impossible to break them. Customers would open their eyes and mouths when they came in and saw me thus tramping eggs. I had learned this art at Hickory, which was the biggest egg shipping place in North Carolina at that time.

Calico was the chief article we sold for dress goods. We would probably carry fifty to sixty bolts in stock, including gray for second mourning, pink red for children's dresses, turkey oil red, oil blue and oil green for quilts. With the exception of these oil colors, indigo blue and madder color, none of the colors was fast and we would make it clear to our customers that any of these other shades might fade when washed.

We sold calico for the nicest dresses, but for every day most of the women wore Alamance plaid. This was sold in great quantities as it was a coarse, heavy cotton goods which gave good wear. It was named Alamance because it was first woven in Alamance County, North Carolina. Later the mills all over the country wove these plaids but the name still clings.

We got these plaids by the bale of five hundred yards and frequently sold them by the bolt. The whole family, mother and probably four or five daughters, would all have dresses made off the same bolt of the same pattern. The price was around five cents a yard and an extra good quality brought eight to ten cents per yard, though the cheaper was the best seller.

For winter dresses we sold wool linsey. This material is a heavy woolen material and sold for about twenty-five cents per yard. Cashmere was the staple material for nicer dresses. Cashmere made by the Atlantic Woolen Mills was cotton chain with wool filling. It was of solid colors, black and navy being the two most popular ones, and sold for twenty-five cents a yard. J. Cashmere, made by the same manufacturers, was all wool and sold for fifty cents a yard. When a girl got married she had to have a black J. Cashmere dress, which was her best.

We carried two shades of black—jet black and blue black. People in mourning were particular to have only jet black while others preferred blue black, as it did not get as rusty as the jet black. All of the women made their own clothes and I don't remember seeing any but a homemade dress up to the time I was twenty-five or thirty years old.

Speaking of clothes, my mother made all my suits and other clothing and I never had a "store" coat or suit until I was sixteen years old. Before that time I wore the hand-me-downs. I had two older brothers and, as they outgrew them, their clothes descended to me. I was not very vain as I did not object to wearing patched clothing. Mother was from necessity a great economizer and would patch my pants as long as they would hold together. Sometimes the patch on the seat or knees would wear out and the patch was patched. This did not bother me at all. When I was fourteen years old I wore No. 8 shoes and No. 7 1-8 hat. My feet and head were about the size they are now with a very thin body connecting them. At that time I weighed, I think, about 115 pounds.

But to get back to the store, most of the men's winter clothes were of homespun jeans which was a yard wide, all wool filling goods woven on the home looms. In the summer the men wore clothes made of heavy cotton goods usually dyed with copperas dye and frequently called "Copperas Cloth." A little later the factory-made jeans was introduced and we could sell this material from twenty-five to thirty cents a yard. It was smoother and soon put the homemade cloth into the discard.

One of the staples in our men's furnishings department, and about the only staple with the exception of bow ties, suspenders and socks, was celluloid collar and cuff sets. These did not require any laundering, but were supposed to be washed off with soap and water as they showed soil. Most of our men though did not take the trouble to even do this. I wore the celluloid collar and cuffs myself and there was no chance of anyone not knowing that I wore them as the cuff links held them loosely together and they rattled when shaking hands. Before the celluloid cuffs and collars were used we sold quite a lot of paper collars and cuffs. These were much cheaper than the celluloid and were supposed to be thrown away when they became soiled. I think we sold them for about fifteen cents a dozen. They had a very thin layer of cloth on the outside which looked very much like linen. Someone brought out a reversible paper cuff that could be worn on both ends. It had a hem at each end which could be turned over and worn again, making four wears with one pair of paper cuffs. Senator Matt W. Ransom had the reputation in the State of wearing the longest linen cuffs of anyone. He was unique in this respect, but I don't suppose he ever got down to paper collars and cuffs.

All the Sunday shirts in that day were white, stiff-bosom ones. Mrs. Hoyle had my laundering done at home and she did the ironing herself. I did not have the nerve to tell her that she commenced ironing at the wrong end of the shirt. She would begin at the bottom of the three-ply bosom and when she got to where the collar was and where it would show there would be wrinkles that could not be ironed out. I wanted to tell her that if she commenced at the top the wrinkles would be at the bottom, where they wouldn't show, but I never did have the nerve. I have seen my sister, Clara, perspiring very freely ironing Pa's shirts at Denver on a hot summer afternoon.

We sold quite a lot of popular drugs. We bought castor and sweet oil by the gallon and measured out any quantity the customer wanted. Turpentine was also a standard drug. The mothers would soak a lump of sugar in turpentine and give it to the children when they had sore throat. We sold camphor in little white blocks at five cents apiece and the customers furnished their own whiskey to make spirits of camphor. Haarlem Oil was a standard remedy for rheumatism. The genuine variety was imported from Holland and was always in bottles which had skin stoppers, while the kind put up in America had cork stoppers. Probably the ingredients were exactly the same, but our customers called for the sort with "skin stoppers." We sold a lot of quinine, although I think we did not have much malaria.

Frequently in the night I would have to get up and sell toothache drops, as people would try every remedy they could think of before they would hunt up the doctor to pull a tooth. There were no dentists in the neighborhood when I first went to Belwood and when the regular practicing physician was called on to treat an offending tooth his only remedy was to pull it out. I lost several good jaw teeth when they could easily have been saved by a little attention from a dentist.

I once had a bad time with an aching tooth and went to a young Doctor Thompson who was the only tooth puller in that part of the country, though he was not a regular dentist. Dr. Thompson used an anesthetic, the secret of which he never told anyone. When he injected this into my gum it made me feel queer and in a good humor with everything. I got to humming a tune and asked the doctor what sort of feeling this was I had. He asked me if I had ever been drunk. I told him no, and he said it was very much the same sort of feeling. I did not feel any pain at all when he took out the tooth.

Hornet's Nest Liniment, which was made in Charlotte by Mr. W. N. Mullen, was a standard remedy for almost any trouble. Mullen would drive through the country and sell his remedy to the country merchants and if they did not want to pay cash for it he would trade it out. I think it was composed mostly of chloroform, turpentine and ether. Sulphur also was a standard remedy. We bought epsom salts by the barrel and sold it at ten cents a pound, making a good profit on it at that. We sold blue stone in which to soak the wheat before it was planted to keep it from rusting as it grew. Nux Vomica was sold to feed chickens. It did not affect them but it would so poison their bodies that when a hawk would eat a chicken it would kill the hawk. C. C. pills we bought by the pint and sold them for one cent each.

We also sold Dr. Harter's Proprietary Medicines and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Pierce was a tremendous advertiser and he must have sent out millions of little memorandum books. These were filled with descriptions of his medicines with about half the pages blank. Every farmer would have one of these little memorandum books in his pocket as Pierce had a complete mailing list and would send these books all over the country. Asafetida was another popular medicine with us. Mothers would tie some in a little bag and hang it around the necks of their children to keep away sickness. Asafetida has anything but a pleasant odor, and you could always detect anyone wearing it.

The women did all their own dying and standard dyes were on our shelves. We sold copperas for the cotton cloth. Logwood in little pasteboard boxes was a red dye and was also used as a remedy for diarrhea. Cochineal, little dried bugs from Mexico, was used for bright scarlet dye. Later, a firm in Vermont put out Diamond Dyes, selling at ten cents a package, and these supplanted most of the homemade dyes as they were clearer and prettier and there was more variety.

In the summer of the first year at Belwood I made a trip back to Denver to attend the Rock Springs Camp Meeting. Mr. Hoyle's mother, Aunt Nancy Lewis, had expressed a desire to attend this camp meeting and I asked her to let me drive her over there. I wrote to Mr. Frank Howard and found that it would be agreeable for him to entertain us at his tent. That was the driest year I ever remember. It did not rain on the cotton on our farm from the time it was planted until it was gathered. It grew only about twelve inches high and the hot, dry weather caused it to open early and by September it had all been picked. The fields were white with cotton as we drove to Rock Springs the second week in August.

I had a pleasant time visiting the friends at Rock Springs and our trip was without incident except that I remember stopping at some place and buying some peaches. The late spring had killed all the fruit in our county and this was the first and last fruit I saw that year.

I cannot think of Belwood without thinking of Samanthy Green's big biscuits. She was a white woman who took full charge of the kitchen at Captain Hoyle's for a number of years. She was a good cook and made fine biscuits. My brother Will did not have a strong appetite and he said he envied my being able to eat two of these big biscuits for breakfast while he could not eat more than half of one. As I remember it, these biscuits were nearly the size of a pint cup.

Samanthy left after a number of years and Mrs. Hoyle got an orphan girl, Fannie Hicks, to come and live with her. She gave Fannie a good home and tried to do the very best for her. She was considered one of the family, was allowed to go to school and grew up to be a very attractive girl. She was a great help to Mrs. Hoyle who missed her very much when, after a few years, she married one of the best young men in the neighborhood. They moved to Texas and, I think, did well there. It was wise on their part to move away from the neighborhood as the other girls never did receive Fannie on their own level, for they considered her a kind of servant.

Maria Peeler, a colored woman, did the washing and heavy work for all the families in the neighborhood. Maria was a good servant and I don't see how the neighborhood could have gotten along without her. Her husband, Abe, was not as good a negro as Maria until Maria cured him. He would get drunk frequently and while in this condition would beat Maria cruelly. She told Mrs. Hoyle how she cured him and I commend this plan to anyone, white or black, who has the same difficulty. She said one time after Abe had beaten her and had gone into a drunken sleep, she took a strong sheet, tied him up in it securely and then, with a stout stick, beat him unmercifully. He promised her if she would quit that he would never beat her again. She told him that if he ever did do it again she would repeat the dose. It effectually cured him and he was a docile husband after that.

Occasionally we would attend services at Knob Creek Church. This was an old A. R. P. Church situated about two miles north of Belwood where they had only a very few members at this time and had preaching three or four times a year. I was much interested in roaming around the old cemetery at Knob Creek Church and reading the inscriptions on the faded tombstones. It was the oldest cemetery in that section. Most of the tombstones were made out of soapstone and the inscriptions were hard to decipher.

Another old church was Prospect. I think this was a Lutheran Church, but it did not have a pastor, so a local preacher from down near Bess's Chapel would come up occasionally to preach. I remember attending services there one very warm summer day and the preacher, when he got up in the pulpit, took off his coat and preached in his shirt sleeves. His shirt, by the way, was a homemade one of homespun cloth, and his pants were held up by "galluses," known in this day as "suspenders."

After a rambling exhortation he indulged in a little gossip. He said he supposed the folks would like to know the news from down about Bess's Chapel. They had had a good rain, or "season," as he called it, the week before and the crops were getting along pretty well. He said Aunt Nancy Jones, who had been sick for some little time, was better now; and gave a number of other items of news which he thought would interest the congregation.

This Prospect Church had as one of its leading members Uncle Luther Lutz. Uncle Luther was a very large man and had one of the strongest voices I ever heard. He could easily be heard in ordinary conversation as far away as Melvin Gantt's, who lived about a mile from him. One day Captain Hoyle and his wife were driving past his house, which was near the public road, and as they went by in their buggy, about a hundred feet from where Uncle Luther was sitting on the porch with a visitor, they saw the mouth of the visitor move but did not hear anything he said. However, Uncle Luther's whisper came to them very distinctly, "That is Captain Hoyle and his wife."

Another attendant at this old Prospect Church was Uncle Basil Self. Uncle Basil was the official gravedigger at Kadesh Church. He knew where everybody was buried, including those who did not have a tombstone, which were a good proportion. Uncle Basil was a very staunch, substantial citizen who prided himself on his reliability and honesty.

After Uncle Basil's death his son, Solomon Self, succeeded him as official gravedigger. Solomon was highly regarded as a good citizen but he was too easy for his own good. He would quit his own crop any time to go help a neighbor who wanted him, and there was never a sick person in the neighborhood but that Solomon would not offer his services to do anything that needed to be done. He looked after everybody's business so much that he never got ahead himself, but everybody liked Solomon.

I don't know why I remember this, but on that day when the man from Bess's Chapel preached some girl who was a little bolder than the others wore her dress a little shorter than was the mode and showed an inch or two of red striped hose. We sold more striped hose in the store than any other kind, but it was not considered modest to let them be seen.

Most of the hosiery for both men and women was home-knit. Up to the time I was twenty-three years old I think I never wore anything but home-knit woolen socks. We took these in trade at the store and sometimes had fifty or more pairs on hand. The standard price was twenty-five cents a pair. The women spent the long winter evenings knitting those hose. They spun their own wool and sold the socks to us for twenty-five cents and would take it out in merchandise. We would have to make two trades to get our profit, as we sold them for just what we allowed for them.

After I had been at Belwood two or three years I was attending Sunday school at Kadesh Church when, for some reason, the superintendent of the Sunday school and all of the church leaders were absent, probably at some revival meeting at another church. There was no one present who could lead in prayer and I never had even attempted it. There was a burial that day at the church. A couple had lost their little baby and with heavy hearts and tearful eyes they had come to put away their little child. There was no preacher present and they asked me to lead in prayer at the burial. I was panic stricken, as I never had done anything of the sort and, to my shame, refused to do this little act. I should have done the best I could, for it would have been much comfort to this couple to have a prayer said over their dear little child. It has been a source of mortification to me ever since that I neglected this opportunity to help them. In this day it is not considered good form for any of the family to give way to grief at the grave, but then it was just the opposite. It was expected, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, for the family to give vent to loud outcries of grief and much shedding of tears. It was also considered indecent to hurry at all about any preparations for the burial. The funeral procession formed very slowly, usually starting an hour or so after the time appointed and then the horses were walked at the very slowest pace, even if it were several miles to the graveyard. After they arrived, there was a great deal of waiting as no one was particularly in charge and they thought it did not look well to hurry things. We always closed the store and attended the funeral of anyone in the neighborhood who died.

A regular visitor at Captain Hoyle's was Miss Cood Roseman. She was a cousin of Captain Hoyle and twice a year made us a visit of several weeks. She was a very fine young woman and had a great influence over me. She was a good many years older than I and so she felt no hesitancy in trying to coach me and help me develop. I was glad when Miss Cood made her visits, for she lived in Lincolnton and brought us news from the outside world. Miss Cood always helped Mrs. Hoyle do her sewing. She had fine taste and knew how to be a model visitor. Miss Cood was very much distressed one time when some busy-body told her that she heard that she and I were going to get married. Miss Cood replied, "Good gracious, do you think he wants to marry his grandmother!" She was not that old, though.

Another visitor to Captain Hoyle's was a niece of Mrs. Hoyle, Miss Alice Wilson, of Lenoir. She had graduated at

Asheville Female College and had a position as assistant teacher at the high school at Fallston. Fallston was about three miles from Belwood and, as Miss Alice was a bright, attractive young lady I found my way down there quite often and, besides, she usually spent the week-ends with us. Miss Alice had studied French a good deal and I got her to give me French lessons. I suspect I was more attracted by the desire to be with her than I was to learn French. I could have very easily fallen in love with Miss Alice had she allowed it, but anything of that sort seemed to be far from her thoughts and she did not want to be tied down to one admirer. I think Mrs. Hoyle was disappointed that Alice did not seem attracted to me for I was a great favorite with Mrs. Hoyle and she thought there was no young man in the whole country to be compared to me. I don't know how I managed to get so well into her good graces.

One of the interesting characters at Belwood was Sam Lindsay, who lived right near the store and was a typical miser. I don't remember that he ever bought anything at the store and, although he had a large plot of land, well covered with timber, he would not sell any of it. He lived in a little tumbled down, one-room house where he did his own cooking. He had very little association with anybody. I made friends with Sam and went over to his house numbers of times, being curious to see what sort of man he was. We became friendly and, years later, I bought some large pine trees from him to be cut into shingle blocks. This was the first time he would agree to sell anyone any of his timber.

One day when Sam was over at the store I had gotten a milk shaker and some ice from Shelby and was hugely enjoying a milk shake, a new drink which had come into favor at that time. I was interested to know what Sam would think about a milk shake, so I made him a glass. It was a warm day and, as I poured the foamy milk shake in his glass and he heard the ice tinkling in it, his eyes gloated and he drank it down with great relish. He then smacked his lips, rubbed his stomach with his hand and remarked, "That must be a very healthy drink;

it feels so good in the stomach." Poor Sam never had any luxuries I ever knew of. He lived a very hard life while he could have had all of the comforts if he had sold some of his land, which he refused to do. It was the general impression through the neighborhood that he had saved up and hidden a good deal of money but Sam was too stingy to make money and, though a diligent search was made around his cabin after his death, no money could be found. His property went to his nephews.

Quite a character in our section was Mr. M. L. White, who was a school teacher and lived at Polkville. Mr. White was a great humorist and was the life of any party. He also wrote a great deal for the county paper under the title of "Corncracker." About that time there was talk of a railroad up through our part of the county and Corncracker wrote a number of articles advocating the route by way of Polkville which would run through a different neighborhood from ours. I wrote an article for the paper which was my first attempt in this line. In this I attacked the views of Corncracker and we had quite a controversy in the paper over the matter. Mr. White and the editor of the paper both thought Captain Hoyle was doing the writing through me, but Captain Hoyle did not know anything about it. I would write my articles and secretly mail then and they were printed in the papers over the pseudonym of "IV." I was much excited over this writing for the newspapers and later was a regular correspondent for the *Shelby Aurora,* which was the county paper. This correspondence was headed "Belwood Briefs" and signed "IV."

I remember I was in another part of the county sometime after this and at a country store introduced myself to the man as J. B. Ivey of Belwood. He knew I was the author of the "IV" articles and, calling his wife to come and meet me, he said, "This is the man who writes those articles from Belwood."

Another interesting character who came to our store was a Mr. Blank, who was about the laziest man in the neighborhood. He was never known to work though, strange to say, he had a fine set of boys and the boys made him a good living. It was told by someone who vouched for the truth of the story that Blank would go down to the field to call his boys for dinner and would get on the work horse and ride back to the house while his boys, who had worked all morning, had to walk.

Blank was a great reader of *The Louisville Courier-Journal* and could talk intelligently on almost any subject. Anyone meeting him in the store and hearing him air his views would think he was one of the most intelligent and leading citizens. I don't know that he had any bad habits except his extreme laziness.

Before I knew Blank better, he was in the store a few days before Christmas and I tried to sell him some candy, fruits and toys for his children. He told me with a great air that he always waited until after Christmas as he could then buy them for half price. The day after Christmas I was rejoiced to see Blank come into the store. I told him we were selling Christmas goods at half price and what about getting his presents now for his children. I ought to have known it was just a bluff on his part, for I don't suppose he ever bought any of his children a present in his life. He must have had an excellent wife, for their family turned out well. The boys were good workers and made respectable citizens.

When I first went to Belwood there was no organ in the church and the singing was always started by someone who was asked to raise the tune. Sometimes the tune-raiser would raise it too high and the high parts of the song would end in a squeal, then, again it would be too low and it would be impossible to follow it down to the depths. Occasionally a short meter tune would be selected for a long meter hymn and the congregation would find themselves in the predicament of having some words left over. To help the situation a number of us suggested buying an organ, but it took sometime to get these people to consent to have one in the church and, in fact, a number of the old folks never did approve of this new contraption. After a while we raised enough money to buy a small organ and installed it, to the relief of Mrs. Hoyle, who was responsible for the music in the church.

Soon after this was the time for the yearly August revival. The revival did not get off very successfully, and it was freely suggested by those who had been opposed to the organ that it was no wonder we could not have a good meeting with that agent of the devil sitting up in our church.

Speaking of raising the tune: before my time there was a very good but eccentric man, Drury Dobbins by name, who lived in the lower part of Cleveland County. One of Mr. Dobbins' eccentricities was that, though he was a preacher himself, he did not think that any preacher should accept more than a dollar a day for his preaching. As a consequence, he had to do shoemaking on the side. It was the custom at that time for the people to gather together in all-day meetings where there would be several preachers present and they would preach one after the other, the crowd listening patiently. One day, at such a meeting, Drury Dobbins was sitting on the front seat when one of the preachers got up and gave out the hymn, "When I Can Read My Title Clear." All of the preachers, in those days, would line out the hymns, as there were no hymn books. This preacher, in reciting the first two lines of the poetry, did it in a more sing-song fashion than was the usual habit into which many of the preachers fell. After he had recited the first two lines of "When I Can Read My Title Clear," he said, "Brother Dobbins, please raise the tune." Dobbins spoke right out in the meeting saying, "I won't do it; you done sung it once."

When father's four years were out at Newton he was sent to Olin. This was a small village, about fifteen miles from Statesville. Formerly there had been a very good school there and the town was built around it to take care of the boarding students. The school had been discontinued, for some reason, and the town was left desolate with everything as dead as could be. I visited there several times and had a good time with the family. One day I started to shave, using Father's razor. Brother George, who was always up to some mischief, substituted an old dull, gappy razor for the one I was using. I did not notice the change but found out that it would not shave. George was watching me and nearly doubled up with laughter when he saw me try to sharpen the razor. I knew then there was something wrong and discovered George was the cause of it when he broke out in laughter.

George and Eugene were always hunting some way to make money. Among other ways they gathered herbs, dried them and sold them to a big herb house in Statesville, where is situated what is claimed to be largest herbarium in the world.

Sister Emma was going with several young men at Olin and very much surprised all of us by running off and marrying George Foard. George was a very nice, respectable young man and my parents would have had no objections to her marrying, but she had not finished college at Greensboro and they thought she was too young to marry. There was quite an excitement for sometime but gradually things quieted down and she was received back into favor. George and Emma have always had a very happy married life and I don't know of any couple who have been more devoted to each other.

While at Belwood I amused myself by corresponding with a young lady in Alabama. I had never met her and don't remember how I got her name. I was interested in the novelty of it for a while but the young lady got to writing longer and longer letters, sometimes as much as forty or fifty pages, and it got tiresome. During this time she began corresponding with Sister Clara and she wrote her that she was anxious to make a favorable impression on me and that I had asked for her photograph. She sent the photo to Sister Clara telling her that if she thought I would like it to let me see it, otherwise, to destroy it. When I saw it I was disappointed as she looked fifteen years older than I and not at all pretty. Soon after this I made my letters shorter and shorter and finally ended the correspondence.

After father had served his four years at Olin he was sent to Statesville Circuit and after that he was sent to Leesburg.

This was up near the Virginia line and a long move for the family. I went there to see them only once. My first great grief came while they were living in Leesburg. My eldest sister, Clara, and I were great chums, although she was a number of years older than I. She had a great influence over me and I always went to her for advice. One day at Belwood I got a letter from home and in it my father told of Clara's sickness and death. She had been ill only a short time and they did not think it necessary to send for me as I was such a long distance away. I was grief stricken and don't think I ever felt so desolate. I went down into a swamp not very far from the store and wept and nursed my trouble. It took me a long time to get over this loss.

If I should ever accumulate enough property to be known as a millionaire, I don't believe I could feel as happy over it as I did when I received my first watch. The *Youth's Companion* of Boston was offering a Waterbury watch as a premium and I was made very happy by earning one of these. The first one, however, happened to bad luck. It was stolen on the mail route between Shelby and Belwood. After sometime the government sent me another one, as it had been registered, and I certainly was proud of that watch. It was the first cheap watch of a good size on the market, and had a spring about twelve feet long. It took nearly five minutes to wind it, and the tick could be heard all over the room. A favorite practice of the proud owners of these watches was to take them out in church and wind them, thereby letting everybody know they had a Waterbury.

The only physician near us was Dr. J. C. Osborne, who lived about five miles away. The doctor was very fond of reading Robert Ingersoll's works and enjoyed arguing with people on religion. He tried to make himself believe he was an atheist, but when he got sick he always sent for Uncle Johnny Downes to pray for him. Uncle Johnny was a good old soul in whom everybody had confidence. Dr. Osborne lost his atheism whenever he got sick. At that time most of the doctors felt that whiskey was good medicine, especially in the treatment of typhoid fever. Dr. Osborne had no conscientious scruples about taking whiskey himself but he never prescribed it, and in a practice of about forty years he claimed he had never lost a typhoid patient.

Mr. Tom Ramseur, who was head of a store at Cleveland Mills, four miles from us, had typhoid fever and everyone felt sure he was going to die. He was delirious and had begun picking at the bed-clothes, which was a sure sign to the people of that day that he would soon pass away. In this extremity Dr. Osborne was sent for to take the place of the physician who had been on the case and Dr. Osborne, at the family's request, dropped all his other practice and stayed with them day and night and pulled him through. It was talked about all over the country and added to Dr. Osborne's already good reputation of being a fine doctor. However, when Dr. Osborne presented a bill of $300 there was considerable objection by the family but, considering the time he put on it and the fact that he saved the man's life, it seems to me, even for that time, to have been a small fee.

After I had been in Belwood about four years I began to think I could do better by going to a larger place. I went down to Charlotte and tried to get a position with Wittkowsky & Baruch. They were the owners of the leading dry goods store of Charlotte and, to my country mind, it was a huge emporium. I don't suppose my appearance indicated much ability, for I did not succeed in getting a position. I stopped at the Central Hotel, run then by Eccles and Bryan. They had a splendid hotel which was talked about all over the country. I think I paid a dollar, or a dollar and a half, a day for room and meals.

Soon after this I was offered a position at Newton with Sherrill and Ware. My father was living at Newton at that time and I welcomed the idea of being at home again. Captain Hoyle was much put out by my leaving him and made me feel I was doing him a personal injury. He was paying me at this time only $8.33 per month and my board. The first year

I worked for him he paid me $75 for the year and out of that I saved $12. The second year he paid me $90 and the third and fourth years $100 each. I felt that I was advancing considerably when Sherrill and Ware offered me $25 a month but I stayed with them only about six or eight months.

While I was clerking for Sherrill and Ware I got off to attend an exposition at Raleigh. This was held on the old fair grounds but was more extensive than had ever before been attempted. Our party left Newton at night and had to wait several hours at Salisbury to make connection with a train for Greensboro. The train started about two o'clock in the morning and, as there was no sleeper, we sat up until we got to Greensboro. We changed trains there and at last arrived at Raleigh.

I was much interested in the exhibits at the exposition. Edison's electric light was new at that time and this was the first time I had seen it. Seeing a light under water in a fish bowl with fish swinmming around was a wonderful sight to me. I also saw here for the first time one of the cigarette machines that had been installed at Duke's cigarette factory at Durham.

There was a tremendous crowd in attendance and it was hard to get places to stay. Coming back, our train was to leave about four o'clock in the afternoon but, owing to the immense crowds, we failed to leave on time and really did not get off until after dark. Quite an excitement was created by a man falling off our train and being killed as we came out of Raleigh. This occasioned another delay of an hour or so. It was nearly daylight when we got to Greensboro and, although we had been sitting up all night, we sat up in the chairs of the lobby at the hotel until breakfast time. There was no train out of Greensboro for Salisbury until the afternoon. Governor Zeb Vance was scheduled to speak in Greensboro that day and our party went out to hear him. This was the first time I had heard him since he spoke at Lenoir when I was a small boy. He was as popular a speaker as ever and had the crowd continually laughing at his jokes. He was campaigning as candidate for United States senator and I remember that he said to the people, "The very first thing that your representative does when he gets to Raleigh, after voting for Vance for senator, is to do, etc." The committee in charge of Vance's speaking tours usually requested the ladies not to attend, as Vance told some stories which were not suitable for feminine ears.

I enjoyed the work at Sherrill & Ware's at Newton, and they seemed to like me, but I was offered $30 a month by Chase and Abernethy, a general store in Hickory, which I accepted. Chase and Abernethy had the best store in Hickory but Hickory was suffering at this time from the recent loss of the wagon trade from the mountains. The railroad had been extended to the north and the Lenoir merchants captured the wagon trade as they were twenty miles nearer the mountains. We opened the store in the morning at seven o'clock and kept open until about ten at night. We hardly ever had a customer at night but it was considered the business-like thing to do. Mr. Herbert Chase, an enterprising man, kept me employed in the evenings packing eggs and butter for shipment. We bought quantities of produce and had to ship it to the markets in order to sell it. I boarded at Mr. Pink Reinhardt's, the same place where Brother Will boarded when he lived at Hickory, but slept at the store in the same room with Herbert Chase and his brother, Charlie.

I thought I was getting along fine and was much surprised when Chase had a talk with me one day and told me he could not use me any longer. He seemed to think I never could become a merchant. This was the first time such a thought had occurred to me and I was considerably in the dumps. I applied for my old place with Sherrill and Ware at Newton, but trade was a little dull with them and they could not promise me a regular place but gave me temporary work.

Captain Hoyle heard I was out of a job and asked me to come over to see him. It seems that he was not pleased with

John Pruitt, the young man who had taken my place, and wanted me back with him. He offered me a half-partnership in the business and a salary of $150 a year, and board. John Pruitt was a mountain boy and very ambitious, but he did not have the experience that I had and did not understand Captain Hoyle's ways as well. I decided to accept the offer and made arrangements to go over about the first of July, 1885.

There was a period of about six weeks in which I had no position, so I had a vacation for the first time since I was sixteen years old. I had heard a good deal about Blowing Rock, which was becoming known as a summer resort. There was a young man in Newton who, before he professed conversion in a meeting held by my father, had been rather wild and had developed delirium tremens. He was in a very bad physical condition and asked me to accompany him on a trip to Blowing Rock where he could recuperate. We rode on a train to Lenoir and then decided to walk up the mountain, a distance of eighteen miles. We got along pretty well for about half of the distance but my companion gave out and got on the mail wagon which passed us about this time, while I finished the distance on foot. There was only one boarding house at Blowing Rock then. They took boarders during the summer, charging $15 per month for room and board, but there were very few visitors. My companion was suffering from hysteria and decided that he was going to die. There were no doctors nearer than Lenoir so I bundled him on the mail cart to send him down there. He very sadly told me "goodbye" and that he never expected to see me again, because he felt that he could not last until he got to Lenoir. I followed on foot, as there was room for but one passenger in the mail wagon. When I arrived at Lenoir that afternoon about six o'clock, the first person I saw was my patient walking around with head high and in the best of spirits. To my amazed greetings he told me that the doctor had told him there wasn't a thing the matter with him. He decided, though, not to continue the journey.

When I got back to Newton, I found three young men of my acquaintance were planning a tramp through the mountains and I decided to accompany them. We took the train to Lenoir, as before, then walked up the mountain to Blowing Rock, where we stayed about two days and then walked over to Grandfather Mountain. We stayed all night with a mountaineer who lived at the foot of the mountain and, on the morrow, we employed him to guide us to the top. This was on another side of the mountain from the one tourists now use. There was a very cold spring about half way to the mountain. Our guide told us that the temperature of this spring was 32 degrees and that ice would not melt in it. We got a magnificent view from the top of Grandfather Mountain. It was the first high mountain I had ever been on.

We then started out across the mountain to Cranberry Iron Works. The works were in full swing and we were much interested in seeing them mine the ore and melt it in huge furnaces. We stayed all night here and a pert, pretty waitress captured my eye, but I was too bashful to try to make an acquaintance.

The next day we set out for Roan Mountain, which is the highest mountain in that range and almost as high at Mount Mitchell. It began to rain before we got to the top of Roan and it was a muddy, tired group of boys that at last reached the hotel at the top. There was a roaring fire in the office and we enjoyed the experience. After a good night's rest we went a few hundred yards to where a good view could be obtained but, to our great regret, a heavy fog covered everything and we could see nothing. Each of us cut a balsam walking stick from the top of the mountain and started on our tramp toward Marion, about forty miles distant. We spent the night with a mountaineer who lived near the Toe River. One article for breakfast which I remember was sweetened rice. I think he charged us twenty-five cents each for lodging and breakfast. This charge, however, was not quite as small as in Colonel Frye's story. Colonel Frye, who lived at Bryson City, settled there soon after the Civil War. There were no railroads at that time nearer than Canton. Colonel Frye got homesick and decided to go to Statesville to see his people. As he walked from Bryson City to Canton, someone told him of a near way through the rough mountains and that he could stop all night with an Indian who lived at the foot of the mountain. Colonel Frye got there soon after dark and said he was scared within an inch of his life, afraid the Indian would kill him. Nothing happened to him though, and next morning upon asking what his bill was for lodging and breakfast, the Indian told him ten cents.

The next day we started to walk the last lap of our tramp to Marion. There was no bridge across the Toe River and we had to wait for a wagon to come along to carry us over. Mr. M. F. McNeill, controller in our Charlotte store for a number of years, told me that so much land has been cleared off where the Toe River starts, that the stream has almost dried up and, ordinarily, one can wade across it where we had to wait for a wagon. It began to rain again and this did not add to our spirits. We decided to take a short cut to Marion but were stopped by a creek that was swollen with rains and across which there was no bridge. It was too wide to jump and too deep to wade. I found the crooked limb of a peach tree and, putting this in the middle of the stream, gave a jump and safely vaulted to the other side. Deems Ford, one of the boys, next tried his luck. He did not give as vigorous a jump, the crooked limb turned with him and he landed in the middle of the stream thigh deep in the muddy water. I can see him yet, stepping very high, trying to walk on the water, and a more disgusted boy I never saw when he got to the other side, clothes all dripping and water spouting out of his shoes everytime he set his foot down. The other boys got over safely and we made our way to Marion.

We had decided to take the train at Marion and had put aside enough money to pay our fares. This left us very little with which to buy the two meals we had to have before we got there. About dinner time, just before reaching Marion, we passed a nice looking country home, held a council of war and decided that we did not have money enough to buy our dinners. I was sent to the house to ask the lady if she had any cold vegetables and bread as four boys were on their way to Marion and did not have time to stop for dinner. I think she took in the situation, for she soon brought me a huge platter filled with cold beans, bread, etc. She would not charge us anything for it and I don't believe beans ever tasted quite so good before or since. When we got to Marion one of the boys decided he had to have some tobacco and I hunted up a cousin of mine, who lived there, and borrowed a dollar from him. I had a number of cousins and two uncles living there but I was so disreputable looking I did not go to see any others.

Speaking of Marion reminds me of a story about my brother, Tom. After he had become an editor and preacher, he was passing through Marion and wrote Aunt Harriet, who lived near there, to come down to the station where he would be glad to see her. The train stopped at Marion only a few minutes. He jumped off, saw someone he thought was his Aunt Harriet standing on the platform and went up to her and kissed her very affectionately when, to his dismay, he saw it was not his Aunt Harriet, but someone he had never seen before. Without a word he ran back to the train, not giving the lady a chance to inquire as to who the cordial gentleman was.

,I RETURN TO BELWOOD AS PARTNER, GET MARRIED AND MOVE TO HENRIETTA

ABOUT the first of July, 1885, when I was twenty-one years old, I went to Belwood to take my place as a partner in the store. Everyone seemed glad to see me and I felt right important as a member of the new firm whose name was then changed to "Hoyle & Ivey." I had become considerably enthused over the merchandising business, having, as I thought, learned a good many new things in Newton and Hickory.

In the fall I had a big sale which was an entirely new idea in that country. I hired a brass band, built them a platform out in the yard by the store, sent up a large paper warm-air balloon and had other attractions. I had bargain tables built out in the yard in front of the store as we did not have room enough inside. We drew an immense crowd and the day's sales were very gratifying to Captain Hoyle and me. Another time, I had an auction. They were always popular and this one draw a large crowd to our store. The auction itself was not much of a success, because we could sell so few articles and our customers were so well informed they would not buy anything unless it was very cheap. It was fine advertising, though, and did us a lot of good.

About this time I took on the agency for Cincinnati buggies and put one in the center of the store. This was quite an innovation and we sold several buggies. I had to work continually against the opposition of Captain Hoyle, who was very conservative and rather opposed to anything new. I got tired of fighting against his resistance and settled down to regular hum-drum business. I see now that I could have done better business if he had allowed me to go ahead and use a good many of my new ideas.

Besides being conservative, Captain Hoyle did not like to exert himself more than necessary and he allowed me to do all the work I wanted to. I was ambitious and gradually came to do all the buying. Then I wanted to learn the bookkeeping part and asked him to let me do that, to which he very readily consented.

In this way I received valuable experience and shouldered all of the responsibility that was put upon me. I had a young friend, George Wilson, who received his training in a store at Lenoir. His employer would not let him know anything at all about the business and, as a consequence, he was only a clerk. I was in training for an executive, although I had only one clerk to oversee. Abel Gantt, Emma's brother, came into the store to learn the business and proved to be a very valuable clerk. His health failed and he had to go to California. I will relate further on how we came very near to buying a business in California and going in as partners.

Captain Hoyle had been going North twice a year but he did not enjoy the trips and, after I became partner, he had me do this buying. My first trip to Baltimore was a great event in my life. I had never even been in a sleeping car and when I boarded one at Charlotte for Baltimore, I had to ask the porter how to get into my berth. He told me that I could undress just as I did at home after I got in my berth. I was always a good sleeper and think I slept all night on this, my first night in a sleeping car. We arrived at Baltimore early next morning. I went to The Eutaw House, one of the finest hotels in the place. When I went down to see Mr. Hopkins at R. M. Sutton and Company's dry goods store, he told me to come down to his hotel, The Mansion House, on Fayette Street. I checked out and went to this hotel which was a quiet, unpretentious place and much cheaper. I think I paid two dollars per day for room and board. I continued stopping at this hotel for a number of years and was much distressed one day when I went to where The Mansion House had been and found it had been torn down to make room for some new buildings. After that, I stopped for a long time at the Hotel Rennert, where I got a nice room for a dollar a day.

That was a day when all the drummers knew as soon as a man got into town and a merchant had no peace, day or night, as they were continually soliciting him to come and see them. They soon found out that I was confining my business to a very few concerns. This was a mistake on my part as I should have shopped around more and found the best places to trade, but Mr. Hopkins was continually bragging on me as a man who stuck to his friends and consequently I gave all the business I could to him.

A year or two after this I decided I wanted to go to New York. Mr. Hopkins said that it was all right to go there to look around but that I could buy my goods to much better advantage in Baltimore. I made the mistake again in not looking around in New York and seeing what I could do. I bought only one bill of goods from Butler Brothers, who were just then starting their big mail order business.

I had engaged rooms at The Broadway Central Hotel but had no idea how to get there. I didn't realize the railroad did not go into New York but stopped at Jersey City and we were then ferried over to New York. Before getting into the city, I asked several people how to get to the Broadway Central Hotel, but none of them seemed to know. As the ferry boat neared New York someone who had heard me inquire about The Broadway Central Hotel came to me and said that he would show me how to get over there. When we arrived at the landing, this man called to a hackman and said, "Here, Bill, is a man for your hotel." When I got to his carriage I told him that this was not a hotel bus but he said he was running it for The Broadway Central Hotel. I asked him the price for taking me up there but he would not tell me, saying that I would settle at the hotel. As all the other conveyances had now left, I did not see anything to do but get into his carriage. As he went through the dark streets from De Brosse Street to Broadway, I was pretty badly scared because I was afraid that he was taking me to some dive to rob me. I was immensely relieved when I looked out of the window of the carriage and saw "Broadway" on the gas street lamps. When we got to the hotel I got out and started in, but the hackman touched me on the shoulder and said, "One dollar, please." This was to me then, a terrible price and I told him I would not pay it, that I would call a policeman first. He then took me into the hotel and had the clerk tell me that was the regular price. I have always thought that I was overcharged.

The Broadway Central Hotel, down near Bleeker Street, was headquarters for all the Southern merchants. It was run by a Southern man, Tilly Haynes. It was a well run hotel and I got a nice room for a dollar per day. When a merchant came down in the morning the lobby was completely filled with drummers who were looking out for him. I was from a small town and not a very large merchant so the New York drummers did not bother me much. I took a ride on the elevated railroad, which was a great novelty to me, and enjoyed going around Central Park. I also rode down to Brooklyn Bridge and walked over it for which a toll of one cent was charged at that time. I also rode down to the Battery and saw Castle Garden, which was then the place where all the immigrants landed. Castle Garden was where Jenny Lind sang when in America some years before this. I also went to see the Stewart Department store, which was about the first department store in America. It was in the same building now occupied by Wannamaker.

At that time Grand Street was the center of the retail district. R. H. Macy had a store down there, also Koch and Sons. Fourteenth Street was considered far up town at this time and there was no retail business beyond this. Broadway had had street cars on it for two or three years. Before that the city would not allow anything but horse-drawn buses on Broadway, but Boss Tweed had sold the street car concession for an enormous price. This, and other steals, landed him in the penitentiary. Putting transportation facilities on Broadway was a good thing for New York, for the street car helped very much. All of the street cars were drawn by horses and New York was the very last city in the whole country to give up the horse-drawn cars. As late as 1920, there were still several horse cars in New York. The first car that I saw not drawn by horses was on a cable car line in Washington, D. C. This cable underground was pulled by a stationary plant. An arm from the street car extended down through a slot in the track, gripping the large cable and being thus pulled along. This was a great improvement over the horse cars and all the cities put these cable lines in. Whenever one of the cables broke, which sometimes happened, all of the street cars on that line stopped. The railway people sent an army of workmen to the place where the cable was broken and I have seen as many as forty or fifty men at work on one of these cables mending the break.

It was very expensive putting in and running these cables but all of this was soon cut out when the electric trolley came in. It was only a very few years before the expensive equipment of the cable lines was thrown into the discard and the overhead electric trolley took its place.

On one of my trips to New York, I wanted to go up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. I happened to be over on the Third Avenue Elevated line and thought I would ride to the stop nearest the Museum to save the walk over to Fifth Avenue, which would have been the direct route. I asked one of the guards on the elevated which station was nearest the Museum, and he asked me again where I wanted to go, then shook his head and said he never heard of it.

One day when I was in the Museum looking at a very old picture of one of the old masters, the size of which was about fifteen by twenty-four inches, another man walked up and seeing I was interested in this particular picture, stopped and examined it also. I remarked to him, "They say this picture is worth $40,000," and he replied, "Gosh, is the frame gold?" A picture which impressed me very much was the large one of Napoleon reviewing his soldiers. I believe the title was "Friedland, 1807" and it was then hanging in a recess on one of the stairways. I think there was more action in that than in any picture I have ever seen. Another picture which interested me was Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

Whenever I go to the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington I always spend a good deal of time before a favorite of mine—"Charlotte Corday in Prison." The artist had put into that picture more pathos than I ever before saw in a picture. Another one in New York which always attracted me was the picture of a little girl helping an old sailor row his boat. The old tar has such a benign, humorous expression on his face as he looks down on the child whose serious expression shows she is convinced she is helping him pull the oars.

Once when I went to New York, I decided to see just how cheap I could make the trip. First, I bought an excursion ticket and then I did not use a Pullman, but slept on the seats in the day coach. I don't remember exactly but I think the cost of my whole trip, including hotel and meals, was close to $30. I was gone about three days.

On Sundays there, I always tried to hear a noted preacher. One Sunday I noticed that Dr. Len Broughton of Atlanta was to preach in a tent in the upper part of New York. I had never heard Dr. Broughton and was glad of a chance to hear him. When he came in and shook his head of long hair I was prejudiced against him, but I soon overcame this feeling after hearing his brilliant talk. The man in charge of the meeting made a very strong plea to the crowd to give Dr. Broughton strict attention. He said there had been a good deal of going in and out and he hoped there would not be any of that on that afternoon. Dr. Broughton thanked the man for asking the people to give him their attention but he stated they need not bother as he was used to preaching to some of the Negro congregations in the South, saying that they were rough, uncultured people, who acted on their impulses and if any one there wanted to get up and go out, he could do so, as he was accustomed to it and it would not bother him. Needless to say, not a single person wanted to put himself on the same plane as these colored congregations to whom Dr. Broughton had been preaching.

Among the noted preachers I have heard, I think of Dwight

L. Moody, whom I heard in Atlanta; also T. DeWitt Talmadge, a very popular preacher of Brooklyn, whose sermons were copied in the papers all over the United States. He was the most sought-after preacher of his day but he was a disappointment to me when I heard him in Brooklyn, as his delivery was very poor and his sermons were much better read than heard.

I suppose the most able preacher whom I ever heard was Sam Jones, not that he was as learned as a good many others, but he had the most native ability, to my mind, and could preach and sway his crowds better than anyone to whom I ever listened. I was chairman of the finance committee in the Chapman-Alexander meeting held in Charlotte in 1915. Dr. Chapman was a very earnest, consecrated preacher and did Charlotte a great deal of good. I first heard Billy Sunday in Philadelphia, Pa. He was holding a big meeting there in a tabernacle which seated about ten thousand people. So very popular was he that it was impossible to get in unless you went long ahead of time or had a reserved seat. I wrote to a business friend of mine, telling him I expected to be in Philadelphia the next week and wanted to hear Billy Sunday. When I got there he said he had a seat for me, but getting it was the hardest job he ever tried to do and the next time I wanted him to do something, to ask an easy job, for instance, getting an appointment to see the President or something like that. He had at last got in contact with Billy Sunday's trainer, who was an ex-prize fighter, and, through him, we got seats. Billy Sunday had a wonderful meeting there. He was in Charlotte in May, 1924, and had tremendous crowds. His meeting was a great success from a standpoint of numbers but there was a general feeling among the church people that the results did not justify the effort. Billy Sunday, I think, was a very able, consecrated man, but he had been badly spoiled. He had been made over so much that "Billy Sunday," to his mind, was the only person around and should have all the attention. I think he did a great deal of good but not as much in later days as before.

At one time, about 1921, when Mrs. Ivey and I were in New York, we went to hear Dr. Jowett at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. We tried to hear him in the morning, but the church was filled before we got to the door, although we had stood in line for about half an hour. We came back that afternoon and both of us were very much pleased with him.

The next Sunday we went to hear Dr. Harry E. Fosdick and had to stand in line again. Although Dr. Fosdick has many who criticise him, we could see nothing in his sermon but the most orthodox Christianity, and it was very attractively presented. I also heard Newell Dwight Hillis in Brooklyn and went over to hear Dr. S. Parkes Cadman once. The preacher whom I liked better than all the others, taking everything into consideration, was George R. Stuart. He was a giant among men and I loved him very much.

Another time when Mrs. Ivey and I were in New York, we went down to John Street Methodist Church, which is the oldest Methodist Church in New York, and heard Bishop Candler of Atlanta preach a very fine sermon. There we saw a clock which had been given to the church by John Wesley; and also saw wagon spokes the church people had used to help drive away some toughs who tried to break up their meeting over one hundred years before. It was a most interesting church and we enjoyed going there.

Dr. George W. Truett, an outstanding evangelist of Dallas, Texas, held a meeting in Charlotte this September (1940). The auditorium, seating 5,000 people, was about filled each night. He preached the plain gospel but in such an earnest, pleading way as to compel the attention of his listeners. Dr. Truett has been pastor of the same church in Dallas since 1897. He is probably the most popular preacher in America today.

Gypsy Smith, an English evangelist, held a meeting in Charlotte in 1937. Like Dr. Truett, he uses no sensational methods to attract crowds, but thousands did attend his services. The large armory auditorium was packed.

With most of the noted preachers, it is better not to get to know them too well. Some of them do not have very pleasing personalities and if you just hear them, you are thrilled with their messages, but sometimes, when you get to know them better, their human frailties show and you are disappointed that your idol is not all gold. Most of these whom I have mentioned, however, stand very high, and have done a great deal for the upbuilding of the Kingdom.

I will not close this without making mention of a preacher whom I heard more recently, Dr. Frank W. Boreham of Australia. He came to Lake Junaluska in the summer of 1929 and we were all so very much pleased with his addresses that I bought some of his books and have read them with a great deal of pleasure, many of which are real gems. We were disappointed in his appearance, as he looked like a third or fourth rate preacher, but when we heard him, we changed our opinions.

Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon has also preached some very fine sermons at Lake Junaluska. I was very much pleased with the one he delivered at General Conference in Hot Springs Arkansas, on "Saints."

About 1890 I got interested in Emma Gantt. She was only about seventeen or eighteen years old, but I liked her and decided it would soon be time for me to think about taking a wife. I realized she was too young and decided that I would have to wait several years. I had some opposition as Emma was a very popular young girl. One of Captain Hoyle's sons, Robert, was a great admirer of Emma, and another young man, Joe Parker, worshipped the ground she walked on. At that time I think she really preferred either of these two other admirers, but her father and mother favored me and at last I got her consent to consider me. Her father and mother thought she should have some more education so she was sent to Greensboro Female College. I corresponded with her regularly while she was there and went down to see her one time. I don't think she thought enough of me to let it interfere with her studies, but I was becoming very fond of her.

When Emma came back from college I found it necessary to have some way of taking her to ride, for most of the young men of the neighborhood had horses and buggies in which they carried their girls around. Mr. S. H. Hopkins of Lincolnton had a horse and surrey that he wanted to sell and we traded. In order to help pay expenses, I also purchased a light one-horse wagon and used it to haul goods between Shelby and our store. My horse was a spirited animal and several times tried to run away with me. He had a bad habit of backing when he got scared, which I found right dangerous. One day when I had him out in the lot he came near killing me. I was leading him by the mane to the watering trough when he jerked away and, in a playful spirit, kicked at me. I backed up against the stable and I don't think his heels missed me an inch. If he had been two inches nearer I would certainly have been badly hurt in the chest.

I caused a good deal of talk in the neighborhood by a scheme I had of saving myself from getting up early in the morning to feed my horse. I had the feed fastened above the trough in a rack and it was so contrived that when I pulled a wire which led to my room window, it would release this rack and let the feed fall in the trough below. My horse got too smart and found that he could release this trigger himself.

I had lots of good times driving Emma around to the various places. Sometimes we went horseback riding, as Emma could ride either one of her father's horses or Aunt Nancy Lewis's fine saddle horse named Sallie.

The telephone was just beginning to be used in a very limited way. I got a small acoustic phone from *The Youth's Companion* and put it up between the store and the house. There was no battery connected with this and it was not much of a phone. You could hear almost as well without the phone as with it. However, a good signal was made by tapping on the diaphragm with a pencil and this could be heard very distinctly at the other end. Mrs. Hoyle used a certain number of taps as a signal for us to come to dinner. I would then wash my hands in a tin basin which I kept at the back of the store and dry them on a towel which was changed about every two weeks. It got so black and stiff with dirt that it would almost stand alone. I would get my hands greasy cutting bacon and probably have to handle some rusty plows, then someone would want to be shown some dress goods so I would go back and wet my hands and rub off as much dirt as possible on the towel. I don't think it bothered me very much but I know my hands were always in a bad condition.

We did quite a lot of business buying chickens that we shipped to Charleston, Richmond and sometimes to Charlotte. When spring chickens first came in they would be high and we paid as much as twelve and a half or fifteen cents each for nice frying size chickens and I have bought quantities of them for six cents each later in the summer. Hens were bought for fifteen cents each and when they got more plentiful, they came down to eight and ten cents. We built a large chicken yard in the rear of the store and sometimes would have five or six hundred on hand at one time. I would get up very early in the morning, at three or four o'clock, fill the coops with chickens, load them on my one-horse wagon and frequently drive to Shelby to catch an early train. Sometimes we would make something on the chickens but competition was so keen that if we came out even we felt we were doing very well. We paid for our chickens in trade, so that was our profit.

I had quite a lot of flower boxes at the rear of the store containing mostly geraniums. I looked after them carefully and they were the nicest flowers in the neighborhood. I built a hot house in the ground and kept them during the winter. Mr. Hopkins told me about some fine roses which he grew and I told Mrs. Hoyle if she would buy the roses, I would fix them for her the way Mr. Hopkins said. He told me to dig a trench about two feet deep, fill it with rich earth and the roses would surprise us. Captain Hoyle objected to wasting so much rich earth and said I was making the trenches too deep. I insisted on fixing them as I had been told and, as a consequence, Mrs. Hoyle soon had the finest roses in all that country. Mr. Hoyle had put a hand force pump in the well where we got our water and I connected this pump with a pipe line which led to a fountain head in the front yard and had a very pretty fountain as long as the pump worked. This work got most too strenuous and the fountain was not used much after the novelty wore off.

Among the new things I introduced was a millinery department which was not in any of the country stores in that section. I employed a young lady, Miss Mamie Steele, who was the daughter of our minister. She had good taste and made a good milliner. Our millinery business was so small that we could not afford to send her to Baltimore, so I did the buying. There were few things I knew less about, but I went to Mr. Brittingham, a salesman at Armstrong Cator and Company, and told him what I wanted and asked him to select the millinery, which he did very conscientiously and, while we did not make any money, we did not lose much.

About this time, the Reverend Mr. Tate was sent as a preacher to Kadesh Church. He was a very enterprising, energetic preacher and immediately decided that we should have a high school at Belwood. He employed teachers and right away began to solicit boarders. Quite a number of students came, besides local patronage, and the school was a success from the start. The little school house was too small and as it became necessary to furnish larger quarters, subscriptions were taken for an adequate building and we built a pretty school house with a number of recitation rooms. I was on the building committee and was much interested in this enterprise. Two dormitories were also erected and Mr. Tate was elected principal of the school. Things went along pretty well for a while, but Mr. Tate was too energetic and went farther ahead than he should. He contracted debts he could not pay and got into disfavor on this account. He was also guilty of some shady transactions and later was dismissed from the ministry and moved away from North Carolina. The school gradually declined after he left and in a few years was only a neighborhood school.

Sometime after this, Sam Jones, the great revivalist, was holding a meeting at Charlotte. Mr. Jones' fame spread all over the country and delegations from everywhere went down to hear him. About a dozen of us from around Kadesh made up a party to hear Jones. We got boarding places and stayed in Charlotte for four or five days. A large tabernacle had been erected on the lot below where the Johnston Building is now situated. This tabernacle was filled with eager listeners at every service. Two large choirs were formed under the leadership of E. O. Excell and the singing was inspiring as well as the wonderful preaching of Sam Jones. George R. Stuart was helping him at this time and had an early sunrise service every morning. Emma Gantt was in the party and I think I formed my resolutions, while we were down there, to try to make her my wife. I did not say anything to her about it at that time, however.

When we got back to Belwood we were all fired with religious enthusiasm and decided that we should have a new church. Kadesh Church was small, never had had a paint brush on it and we were rather ashamed of it. A subscription list was started and I made my first subscription of one hundred dollars for a church building. Everyone was eager and it was no trouble to raise the necessary amount. We did have considerable difficulty, though, about the location. A number of us wanted to move the building about a quarter of a mile out on the public road. This, without a doubt, was the best location for it but a number of the older people objected very much. They couldn't think of moving the church from the sainted location where they had been accustomed to attend services all their lives and besides, they would not consider leaving the graveyard where their loved ones were buried. For a while it looked as if the new building would have to be given up but Dr. John R. Brooks, the presiding elder at that time, had a compromise plan to offer. There was a very pretty elevation within a few hundred yards of the old church toward the public road and he suggested that we select that. This we did, but it was a mistake. The opponents of the move to the public road would have given in at last and it would have been so much more convenient to the majority and would have made a much better showing on the road.

On one of my business trips to Baltimore I decided to go over to Philadelphia and visit John Wannamaker's big Sunday School which, at that time, was said to be the largest in the world. I was very much pleased with the school. Mr. Wannamaker himself was there looking after everything. It was very well conducted and I got a great many ideas. I was also interested in Mr. Wannamaker's store. At that time it was mostly a one-story building covering a whole square. It had been an old freight depot and had been changed by him into a department store. I was much interested in the fact that he did not do any Sunday advertising and I suppose it was here that I got my idea of carrying no ads in the Sunday papers and of pulling down my shades on Sunday. He also had introduced his one-price system, which was quite an innovation.

Before Mr. Tate came to be our preacher, we had already started a high school but did not have boarders. Dr. Robert E. Ware, a graduate of Wofford College, was obtained as the principal. Dr. Ware's home was in Shelby and I had known his family for sometime. He and I were about the same age and were congenial spirits, so we had good times together. We would go together to the corn shuckings and other parties and he entered into the spirit of the neighborhood as much as anyone. Every fall the farmers of the community, when they gathered their corn, would put it in huge piles in the barnyard lots and then would invite their neighbors for miles around to come in and help shuck it. Sometimes there would be as many as forty or fifty and the shucking would commence late in the afternoon and would generally be completed by nine o'clock when supper would be served. Sometimes, when the pile was extra large or the workers comparatively few, it was courteous for the host to announce at nine o'clock, even if they were not through, "Boys, let us go and have supper and my hands will finish this tomorrow." Usually, though, some man, to the disgust of most of the crowd, would say, "No, sir, we will finish this tonight." Sometimes we would not get through before eleven o'clock.

While the men were shucking corn the women of the neighborhood were in the kitchen and dining room fixing up a fine supper. They would bake immense chicken pies, have potato custard, all kinds of cakes, pies, fried ham, roast beef and many other varieties of food. These suppers were expensive affairs and in that neighborhood now it is considered cheaper for a man to hire his help to shuck the corn.

One day Dr. Ware came up to the store and said, "Are we going to the corn shucking tonight at Mr. Gantt's?" I said, "Yes, sure." He said they were going to have a big supper because as he came by he saw Willie Gantt shooting down chickens and Miss Emma looking after the preparations. We confidently expected a fine supper, as the Gantts were noted for their good things to eat. I teased Emma later, after we were married, about this particular supper and told her I worked very hard in anticipation of getting some fine chicken pie, which was a great favorite of mine. When we came to the table Dr. Ware was handed the chicken pie dish first and I noticed that he took considerable time getting helped and when it came to me I found out the reason. I fished around among the dumplings a long time but never could find a piece of chicken. For some days Dr. Ware and I discussed what became of the chicken he had seen being killed that afternoon. There was plenty of chicken in the pie, but we did not happen to get the right dish.

Dr. Ware boarded at Aunt Susan Webber's. Aunt Susan had a white mule that she lent to Dr. Ware and me several time to drive around. I remember there was a Christmas party at Fallston one night and Dr. Ware and I drove the white mule. We had lots of fun together. Later he became a dentist at Shelby and that is why I call him "Doctor."

Another time that we had large quantities of food was at the threshings. A number of the farmers would combine and buy a threshing machine and when the wheat was dry enough they would go from farm to farm, threshing it. It would generally take a dozen or fifteen men to manage everything and, working hard as they did, from daylight until dark, they developed enormous appetites. Each of those threshers could eat as much as three ordinary men. When a man had a small crop of wheat, feeding the men and the eight or ten horses that were along cost him more than the wheat was worth. Threshing was hot work, usually done in July, and with so much dust from the straw the men would get covered with dirt. They would not sleep in the houses at night, as they were so dirty, but would sleep with their clothes on in a pile of freshly threshed straw. They always tried to manage to do some threshing before night came, even if they had just moved to a place, so they would have a place to sleep. I doubt if many of these men changed their clothing or bathed, except their hands and faces, for a whole week at a time. Public opinion looked on this without disfavor and made allowances for the circumstances.

Soon after coming from Newton to Belwood I heard of a fruit evaporator which dried peaches and apples so much better than did the sun, that they brought higher prices. Mr. Gantt, Captain Hoyle and I bought one of these and set it up near the store. We did not have much success as the stove that heated the evaporator was intended to burn coal and we could not get it hot enough with wood, which was the only fuel we had. We thought that probably the reason we could not get it to do better was because it cooled off over night so we decided to run it day and night. I looked after it at night but it was such a lonesome job I decided, after a week, that it was not worth while. We found we could not make any money and discontinued it after a short time.

Another losing proposition with me was a washing machine franchise. There was a traveling photographer, a Mr. Goode, who had invented a washing machine which had a great deal of merit. He had a small model made and talked to me about the possibilities of making money selling it. I paid him ten dollars in gold for the right to manufacture and sell the machine in Cleveland County. My idea was during the summer when business at the store was slack, to go around and sell this machine to the farmers. I had a model made but somehow never found the time to do the canvassing. I expect when the time came I did not find myself quite brave enough to do this. I sold only one machine to Mr. William Hoyle, Lem Hoyle's father. The family were very much pleased with it and said it worked fine. I made one for Mrs. Hoyle and she also used it for sometime with success, but I had to confess to myself after a while that my judgment was faulty in going into this proposition.

One day I had been away from home for the day and, on coming back to the store, was told by Captain Hoyle that there had been a salesman by who was going to manufacture fence at Shelby. He was establishing agencies in each township of the county and would give each agent twenty-five percent to take orders from samples which he furnished. Captain Hoyle said there was only one feature about it he did not like: there was no money to be invested, but the man wanted him to sign a note for $200 to protect any cash collections we might have on hand for fence that had been sold. Captain Hoyle said he supposed it was all right as he had a contract with the company saying that this note was for such protection. I told him I did not like the idea very much myself. In a few days the man came back and told Captain Hoyle that another concern in our same township had objected to our having a right for Township No. 10. We were just over the edge of Township No. 10 and had the right only for this township. Captain Hoyle was glad to give it up anyway so he got back our note. The agent sold the No. 10 Township rights to Squire J. Z. Falls who gave his note as did the others for $200. In a week or two, all of the signers of these notes received notices from the Shelby Bank that it held a note given by them for $200 which the bank had bought. As the sharper had separated the contract from these notes, the bank was an "innocent" purchaser. All of these notes were collectible. It was a bitter pill for these folks to have to pay this money for nothing and we felt thankful that we had escaped. I don't believe Squire Falls has ever quite forgiven us for unwittingly getting him into this trouble. We were not to blame except that had we not given up the contract, he would not have been caught.

The most excitement that was ever caused in our community was the night of the earthquake, August 31, 1886. A revival was being held at Kadesh Church and the earthquake occurred while we were on the way home. Walking on the road we did not feel it, of course. As we came to Aunt Susan Webber's place she was out in the yard, terror-stricken, and asked us to come in and find out who was making such a racket in her house. She thought several people were in there and was almost frightened to death. We went in and searched everywhere but could find no one about. In a few minutes we heard an immense outcry down in the field. Someone was calling at the top of his voice, seemingly in the greatest agony. We went down to investigate and found a man behind his house kneeling beside a tree and praying at the top of his voice. He thought surely the devil was after him. Upon questioning him, we thought about an earthquake, but were not positive. When we got home we found Mrs. Hoyle, who had not gone to church that night, sitting out in the yard with her children about her; the house, she said, had been almost shaken down. We felt sure then that there had been an earthquake and it was an exciting time. I don't think we went to bed at all that night, at least, not to sleep. The next morning, there were two or three slight quakes and this was the only evidence of the earthquake I felt myself.

The revival had not been getting along very well, but after this, it was a great success. People thought that it was time for them to mend their ways and the attendance was large and the altar was crowded with penitents. An amusing incident happened in the neighborhood. A man who had lost his wife, married again in a few months, much sooner than people thought proper. On the night of the earthquake he and his wife felt sure that the ghost of his former wife had come back to register her protests.

About 1887 Bill Fife was holding a number of meetings throughout our section. Fife had been a traveling salesman and, on being converted, became a revivalist. I think he was sincere at the start, but later was conquered by avarice and preached more for the love of money than for the good he could do. I attended one of his meetings at Blacksburg and he gave me that impression. Afterwards he went into the business of selling Western mining stocks.

Once in a while I would have trouble with my eyes. My glasses had to be changed and, sometimes, I would get into the hands of an ignorant optician who would not understand my trouble and fit me with the wrong glasses. One time I went down to Charlotte to see a doctor who had a good reputation. When I went to his door I knocked and several seconds passed before he answered. He had time to go to his bookcase, take down a large volume and come to the door with the open book in his hand, giving me the impression that he was very studious. He informed me that my left eye was stronger than the right, so I asked him if he would fit each eye separately but he said, "No, in theory that is the proper thing to do; in practice it does not work." He would fit the best eye and let the other go. He was a thorough cheat and I don't believe he knew the first principles of optometry. I had a great deal of trouble with the glasses with which he fitted me.

Sometime after that I went to Baltimore and Mr. Hopkins sent me to a very famous eye specialist, Dr. Eugene Chisholm, who fitted me correctly for the first time. He found that I had a bad case of astigmatism and fitted each eye after a very careful examination. He had written a book on headaches and his theory was that nearly all headaches were caused by eye strain. When he was examining me he said, "You have headache continually." I told him, "No, I never did have a headache." My eye trouble did not produce that effect. He, for the first time, furnished me with spectacles of a different focus for reading and I could read with less effort. Sometimes my eyes would give me so much trouble I could not read much for several weeks and I had visions of going blind.

When I was head of the store at Henrietta, I bought a set of testing glasses and fitted glasses myself. At that time there was no one near Henrietta who could do this and it was quite a service to the people to give them the proper glasses. I would measure their eyes, order the glasses from Philadelphia, and, as far as I know, no one ever had any trouble. I studied a textbook on optometry and knew about astigmatism, myopia and presbyopia, but I did not make any effort to fit eyes for astigmatism, as this really is work for a specialist. I suppose if I were to attempt to do anything of that kind today I would be liable to arrest, as probably the State properly has rigid laws on this subject.

One of the workmen at Mr. Gantt's tannery was Henry Beam, a very intelligent Negro man. Uncle Henry lived in a little house near the store and I saw a good deal of him. He was very fond of arguing on religion and the Bible. Uncle Henry was a staunch Baptist and a strong Republican. He could argue for hours on baptism and his convincing text was that "John baptized at Salim where there was much water." He thought there was nothing more to be said after this.

On Sunday afternoons I frequently went up to the store and Uncle Henry and I would get behind the store in the sunshine and talk for hours. Uncle Henry, while he was a great Baptist and attended church regularly, was not much of a Christian. He did not hesitate to curse like a sailor when he got mad and his treatment of his wife was far from perfect, but aside from this he was a good citizen and a fine worker. When I went back to Belwood after I had married and moved away, Uncle Henry was always very glad to see me.

We had bored a well back of the store where we got our water and Uncle Henry also used it. He was very particular about its being kept clean. If any stragglers came he would keep a strict watch on them to see that they left things clean around the well. Uncle Henry dug a deep pit to keep his milk and provisions in, and one very cold winter we hauled ice from Hoyle's mill pond and filled the pit with it. It was not very good ice and melted long before the real hot weather came.

Mr. William Hoyle had a saw mill and a flour and corn mill about three miles from the store. His saw mill was an old-fashioned one that used a long straight saw which went up and down. He could not saw very much lumber in a day and all of the planks had a stub at the end where the saw did not quite go through the end of the log. Soon after this, Horace Thompson built a modern saw mill right near the store. He had one of the new circular saws and got about all of the business. Horace Thompson also had a shingle mill and bought shingle blocks from all over the country. He would pay for these with orders on our store and we would collect when he sold the shingles. Sometimes when the sale of shingles was slow, he would owe us several hundred dollars and we would get a little uneasy but in time he always paid up. Horace later added a cotton gin. We were always glad to have these industries near us as they drew more trade. A blacksmith shop was also added and we had visions of becoming a manufacturing center. John Thomas Groves was a shoemaker and had worked in a shoe factory at Kings Mountain. He convinced Captain Hoyle and me that we could make money manufacturing shoes. We put up a little shop and hired him and his brother and another hand and started manufacturing shoes. We made only heavy work shoes, brogans, we called them, and women's heavy shoes. We advertised then under the name of "Belwood Homemade Shoes," and sold our product fairly well. Our capacity was about twelve pairs a day. The men's shoes sold for $1.75 and the women's shoes at $1.25. We could not sell all of our product at retail so we got some customers among the merchants. I made a trip over to Davie County and sold small lots of shoes to several merchants. Davie County reminds you of traveling in Palestine for they have settlements by the names of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jordan, Jericho, etc. I stayed all night with a very hospitable merchant whose name I wish I could remember. He bought a lot of shoes from us and continued to be a good customer as long as we made shoes.

In addition to these manufacturers, Mr. M. P. Gantt had a harness shop down near his tannery where he employed eight or ten men. He also had a wagon which delivered his products over the country to sell to the merchants. Dow Crowder was one of the men working in this shop. Dow was a local preacher and a very good citizen. One time he got angry at his brother-in-law, Doc Short, who was in charge of the shop and used some very intemperate language. He told Doc he was not living right and that the Lord had punished him by taking away his little child. Doc had lost a little child a few months previously. I took Dow to task for talking thus to his brother-in-law and he assured me that he felt as much inspired to say that as when he was in the pulpit preaching. I felt pretty sure he was inspired, but from a different source than he thought.

I made a trip at one time over to Watauga County. I wanted to go anyway, for I had not been there since my famous tramp through the mountains, and I took along a lot of shoes to sell to pay expenses. I made a trade with Mr. William Hoyle to take me over in his wagon. We went by Newton and Hickory, up to Lenoir and on to Blowing Rock and Boone. We camped at night and had our provisions along with us so that we had very little expense. It was in June, a beautiful time of year, and Watauga looked green and lovely. I remember at one place where we camped there was a hill covered with wild strawberries. I never saw or tasted any others so delicious. On Sunday we attended a country church service. Nearly everyone came to this service on horseback. The women were the finest horsewomen I ever saw. They rode so constantly and became so adept that it looked as if each woman and her horse were one.

We were not very successful in selling our shoes, but we bought beeswax and feathers at a price small enough for us to sell at a pretty good profit and this paid the expenses of the trip. On the way back it rained the whole way. All of our bedding got damp, our provisions stuck together and it was not a very pleasant trip at the best. Between Hickory and Belwood we crossed a swollen stream where the low bridge was already floating on the water but we made the attempt, for we were anxious to get home, and we crossed in safety. But it was a very dangerous passage.

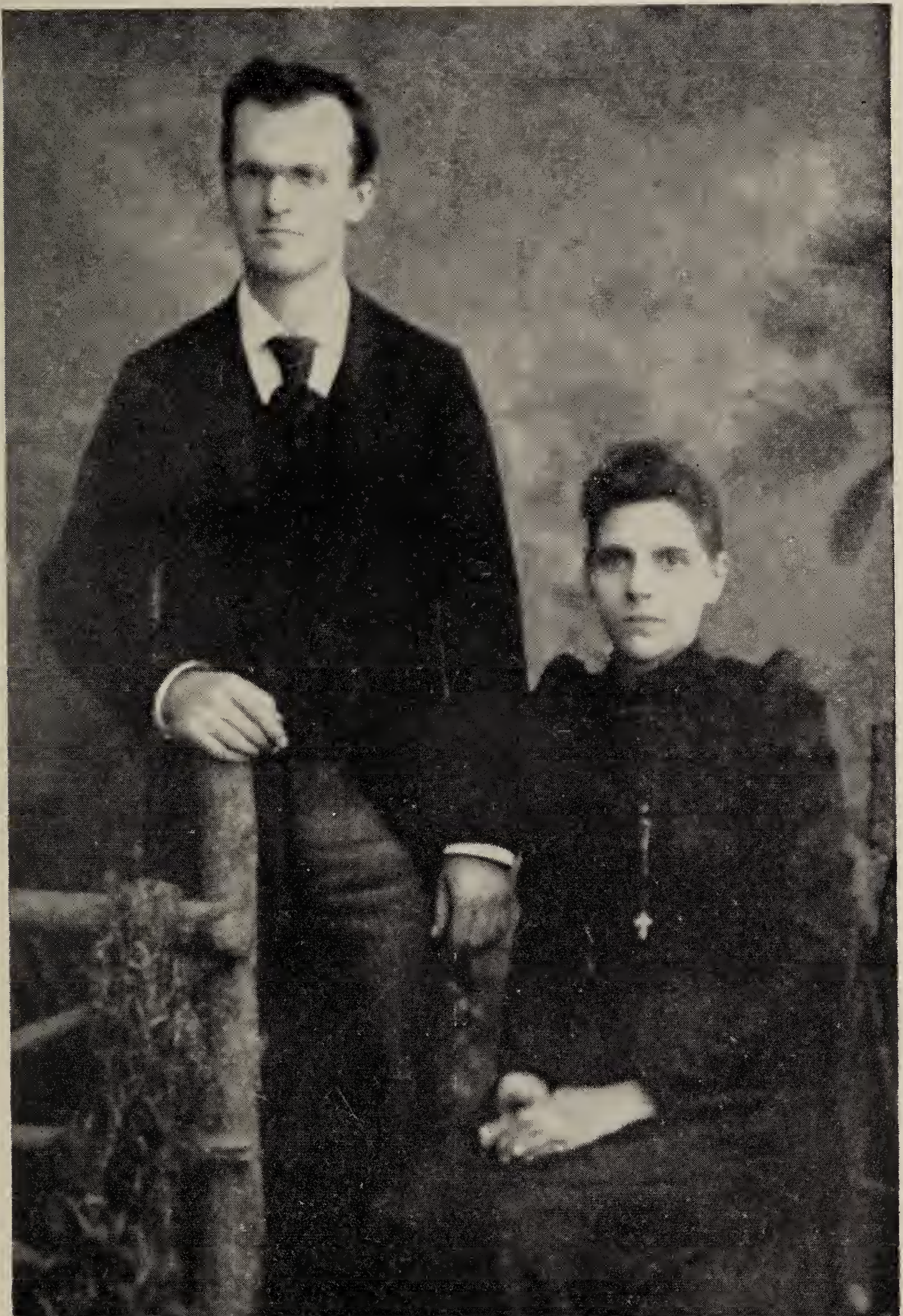
Speaking of women riding horses, a great many ladies of our country came to the store riding horseback. I was expected to rush out when I saw a lady coming, hold the horse while she got off on a block made for the purpose and then tie up her horse while she removed her riding skirt and went into the store. One of our constant visitors in this way was Aunt Susie Shuford. She was a good old lady who lived with her nephew about three miles above us and I was always very attentive to her. Whenever she came to church I tried to be there and hitch her horse for her. She and Aunt Betsy Dixon complained when I left Belwood to go to Newton, saying that they would miss me very much. Aunt Betsy Dixon was a nice old lady who lived by herself and had to ride about six miles to come to church. Her case showed a strange failure of justice in the laws of North Carolina. When she married Mr. Dixon, she owned a lot of property. When Mr. Dixon died, he had not made a will and, according to the law at that time, she could not will her own property which she had brought him but it would go, on her death, to the heirs of his brothers and sisters. If she and her husband had had children, of course it would have gone to them. This, we thought, was a very unjust law, for we all thought a great deal of Aunt Betsy.

I waited, with as much patience as I could, until Emma was between twenty and twenty-one years old; then I insisted that we get married. I don't believe Emma was very anxious to marry, as I am pretty sure she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but she consented to make the date

February 2, 1893. I want to say at this time that while I didn't feel she was much in love with me then, after we married she became very devoted to me and, I think, was as much in love with me as a husband could wish his wife to be. It is a big risk to take though, and I would not advise marriage between two parties unless they are positive they love each other very much. It worked out all right in this case, but it does not always do so, by any means.

Emma's brother Abel had been in California several years and wrote me of a splendid opening that he knew of near Redlands, California. He said the owner wanted to leave there and would sell his business on good terms and if Emma and I would come out, he thought we could do well. I talked it over with Emma and she was willing, because she always was ready to travel. I wrote Abel to close the trade and we would come. I told Captain Hoyle that the store was not large enough to support both of us when I got married and that I wanted to sell out. At that time I was very much interested in the shoe business and I suggested to him that he take the store and I would take the shoe business and build up a business which would pay me. He agreed to this. Later, when I became interested in the idea of going to California, I changed my plans. I decided then to sell out the shoe business and asked Captain Hoyle to pay me the money he would owe me on the trade. I told him I would need the money in order to pay for my part of the business in California. He never was willing for me to leave the store and couldn't pay me the money. He gave me notes for the amount, but would not give me any assurance as to when he would pay them. This broke up our California trip, as I had to have money to pay for my part of the business. I had sent Abel a check for $100, first payment on the store, and this we lost.

We were married February 2, 1893. I had asked my father to come over and assist at the wedding. I had been a great stickler for people having their own pastor to marry them. I have regretted many times since that I did not have my father



J. B. AND EMMA GANTT IVEY (1894)

perform the ceremony, for I should, by all means, have had him. Our pastor, Mr. Tate, performed the ceremony, and as previously stated, he lost his reputation; so we did not look back with any pride on his having married us.

Dr. Ware was my best man and Emma's cousin, Mamie, was her only bridesmaid. We were married at nine o'clock in the morning and went to Newton in the surrey which I had had for a year or two. When we started on our journey there were several inches of snow on the ground. We took our lunch along, and stopped by the side of the road near Keeversville and had our first meal. We had a fine trip, and enjoyed our stay with Mother and Father at Newton. I think all of the children were off at school at this time and we were the only ones there except my parents. We took a trip to Hickory, but as I remember that was the only trip we had. Not a very pretentious bridal journey!

When we got back to Belwood, we made arrangements to board with Mr. Tate, who had built a home and was taking boarders. Mr. Gantt was hurt that we should think of boarding anywhere except at his home, but I was sure we wanted to get away by ourselves and Emma agreed that it would be better for us to start out somewhere else. We did, however, board a good deal with them. The Tates did not set a very good table and we got hungry for the home food. We did not have a rocking chair in our room and, when I asked Mr. Tate about it, he told me he did not want to buy us one as he would then have to provide one for all the other rooms. But he said if I would get my own rocking chair he would buy it from us when we left. They were very kind to us and we were the star boarders.

Mrs. Hoyle had always considered me as a favorite son and I think she was a little jealous of Emma as, of course, I gave her all my attentions. One day during our courtship, I told Mrs. Hoyle that one thing I did not like about being in love was that I found it made me selfish. She laughed and asked me, "Had you noticed that, too?"

Soon after we were married I had a very flattering offer from Mr. S. B. Tanner, who was in charge of the Henrietta Mills in Rutherford County. He sent for me to come up to see him. I went and he asked me to take charge of the dry goods part of the company stores. He offered me $75 a month, which was considered a fine salary for those days. On consultation with Emma, we decided that would be better than to depend on the shoe business, so we sold the shoe business and accepted Mr. Tanner's offer.

Emma and I moved to Henrietta in the spring of 1893, rented a three-room house for ten dollars a month, bought some cheap furniture, and set up housekeeping. She did the cooking and we had a fine time in our little home. About six months later we had the opportunity to rent a better house for which we paid $15 a month. This house had five rooms, was situated in a nice little grove and had large front and back yards. We kept a cow, some chickens and also had a garden.

We had a neighbor, a lady who was exclusive and didn't have much to do with us. Her husband was a very pleasant, companionable man, quite different from his wife. One day, Emma ran out of some little something and sent over to this neighbor to borrow. The lady sent back word that she neither lent nor borrowed. Her husband evidently did not know anything of this incident for the very next day he sent over and borrowed my hoe. Emma and I had a good laugh over this.

Two of our neighbors were Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Johnson. They were very fine neighbors and we all became good friends. Johnson worked in the office of the store and we remained friends for life. After we left Henrietta, Emma went back to visit them.

For some reason Mr. Tanner did not put me in charge of the dry goods department as soon as I went to Henrietta. I suppose he wanted to try me out. He told me that Mr. Goyen Doggett, who was the manager of the dry goods department at that time, was going to be transferred to another store and that he was not quite ready to make the change. He asked me to go into the grocery department for a while until he was ready to send this man to the other store. He also asked me to keep it quiet. I was not averse to having this experience before I was put in charge, so went to work in the grocery department.

We were kept very busy, since we supplied the groceries for practically all the workers. Henrietta was a good-sized town, as one of the largest mills of that section was situated there. Most of the operators were plain country people, very few of them with any education. I ran across a good many interesting characters. One day a man came into the store and said that his baby was sick and did not seem to want to eat anything. He said, "Give me a little cheese; I will try it on that." Another interesting character was Uncle Johnny Bates. Uncle Bates had moved there from Spartanburg and he had a good-sized family. Like many of the other men, about all he did was to collect the pay of his children while he had a good time loafing around. He irritated me very much by coming down to the store and telling me how much cheaper he could buy goods at Spartanburg. He would say in his exasperating voice, "I could buy in Spartanburg for just about half."

Brother George, who had been learning the cotton mill business in Massachusetts, came down to Henrietta to learn all he could from that mill. He boarded with us and we were glad to have him. When we were away he usually ate his meals at Uncle Bates', whose wife ran a boarding house. He said one day that one of the children was complaining to his grandfather about the butter. The child said the butter was so old he couldn't eat it. Uncle Bates assured him that he had paid his good money for that butter and it had to be eaten.

A young preacher, in his first year, was stationed at Henrietta the year we went there. Henrietta was then on a circuit with three or four other churches and Mr. S. D. Stamey, the preacher, held services at Henrietta only once a month. Mr. Stamey told me he was not coming back there the second year. I had a conference with some of the Methodists and we decided we should have a full-time preacher. I got up subscriptions for almost enough to support a preacher of our own and Mr. Tanner, who was a Methodist, generously made up the balance. We decided that I would go to the Conference and ask for a good preacher of our own. Mr. Stamey came to me when he found out we were going to make arrangements of this sort, and said that it was not treating him right to talk about getting another preacher while he was there. I reminded him that he had told me positively that he was not coming back. He was not a strong enough preacher for us at that time anyway. I remember his preaching a very fervid sermon on the raising of children. He had just been married and, like most young people, thought he knew exactly the method for successful rearing children. Mrs. Tanner, who had two or three children of her own, laughed very much over this. As time for Conference came on, Mr. Stamey came into the store one day and in a more or less jocular way told me he wore thirty-six coat and thirty-two, thirty-one pants. He had been reading about preachers getting presents of suits of clothes just before Conference, but I did not catch on.

I went to Conference and the presiding elder, Dr. J. R. Brooks, said he thought the very best man in the Conference for us was a young man, H. T. Hoover. He had been preaching near Asheville and had married Miss Beulah Hoofnagle. Mr. Hoover and his wife were very fine people and no better appointment could have been made for us at that time. They could find no place to board and, as we had an extra room, we took them to board with us. We found them to be very congenial. It seems almost impossible, however, for two women to continue to live in perfect harmony in the same house. After the first year Mrs. Hoover and Emma grated a little on each other so the Hoovers found a house to rent and went to housekeeping themselves. I did not know as much about women then as now and was perfectly amazed to find that, as soon as the ladies had separated, they were much closer and better friends than ever before. We were very close together and were often at each other's houses. Mr. Hoover had a very successful pastorate with us.

I stayed in the grocery department about six months and was then transferred to the managership of the dry goods and hardware departments. These departments had not been making any money and the manager had left me a whole lot of old, shopworn goods as a heritage. I have noticed since, that whenever a new manager comes in, invariably he finds that the stock of goods left by his predecessor is all wrong.

When I went to Baltimore for this new concern, I told R. M. Sutton & Company that I wanted to give them my business, but that I would have to have close prices. They said that Mr. Hopkins would have to have his commission as they knew I was a good friend of his. I told them I did not care whether Mr. Hopkins figured in it at all and they then took me as a house customer and gave me five percent extra discount on all that I bought. I made a good many friends in the different departments of the house and gave them a great deal of business.

Emma went with me to Baltimore and New York several times before the babies came. She always enjoyed these trips and I was glad to have her along. At one time when in New York I was sick with malarial fever. I was so weak I found I could not do the buying and went to see a doctor in Brooklyn who was the physician for one of the salesmen from whom I bought goods. This doctor told me that I was in for a good case of sickness and that I had better get back home. I went back to my boarding place in New York and decided that I would tough it out. I felt that I did not want the store to have the expense of an extra trip and we needed the merchandise. I went to bed and called the doctor recommended by the boarding house lady. He came in and looked very solemn and told me that I should not attempt to go home by any means. He told me he had a patient sometime before in that very house, who was taken much like me and he had insisted on going home but the doctor heard later that the poor man had died. I felt he was trying to keep me there in order to get pay for visits, so I paid him and told him I would send for him if I needed him again. I was afraid to take his medicine, thinking that it might make me worse. In a day or two I felt much better and did not seem to have a temperature. I had not been eating anything much. My new doctor asked me what I was eating and I told him nothing except milk and toast. He said I had better leave off the toast. When I got up, I went over to Brooklyn to see my other doctor. He was much surprised and said he thought I had gone back home and that I had looked like a sick man. He said I had no temperature now, and when I asked him what I should eat he said, "Eat anything you want." I stopped at the first restaurant and filled up. Although I was weak, I managed to finish my buying and we then went home. The ride on the train stirred up my malaria again and by the time I reached home, I was sicker than ever. Dr. T. B. Lovelace, our physician, put me to bed and kept me there about ten days. After that, I was all right again. Dr. Lovelace was a neighbor of ours and one of the best general physicians I ever knew. He had an arrangement by which he would attend to any of the families at the mill at the rate of sixty cents per month. This would be taken out of their pay envelopes at the mill office so that he got his pay whether they were sick or not. He made his rounds every morning and anyone on his list could call him in and he would prescribe without any additional pay. This, I understand, is the Chinese method. They pay their doctors to keep them well, which seems to be a sensible idea.

Soon after I got to Henrietta, Mr. Walter Brem of Charlotte came in and told me that I ought to have some life insurance. I agreed with him and I expect it was one of the easiest sales he ever made. I took out $2,000 in the Equitable Insurance Society of New York and felt better that Emma had this much protection. This policy has been paid up for over ten years and I am now getting a dividend every year with no premiums to pay. In a year or two, I took out another policy of $1,000 with the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company. This agent divided his commission with me, which practice is now, I understand, against the law.

When Mr. Hoover left Henrietta he was sent to the Brevard Street Church of Charlotte. When the Mutual Insurance agent sold a policy to me, I told him to see Mr. H. T. Hoover in Charlotte and get him to take some insurance, for I knew that he did not carry any. He went down very soon and convinced Mr. Hoover that he should have $2,000 of insurance, but as Mr. Hoover was very busy that day, he told him he would take his examination in a few days. Before he had an opportunity to have the examination, he was stricken with typhoid fever and died. The $2,000 which his wife would have received would have helped out considerably, as she was left nothing and had to go to work.

I introduced some new sales features into the store at Henrietta. I bought a lot of bargains in the way of tinware, glass, hosiery, etc., made counters out by the side of the store, and on Saturday filled these counters with five and ten cent goods. This drew big crowds and was quite a success.

We had a millinery department here but it was always run at a loss. The mill people did not spend very much on hats. The men spent more on their attire than did the women. The young men made good salaries weaving, and would buy good clothes, good hats, good shoes, better than I had been accustomed to selling. Mr. John Manley, the boss of the weaving room, was quite a fancy dresser himself. He was one of the stewards of the church and, while we were making a canvass for funds, he would call his men into the office and successfully raise a large amount. They were afraid they would lose his favor if they failed to subscribe.

Years later, in our store at Charlotte, I called to my office a young lady who had come with us a short time before. I learned she was a Methodist, but her membership was still in Greensboro. I suggested to her that she get her church letter and put it in The First Methodist Church. She was so relieved when she found out that I wasn't going to discharge her that she consented at once to my suggestion.

Mr. Manley was much disgusted one day. He came into the store and said one of his Masonic brothers had gotten sick and he and some more Masons had left $20 with the wife to buy needed supplies. Most of these people lived from hand to mouth and never saved for a rainy day. Mr. Manley went back next morning and, to his great disgust, found the ignorant wife had spent most of the money for a wagon load of cabbage and was making it into sauerkraut.

Soon after I went to Henrietta there was great excitement one night when we found one of the cotton warehouses was on fire. The whole population gathered and tried their best to put out the fire, without success. The burning bales were taken out as fast as possible and at last the fire was extinguished. The insurance company sold the damaged cotton through a salvage concern and for weeks the air was filled with odor of burned cotton as they separated the good cotton from the scorched.

We had a quartette in the church composed of Emma, who had a beautiful soprano voice, Mrs. Hoover, who sang alto, myself tenor and George bass. We had one anthem which we thought a great deal of, but one Sunday we could not sing together and made a miserable mess of it. One of the stewards, who was very frank, came to me and suggested that we should not try to sing that any more.

About that time the Holiness fever was all over the country. A Mr. Quattlebaum pitched his tent not far from our house and commenced a Holiness campaign. The Reverend L. L. Picket of Columbia, S. C., helped him a little while. Mr. Picket was a very devout Christian and a fine preacher. I enjoyed hearing him, but Mr. Quattlebaum was an ignorant man who could not even find where the books were in the Bible. He was intemperate in a good many of his utterances and I did not get much out of his meetings. Some years later another Holiness crowd held a meeting in the common hall at Caroleen, which was a cotton mill village about two miles from Henrietta and was owned by the same company. They asked Mr. Bowles, the pastor, to co-operate, more as an act of courtesy than anything else, for they really did not want to be bothered with him. Mr. Bowles wanted to look after his members. At the close of the meeting the evangelist asked Mr. Bowles to stand on one side and he would stand on the other, and all who wanted to join the church to come up and give their hands to the one whose church they wanted to join. Mr. Bowles asked if he couldn't make a statement to which the other man had to consent. Mr. Bowles then said that the Methodists had always believed in Holiness, John Wesley had taught it, and, if they wanted Holiness, they could get it at the Methodist Church as well as elsewhere. As a consequence most of the people gave their hands to Mr. Bowles and the poor evangelist had only one or two to join his church.

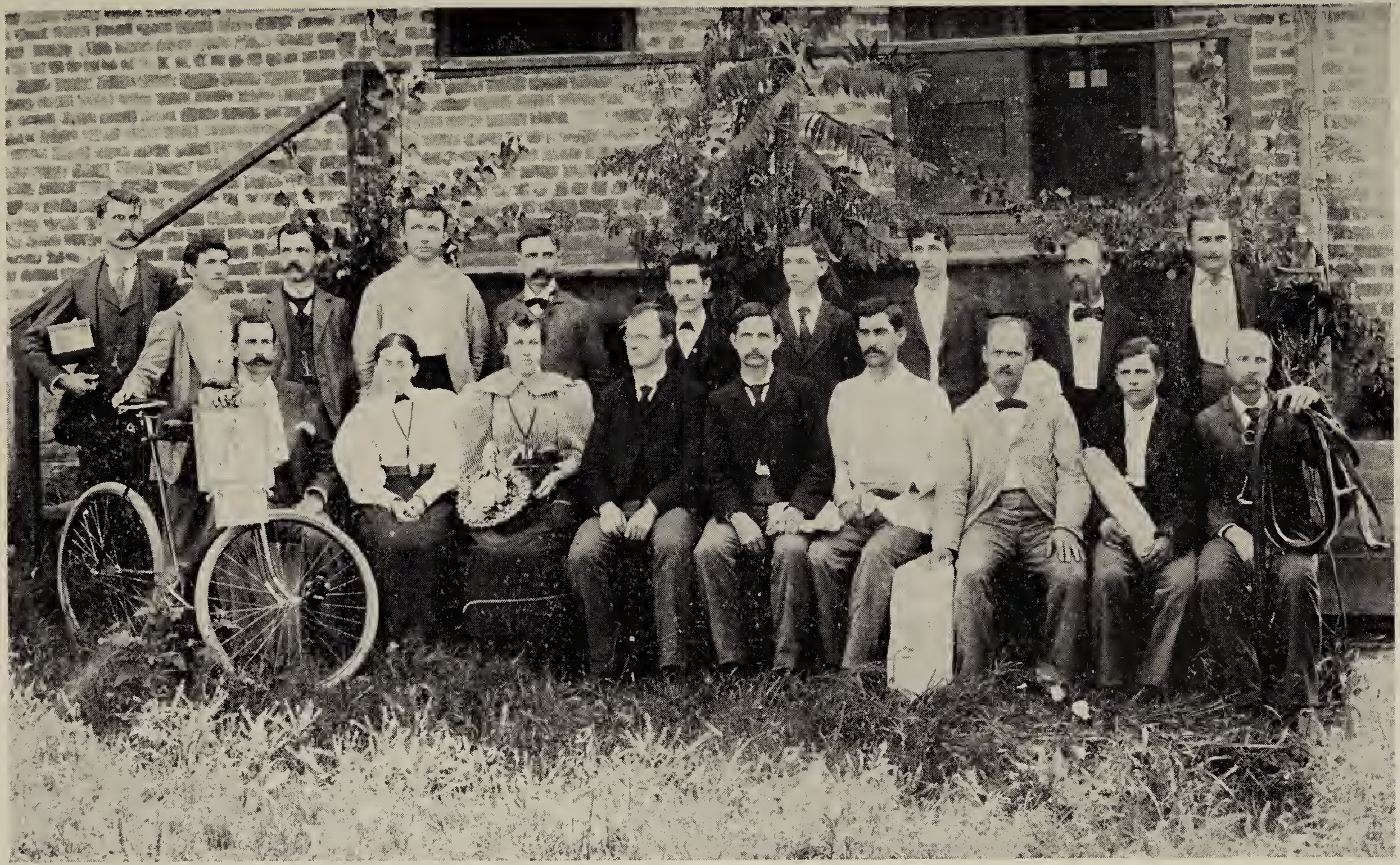
About 1895 there was a panic in the market and business became very bad. Everybody was afraid to spend a nickle more than necessary and our business in the store was almost gone. I called together our clerks and suggested that as business was so bad we would agree to take a reduction of twenty-five percent on our salaries until after the crisis had passed. They consented rather grudgingly and for a month or two, on our own suggestion, we received twenty-five percent less salary. I was disappointed in one of the clerks who had seemed to be enthusiastic about the plan but when he saw it was going through, told me he would have to go back to Rock Hill as he could not accept the reduction. When he came back from Rock Hill, where he was unsuccessful in getting a job, he was more chastened and decided to accept the reduction.

While George was boarding with us there was an Exposition being held at Atlanta, Georgia. The rates were very low and George and I decided to go. Emma could not leave home at that time. George was working for almost nothing, learning the business, and I did not have any extra money so we decided that we would make a record in a cheap trip. We did not take a sleeper going or coming. We stopped at a private house and paid, I think, thirty-five cents each for lodging and breakfast. Out at the Exposition Grounds we got dinner and supper and usually paid but ten cents for each of these meals. We would go to a hot-cake stand and for ten cents get a big plate of hot cakes with butter and syrup. It was not much of an Exposition. The Government exhibits was very good but that was about the only thing that was worthwhile. There was a midway but no exhibit that was really interesting. I saw here, for the first time, acetylene gas, which was a new product then.

Mr. D. L. Moody was holding a meeting at that time in Atlanta. They had built a big tabernacle for him and it was filled every night. George and I decided to go and hear him but during the day we got separated in the Exposition Grounds. That night, at the Moody tabernacle, Mr. Moody stopped his preaching and, in an annoyed voice, said, "Somebody wake up that man over there; I can't preach when folks are sleeping." George said he was seated in another part of the tabernacle and was sure Mr. Moody was talking about me. For one time, however, I was wide-awake. It was the only time I ever heard Mr. Moody.

About 1893 I got my first bicycle. I was intensely interested and have never been so elated over the possession of a fine car as I was over this bicycle. I learned to ride at Little Joe Weisenfeld's Riding School in Baltimore and when I came home and found myself gliding through the air as if I were flying, the exhilaration was immense. The roads were terrible and bicycle riding was more or less bumpy but I enjoyed it just the same. One time Emma was visiting her family at Belwood and I decided to ride over on Saturday on my bicycle to spend Sunday with her. It was about twenty miles over rough country roads and I was thoroughly tired out before getting there. Night came on me and I walked the last five miles leading my bike. That gave me enough of bicycle riding for some time and I managed to find a way to ride back in a hack with the bicycle in the rear.

We took the agency for the Columbia bicycle and I went up to Hartford, Connecticut, to visit the works where they were made. As I left the station to go up to the factory, I passed a beautiful Y. M. C. A. building and noticed that there



PICTURE TAKEN AT THE COMPANY STORE AT HENRIETTA, N. C., ABOUT 1895
Standing from left—Seaton Greene, Ed. Carpenter, D. B. Johnson, J. O. Bell, Mr. Pool, Will Pierson, Ernest Carpenter, Forest Hamrick, Mr. Baber, Mr. Brown (Insurance Agent). Seated from left—C. R. Simmons, Miss Annie Wren, Miss Kate Simmons, J. B. Ivey, F. B. Gaffney, Z. O. Jenkins, John W. Haynes, Tom Mallard, Frank Logan

was a restaurant in the basement and decided that would be a good place to get lunch. I didn't remember that I ever had a more disappointing lunch. The soup was cold, the crackers musty, the meat too tough to eat and even the dessert was not good. After unsuccessfully trying to eat this meal I went to the cashier to pay my bill and saw a large card, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches, with this inscription, "Each Guest Is Entitled to One Tooth Pick Free, Take One." I have enjoyed telling this incident to Yankee drummers who complain about Southern hotels.

While I was at Hartford on this trip, which was about 1896, I saw what was said to be the first automobile, or horseless carriage, as it was then called, that was built in the United States. The Pope Manufacturing Company had built it and it was a curious looking vehicle. I did not see it running, as Mr. Pope, the builder, was not there that day.

I think it was on this trip that Mr. Tanner, who was in New York at the same time, went with me to hear a gramophone demonstration. He was much taken with it and so was I. It was the first time I had ever seen anything of the kind. We bought one of the instruments and it was a great novelty at the store. We would demonstrate it hundreds of times.

Mr. J. S. Spencer was the father-in-law of Mr. Tanner and spent much of his time at the mill. He was a successful banker at Charlotte. Mr. Spencer was a very kind friend to me and later I will tell how much he befriended me.

Mr. Tanner was very systematic in his business. He believed in having all of the latest systems. He put in the Lamson Cash System soon after I went there. Each clerk used sales checks so we could tell how much business he did.

The first summer we were at Henrietta, Emma and I heard about Chimney Rock. This was about forty miles from Henrietta and we took a trip there and to Asheville. We hired a livery stable rig which took us up there and stopped at Logan's, the only boarding house in Chimney Rock. I remember the chairs in our room had been freshly varnished with a poor varnish which would not dry. When we sat down on the chairs and started to get up, the chairs were likely to go with us. We spread newspapers all over the chairs and I think they must have had a time getting them off, if they ever did. Those were the stickiest chairs I ever saw.

We went down to see the Bottomless Pools. They are three round water holes in a creek near there. One of them was said to be forty feet deep and in the other one they never had found any bottom. I got a long string and thought I found bottom in about twenty feet of this so-called "bottomless pool." There was no regular trail to the top of Chimney Rock so we hired a guide to show us the way. He had made some rude ladders to climb up the rock and we had a magnificent view when we reached the top.

It was very warm at the boarding house, as the elevation there is only about twelve hundred feet. Mr. D. H. Jenkins, one of our neighbors at Henrietta who had a good deal of stock in the mill, was at Chimney Rock on his way to Asheville. He offered to take us to Asheville for a very small sum as he was going anyway. This was our first trip over Hickory Nut Gap and it took us all day to go over the rough road to Asheville. This trip can now be made in less than an hour. Mr. Jenkins drove us around Asheville, which was a very small village at that time. There were quite a number of visitors, for it was already becoming known as a summer resort. I am not sure if the Battery Park Hotel was built at that time, but think it was. We went back on the train by way of Marion and had a nice second honeymoon trip.

Cousin Bessie Hoyle applied for a place in the school at Henrietta and I helped her obtain it. Boarding places were very scarce so we came to the rescue and she boarded at our house. Another teacher, a beautiful young lady, Miss Minnie McKeever, who later married State Senator Brown, was her roommate. They were bright, lively girls and we enjoyed having them.

About this time Mr. J. H. Little, a young man from Charlotte, accepted a position in the office at the mills. He was a more or less frequent visitor at our house as he was apparently interested in Miss Minnie. We invited him over frequently while they were there. Colonel Haywood of Raleigh was another visitor to the girls.

Cousin Luna Neal was a teacher at another time at Henrietta and boarded with us. Ours seemed to be a regular boarding house, but we did it only to keep our friends from having to go to places like Uncle Bates'.

After we had been at Henrietta about two years, a little baby came to our house, but it was prematurely born and did not live. This was a source of great sorrow to Emma and me as we had been looking forward with great hopes to the arrival of the little one.

It was on August 14th, 1896, that George was born. He was a great baby in our sight and a good baby too. I remember one day Mr. Little was taking dinner with us and I had the baby. When dinner was called, as we had no nurse except the cook, I laid George down on the bed. Mr. Little asked if we left him that way; but when he was that age he could be left by himself and did not cry. Mattie, a good colored woman, was our cook at that time. She thought the world of George and gave him as much attention as if he had been her own child.

On September 23, 1897, Virginia was born. Mattie then had the care of George almost all the time. He could just walk, making his first steps by himself the day Virginia came. These two children were a great pleasure to us and we did not think so much of moving around.

We did make a trip one time to Lenoir to see my parents, with the two children, which was more or less of an event. The only way we could make connection at Lincolnton, where we changed trains, was to leave Henrietta on a freight train which carried a passenger coach, at one o'clock in the morning. Both of the children were asleep and we made beds for them on seats turned together and they slept all right until we got to Lincolnton. We did not get along so well, as the freight train would stop at every station and we got many bumps. We got breakfast at Lincolnton and went on to Lenoir where Father and Mother were living at that time.

Virginia was not quite as good a baby about being left alone as George was. We took a trip to Hibriten Mountain one afternoon while on a visit to Lenoir and left Virginia with her grandfather. When we got back he reported that she had cried the whole time since we had left. George had a good time with us on the trip. He had learned a few words and every time he saw a horse he would point to it with great excitement, saying, "Orse, orse." This was his first trip to a mountain.

While Father was stationed at Rutherfordton, they came down to see us at Henrietta and I also could ride up there on my bicycle. I remember one time surprising them by riding up there early in the morning and taking breakfast with them. While Father was there he had cataracts growing on his eyes and was almost blind. He should not have tried going around the country to his churches, but he never would give up. This was his second time at Rutherfordton and it was the only place he ever stayed that he did not fill out his full four years, unless he was moved at his own request. There were one or two busybodies there who thought they should have a younger preacher.

Emma was subject to bronchitis. Her mother died early in life with something of the kind and she was always afraid she had inherited tuberculosis. I took her to Baltimore to a doctor recommended by Brother Will. He made a thorough examination and said that there was nothing whatever the matter with her lungs. This cheered us both up very much but, every few years, after having a bad case of bronchitis, she would be alarmed about her lungs and we had them examined a number of times to quiet her fears. There was never any indication of her being affected. She had frequent attacks of bronchitis and was more or less of an invalid. She was very brave though and had plenty of energy, did all of her own sewing and gave a good deal of attention to the kitchen. Mattie stayed with us for a number of years and was a great help. She was a good cook and loved to look after the children.

After Mr. Hoover was moved, Reverend N. R. Richardson was sent to Henrietta. He was a fair preacher and had a lovely family. Mrs. Richardson and Emma were great friends. After Mr. Richardson came Reverend J. A. Bowles. While Mr. Bowles was there the village of Caroleen was built around the new cotton mill which the Henrietta Mill Company had built. It was decided that there should be a church at Caroleen. It was a year or two before the church was built but we held services in the common hall.

A young man from Raleigh, Mr. Mosely, was employed by Mr. Tanner to take charge of the Caroleen store. He was a good talker and had impressed Mr. Tanner with his ability as a merchant. He went North and spent three weeks buying his stock. I usually did my buying in about a week and I heard rumors from the office that this man's expenses were excessive, owing to the long time he spent up there. Things did not go off well at the new store and after about a year Mr. Tanner asked me to take charge of that store also. I went back and forth from one store to the other, but after about a year I told Mr. Tanner that I thought I could make more money for him by putting in my whole time at the new store. The new store was larger, carried more stock and should have done more business. When I moved up there and gave it my whole attention it did do much better. We carried furniture and coffins at this new store. This was my first experience in this line, but I soon got so I could trim a coffin and fix it up just as a matter of course. Many a Sunday I had to work in the store after Sunday School or church for a couple of hours trimming a coffin. We kept the plain board coffins in stock and only fixed them up if we had an order, as people would want different priced linings, trimmings, etc.

Mr. Johnson, the man who was manager of the furniture department soon after I took charge of the store, went on a drunk and I had to let him go. Mr. Tanner was as particular as I was about the character of his employees.

I was superintendent of the Sunday School which met in the common hall and Mr. Tanner turned over to me the problem of what kind of amusements to allow in this hall, as both the Methodist and Baptist Churches used it as a preaching place and they did not like just any kind of a show there. To avoid trouble, Mr. Tanner put me in charge and I had my first experience as manager of the Opera House.

Regarding the amusement hall, I remember one time we had Arthur L. Butt's Panorama. There were pictures he had painted representing his idea of St. John's Revelations. Mr. Butt then lived in Charlotte and later moved to Miami, Florida, where he died in 1941.

We also had Sam Jones at this hall. He was on a lecture tour and always drew a big crowd. We guaranteed him, I think, $150. We ran a special train from Lincolnton and a good many people came from there and nearby towns. I think that we just about made expenses on the lecture. Also about 1898, the moving picture was just becoming known and we had a demonstration of it in the hall at Caroleen. It was a beautiful colored picture, mostly dancing.

When I took charge of the store at Caroleen, I felt that I could not go back and forth, so I asked Mr. Tanner to give me a house up there. He told me that I could build a house to suit myself and the company would take it off my hands at any time I wanted to vacate. There was a pretty location on a knoll near a fine cold spring and we built a five-room cottage at this place. As we had no plumbers to do the installing, I put in a hot water system myself, and connected it with our stove and also piped the house for hot and cold water. This was the first time we had a bathtub. I put in a hydraulic ram just below the spring and pumped the water to a tank on top of the house. This worked fine while we were there, though I had to go the rounds nearly every day to make some small adjustment. After I left the house, the Baptist minister had it and he, no doubt, found it too much trouble to keep the ram going, so discontinued the waterworks.

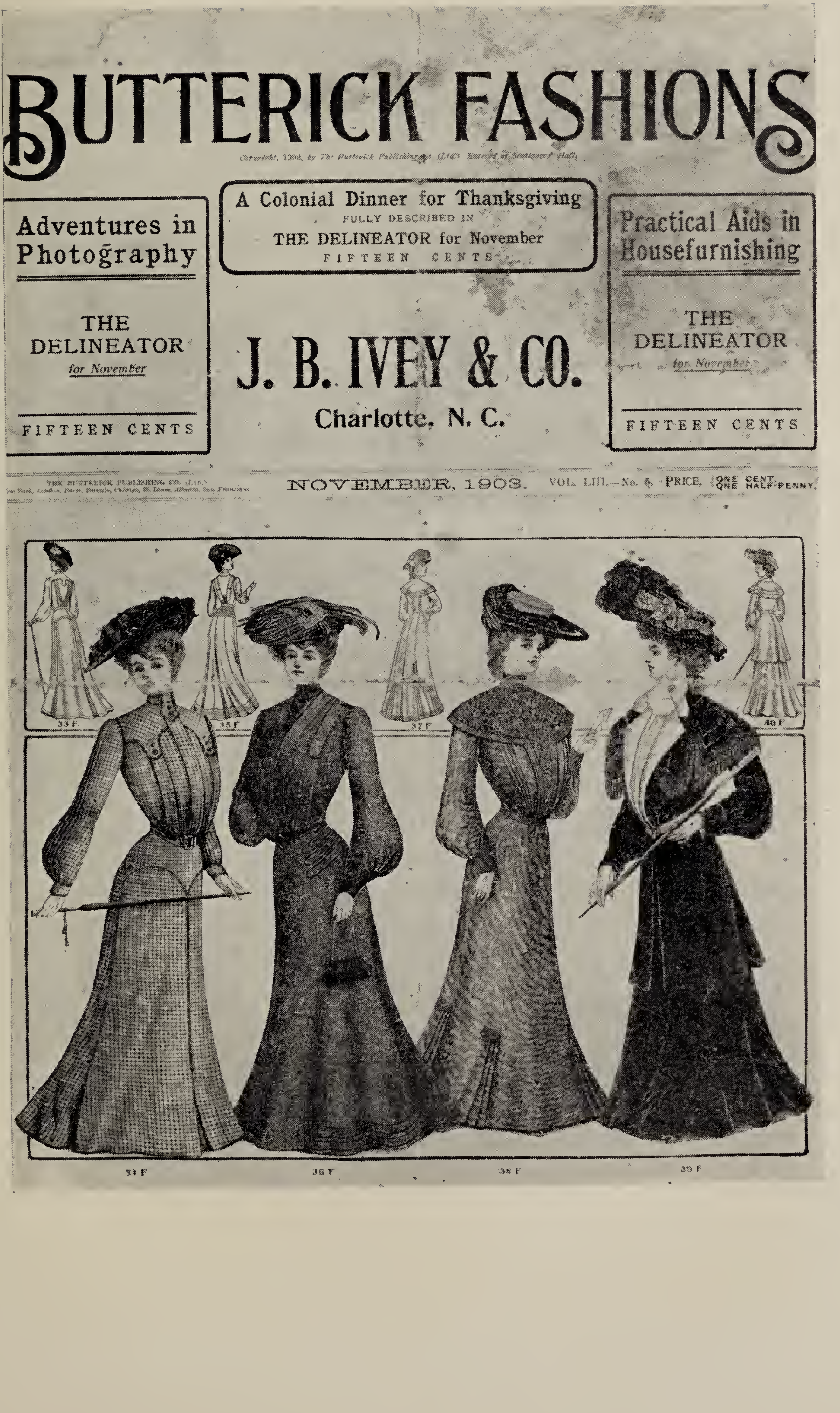
We fenced in the large yard and, as both of the children now took a good deal of looking after, we had a nurse and a cook. I was criticised by some friends who knew us at Belwood because they thought we were too stylish. As a matter of fact, I was not saving any money. I was getting a hundred dollars a month, which was a good salary at that time, but there was always something we wanted to get and when I left Caroleen to go into business, I had saved hardly five hundred dollars during the seven years I was there. Every young couple should, as soon as possible, take out shares in a building and loan, or buy something on credit to compel themselves to save.

I had borrowed money from my father and Mr. Bowles to build this house, using about $500 of my own. Cousin Bessie Hoyle secured a position at Caroleen in the school and again boarded with us. She was interested at this time in Will Rucker, who was a clerk in the Caroleen store, and later they were married.

Dr. A. M. Whisnant, a young eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, had settled at Caroleen and had a good practice. One of his patients was Hope, the daughter of Mr. J. S. Spencer and a sister of Mrs. Tanner. This acquaintance ripened into love and, in a few years, they were married. Dr. Whisnant later moved to Charlotte where he has made quite a success.

John Ledford was one of the clerks at the Caroleen store and really was the best. He was in charge of the hardware and furniture departments. John was at our house frequently, visiting Emma's sister Ella. An attachment grew up between them which later culminated in their marriage.

The cashier at the Caroleen store was a young man, Bishop Hughes, who came from Ellenboro six miles distant. On June 17th, 1941, there walked into my office a man who introduced himself as Bishop Hughes and reminded me that he was my cashier at Caroleen. At first I was confused because the name Bishop Hughes meant to me Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, an honored Bishop of the Methodist Church. This Bishop said he knew Bishop Edwin Hughes and had received some of his mail while living at San Francisco. Bishop had left Caroleen thirty-five years ago and moved to California, living most of the time in the San Joaquin Valley. He said he was in Fresno, California, when I passed through there that hot day on my way from Yosemite to Long Beach, as described in one of the articles in the Appendix. Bishop had several important positions in California and looked prosperous. I was glad to see him again and talk over the various people we knew back in the days when both of us worked in the big Caroleen store.



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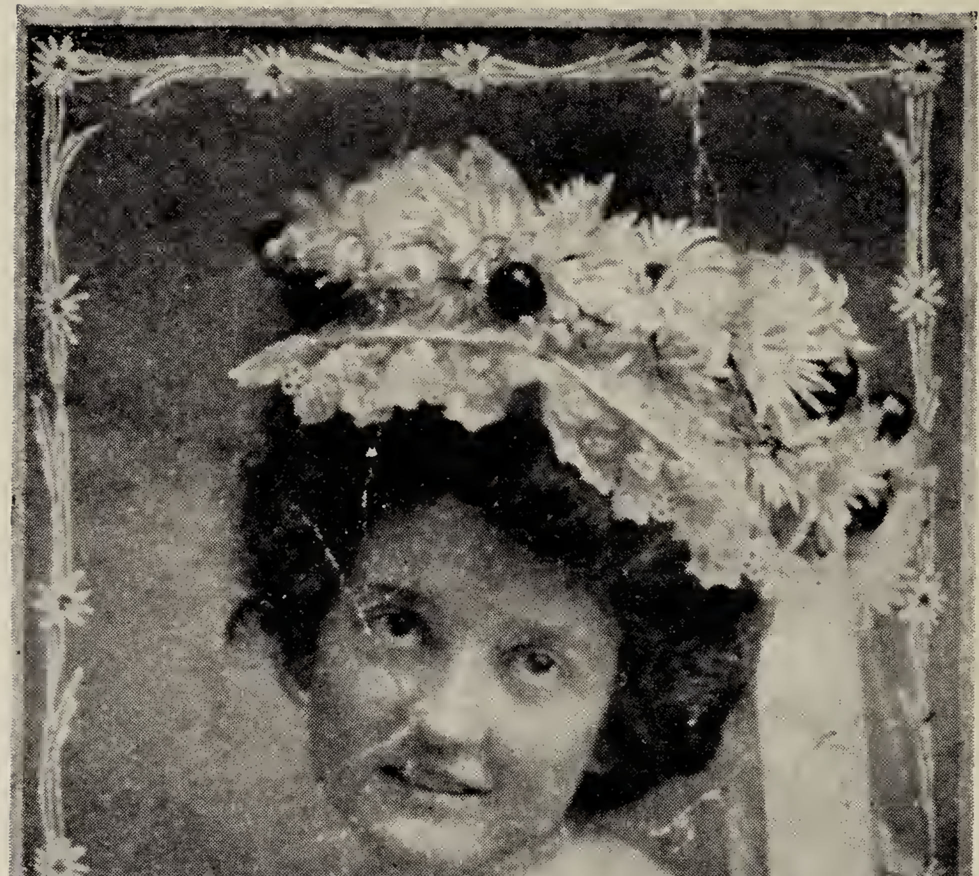

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I MOVE TO CHARLOTTE AND LAUNCH OUT FOR MYSELF

AFTER I had been at Caroleen about three years, I felt that I had gotten as far along as I could with the Caroleen store. I had a talk with Mr. Tanner and he said he did not see how they could pay any more salary. I was getting a hundred dollars a month.

I then decided that I would go into business for myself. I had two places in mind, Charlotte and Greensboro. Mr. J. A. Bowles, our pastor, was a native of Greensboro, and I asked him to go down there with me to look around. We spent the day looking over the situation, but after doing the same at Charlotte, I decided that there was a better opening in Charlotte.

There was no vacant site near the Square where all the other stores were, so I rented a small store room in the second block. This was farther out than any of the other dry goods stores but everybody said that Charlotte was getting to be so much of a city that all couldn't have a place around the Square. It is interesting to note that after forty years, that particular stand is still too far out for a dry goods store.

Belk Brothers was one of the leading stores at that time. They had been in business there about four years and had built up a large trade for cheap goods. Their chief competitor in this line was Mr. J. D. Collins. Collins had a store just below Belk Brothers and they were always fighting each other. In the summer for about two weeks Mr. Collins would leave his store, almost close it, return to the country where he was raised, go barefooted and back to nature.

Another store which was the leading one, was Tapp, Long & Company. They had bought out the Racket Store which had been run by Charles A. Williams and Mr. Hood. Tapp was an energetic merchant and rapidly built up a good business. He astonished all of the rest of the merchants by the amount of advertising he did. I think this was his forte.

Another store which sold the finest goods and was the oldest store in Charlotte was Baruch's. He had been in business for many years but he was getting careless and did not give much attention to his trade, consequently it was going down.

There were a number of other dry goods stores in Charlotte at that time, more than there are now, but all of them were small except Tapp, Long & Company, and Belk Brothers. Tapp, Long & Company occupied the store No. 13-15 on North Tryon Street and also the store on West Trade Street. These stores were connected in the rear. Across the street on West Trade was Alexander's, which had been a very successful store but, when the founder died, his son did not inherit his mercantile ability and let the business run down.

Mr. J. H. Little had been in Charlotte for several years. He only stayed at Henrietta something over a year. Mr. Little was very kind to me, helped me select my store room and looked after things for me while I was North buying my stock. Mr. Little had no object at all in thus giving his time to me, except friendship. I had no way of repaying him at that time, as he was in the cotton business and there was no trade I could give him. Later, when Mr. Little went into a small bank, I immediately changed my bank account to him. He sold out his bank and went into the Charlotte National. I followed him there and, when he organized The Independence Trust Company, I still followed him. He has always been a staunch, loyal friend and I want to record here my appreciation.

Just before I left Caroleen, Mr. Tanner called me in and suggested that he would raise my salary twenty-five dollars a month. I had already decided to make a change and told him I appreciated it, but could not accept it. I am glad he waited until later to make this offer, as I probably would have accepted it had he offered it earlier and may have still been at Henrietta.

I had Emma and the children go to her father's at Belwood while I was North buying goods and opening up the new store. I boarded at the Leland Hotel which was over our store. In a few weeks I rented a house on South Boulevard, opposite the South Graded School, and had my family come down. We had a very convenient little house and pleasant neighbors.

Ella Gantt and John Ledford had decided to get married and they had a room with us in the same house. John was a great help to me in getting started. He was a good worker and had good judgment.

We opened on February 18, 1900, and our first day's sales amounted to $33.18. This was not very encouraging but we had a number of people come and see us that day. One of my clerks was Miss Ivey Cross. She was a very good clerk and it was a coincidence that she had the same name as mine. We had one delivery boy who delivered all of the goods on a bicycle.

We had strong competition and besides, I was too far out of the business district and our business did not grow much. We had to study carefully and push the lines that the other merchants did not make a specialty. For instance, at one time brass buttons were quite the rage. I was careful to keep in a supply all of the time while the other merchants were not noticing and allowed their stock to get low. I sold enough of these buttons to pay my rent for the short time they were in vogue. My rent then was not very large. I think it was twenty-five dollars a month. At this time a particular kind of belt was the style and I had Miss Ivey Cross make these. It kept her busy supplying the demand and we sold quite a lot of them at a nice profit.

In spite of all our efforts, business was not good enough to justify our going on, and I got very much discouraged. I thought that I probably had made a mistake in coming to as large a place as Charlotte. I took a trip to Gastonia and looked it over with a view to moving my stock there. I was talking with a friend there and he suggested that I go back to Caroleen. He said he felt Mr. Tanner would be glad to have me. I was not ready though to give up. I had a talk with Mr. J. S. Spencer with whom I banked and who was always a good, loyal friend, and he agreed that the situation was not good but advised me to continue a little longer. His encouragement helped me to renew my efforts and gradually business became better. By fall I had a pretty good business and felt that I was on the upgrade. I know now though that I would have failed if I had continued at that location. I had very little capital. Brother George and I had gone in on equal terms, but he was not active in the business. We had about $1,500 between us and we borrowed $1,000, making our capital about $2,500. I had staunch friends in R. M. Sutton & Company at Baltimore. They gave me valuable advice and gave me extra dating as I needed it.

Junius Sherrill, brother-in-law of Brother Will, was living in Charlotte at that time and was in love with Miss Annie Roediger, who was clerking at Alexander's. Junius gave me the information that Mr. Alexander would sell out and I went around to see him. We made a trade, that I take his stock at ninety cents on the dollar, and he would let me have his store for the next four years. He had a good location, and I traded with him. In looking over the stock he suggested that, to save taking inventory, we come together on a lump price. I don't know why I agreed to this proposition. He knew about what he had and I had not much idea. We agreed on a price which, I am sure, was more than a hundred cents on the dollar. Still it was a good trade for me, as he might not have agreed unless I had given him his way.

We moved our stock into this store between Christmas and the New Year of 1901. We had a sale to start with and did a good business.

I then made a serious error. I did not have the money to pay Alexander and agreed to give him a mortgage on both his and my stocks to secure him for the amount which was to be paid in one year. I did not realize that this would ruin my credit. When I got to Baltimore and explained the situation to the wholesalers they had confidence in my judgment when I told them that I had a much better location and the mortgage did not hurt me with them. But when I reached New York and Philadelphia, I found my credit was entirely gone. The wholesalers had been informed that I had given this mortgage on the stock and they felt sure I was on the verge of bankruptcy. I could not buy a dollar's worth of goods on credit. One of my friends at James H. Dunham & Company suggested that I go back home and get up new capital. I did not want to do this as business was not good enough to justify other stockholders. Instead, I wrote to Mr. F. D. Alexander and told him the situation. I called his attention to the fact that he had a mortgage on everything and it was to his interest that I get new goods in order to pay him. I asked him to wire me his willingness to endorse for me for a thousand dollars' worth of goods. I was not sure that Mr. Alexander would consent to do this, so in the same mail, I wrote to Mr. J. S. Spencer explaining the situation and asking him, in case Mr. Alexander refused, if he would guarantee my purchase for five hundred dollars. I had no claim whatever on Mr. Spencer. I shall always feel very grateful to him for his kindness to a young, struggling merchant, for he wired back immediately that he would do as I requested. Mr. Alexander also consented so I did not have to use Mr. Spencer's endorsement, but I appreciated it just the same.

In our new location we increased the business and I regularly made the payments to Mr. Alexander. At the end of the year I had paid him everything, but the drain on the business was too heavy and I found that I would still have to get endorsements, as the New York houses could not forget that I had put a mortgage on the business and, in their judgment, this discounted my ability. The mortgage was now paid off but this fact did not help me in my credit right away. Mr. Alexander refused to endorse any further as he had no more interest in the business.

I now found myself in about as bad or worse situation than I was the year before. Although my business was paying I did not have enough money to buy goods for cash and had no credit to get the regular sixty days dating. When I moved to

Charlotte both my father and Emma's father were against our going. My father thought that I was getting a big salary, I had no responsibilities about capital and he felt it was very risky to go into a business of my own in a strange town. Mr. Gantt had the same opinion and neither of them was willing to help me finance the new business.

In my dilemma I had another conference with Mr. Spencer and he suggested that, if I could get endorsements, the bank would lend me $2,000 which would enable me to pay cash for my bills. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Gantt and I think he was glad of an opportunity to show his faith in me, so he signed a note with me and endorsed as long as I needed the money. I would have needed a larger loan than this had not R. M. Sutton & Company been such good friends to me. They sold me goods on credit all along and, besides, gave me good recommendations to other merchants in Baltimore. I found it necessary on account of the strong competition to buy lots of goods in New York, but it took me two or three years to get back into their confidence although I had always discounted every bill. I could not think of letting the discount go by for I would have paid from twelve to eighteen percent interest.

Soon after we began business at the new store, about six or eight months I think, George Wilson, a friend of mine, told me of a good offer as manager of a store at Cooleemee. A new mill had been put up there and they wanted a manager for the store. He thought I might like to take the place myself but I was getting along so well by this time that I felt sure I was going to make a success in Charlotte. I believed I could look after the business myself and did not need as expensive a helper as John Ledford. I was also interested in his success, so I mentioned the matter to him. He went over and investigated and made a trade with the Cooleemee people and left me about the summer of 1901.

I put in long hours at the store. I would go up before breakfast, open the store about seven o'clock and then would stay for an hour or two after the others left, frequently not getting home at night until nine or ten o'clock. I did my correspondence after the store closed, kept my books and frequently opened and marked goods at night. Emma complained to one of her friends about my being compelled to work so hard. This friend, whose business was not doing very well at that time, told her she should be thankful that I had such a good business that it required long hours.

Ella was born on May 10, 1900, the first year that we moved to Charlotte.

We put in our letters of membership at Trinity Church, which was the nearest one to us. Reverend Frank Siler was the preacher. Mr. Bivens, the superintendent of the Sunday School, was also the principal of one of the schools. In the summer time he was away and asked me to act as superintendent while he was gone. During his absence, we decided to have a picnic of some kind and I conceived the idea of having a trolley ride. The street car company had a nice large summer car and I leased this one evening for $10. We loaded up the Sunday School pupils in this car and rode all over town, having a good time. This, I am pretty sure, was the first outing of its kind in Charlotte. The trolley rides became quite popular afterwards.

After we had been at the South Boulevard home for one year, we found a home on North Poplar Street which we thought more desirable as it had a larger yard for the children to play in. We moved up there, where we lived for a year. It was all right in the summer time but it had been built very poorly and was not well arranged for winter. The pipes would freeze every cold spell and one could not be comfortable. After leaving there we went to a house in the sixth block on South Church Street which was a nice large house, well built and which we rented at a low price. While living in this house, Emma had another bad case of bronchitis which developed into pneumonia. A little child was born at this time, but did not live. Dr. Irwin, who was attending Emma, did not think that she was going to live and she was in a very desperate condition. She did get well but it took a long time to recover from this sickness and she was never as strong afterwards. We lived there about two years; then we moved to North College Street.

In the fall of 1902 while I was in New York buying goods, I got a telegram from Brother Will saying for me to come at once as father was very sick. I got on the train and came as quickly as possible, but father died November 2, 1902, before I got there. The family was living at Granite Falls, just between Hickory and Lenoir. Father had concluded that he had been preaching about long enough and was planning that year to ask for a superannuation at the next Conference. He had always expressed a desire before this to "die in the harness," as he called it, and his wish was gratified. As he was preaching one day in a church near Granite Falls he was suddenly afflicted with something like apoplexy and, though he lived a day or two, he died without saying a word.

We took his body to Lenoir, were he had lived so long and which he had loved so much and in the presence of a great crowd of his former parishioners and friends who had gathered to pay their last respects to his memory, we laid him away in the cemetery on the heights to the north of Lenoir and there he sleeps until he shall be called before his Maker whom he served so long and faithfully.

Father was so much interested in the outcome of his boys that I have wished often that he could have lived a little longer and seen me in the larger success which I attained in Charlotte. He was proud of the progress I had made and had been down to see us in the new store.

My mother wanted to have a home of her own and she had Miss Hattie Kale, a reliable white woman, who would have lived with her but it was considered best for mother to give up housekeeping and live with my Brother Will. This, I am sure, was a mistake, as she would have been much happier having a home of her own where her children could have come to see her. Of course we felt perfectly welcome at Will's and visited her often at his home, but it was not like her own home.

Soon after we moved to North College Street, Katherine was born on August 20th, 1904.

We decided not to start George to school until he was seven years old and the day he went Virginia made such a fuss that we had to let her start at the same time. They both began with Miss Sallie Bethune as their teacher. Miss Sallie was the best primary teacher in Charlotte and we were fortunate in that they were able to be in her room She took lots of interest in them and they always thought a great deal of her. They continued in the same grade for several years until George had to leave school on account of sickness, and then Virginia was a grade ahead.

I had a very good friend in Mr. W. G. Thompson, who had a shoe store next to our store on West Trade Street. He knew shoes, paid strict attention to business, and was very successful. He made one big mistake. He would not allow any of his help to learn anything about the business further than to sell shoes. As a consequence when he died the business died with him, as there was no one capable of carrying on.

At least every Saturday night I went in his store to have my shoes shined, and Mr. Thompson always came around to talk, and frequently at other times I would go in to ask his advice.

At one time when I was hard pressed to have enough money to pay water, telephone and light bills at the first of the month, I asked him to swap checks with me. He gave me a check, say for $50.00, and I gave him my check dated a week later. This is a severe test of friendship, but he consented without hesitation. I am glad to say that I didn't have to call on him often for such an accommodation.

Mr. Thompson told me one day that my business was growing and that I needed some one to come in with me and help me run the store. I have always thought that Mr. Thompson and I would have made a good team, but he was too cautious, and preferred to run his own small shoe store.

Mr. Thompson told me that he had seen a good deal of a young man by the name of Ovens who was manager of the Kress' 5 and 10c store next door to us on the west. Thompson's Shoe Store was next door to us on the east. I had a talk with Mr. Ovens and it didn't take us long to make a trade. He was to have charge of the windows, decorations, advertising and also in charge of the help. He was to get a small drawing account, and at the end of the year to receive 20% of the net profits.

Mr. David Ovens, a Canadian born in Kingston, Canada, came with me in 1904. He was a hard worker, enthusiastic and ambitious and was a great help to me. I would probably have been satisfied with a moderate business that would make something over a living, but Mr. Ovens was ambitious to make J. B. Ivey & Company a big store and the business grew rapidly under our combined efforts.

In 1905 Mr. Ovens took a trip to Canada and was married to Miss Margaret Allen of Kingston, Canada. He took us all by surprise, as he didn't tell any one that he was going to be married.

Mr. Gantt had made a trip to California and enjoyed it. In 1905 he made another trip and was returning when his train was in a wreck near Chattanooga, September 25th, and he was killed. We saw the notice in a paper and, although the initials were wrong, we were afraid he was one of those killed. We telephoned to Chattanooga where the injured were taken and found that it was Emma's father who had been killed. This was just before Katherine was born and it was very hard on Emma. I started to go out to look after the body but was assured the railroad people would give the matter every attention and they soon sent the body to Belwood. I went up to the funeral, which was the largest ever attended at Kadesh. Mr. Gantt was very popular in that country and the tragic circumstances of his death led many to come to his funeral.

Soon after this, Mr. E. M. Andrews, who owned the house in the third block on North College Street, offered to sell it to us at a very low price. It was quite a bargain and I decided to buy it. Up to that time I had found it cheaper to rent. Both of us were tired of moving every year or two and were anxious to own our home. Emma got about $2,000.00 from her father's estate and we put this into the new home.

While we were living on North College Street in the spring of 1906, Brother Will and I decided to take a trip to California. He was very fond of traveling and so was I. Emma was willing, as her brother was still living out there and she was anxious for me to go to see him. We were very much pleased with California. Abel Gantt was living then in Los Angeles and was glad to see us. We took all of the trips around the country, rode to the top of Mt. Lowe, went across to Catalina Island, took a trip to Redlands and the other orange districts. There had been no freeze that winter and the flowers were beautiful in January. We went out by the Southern Pacific and came back by the Union Pacific to Denver and from there to Kansas City and back home.

Soon after Mr. Ovens came into the business, we found we needed more room and persuaded the First National Bank to build us an addition on the lot which they owned immediately in the rear of the Alexander store which we were renting. This gave us room to expand. We enlarged our ready-to-wear and millinery departments and our business soon showed gratifying increases.

From the beginning our business had been a cash business. We did not credit anyone. After our business became larger and our ready-to-wear department had grown, we found that we could not sell to the better customers unless we sold on credit. A woman doesn't like to ask her husband for $50 cash to buy a coat or dress, but she will buy if she can have it charged and let him worry about it the first of the month when the bills come in.

Mr. Ovens and I talked to our friends about going into the credit business, but every one advised against it. "Why ask for trouble?" they would say. "Here you have a nice cash business, making money, and at night when you lock up you have your goods or your money. Why do you want to worry about bad debts?" After studying the matter for two or three years, we decided to take on the credit business.

We hired a credit man, as I hold that a merchant can't be both a salesman and a credit manager. His training is to please the public and it is hard to turn down a customer who wants to buy a good bill of goods. Furthermore, if a credit man pushes a slow customer, the customer will get mad with the credit manager, but if the head of the store makes him angry he will hold it against the store.

We started out with a strict thirty days credit. If the accounts were not settled by the 10th of the following month the account was automatically closed. After a year or two we were not so strict, as we made many good customers angry by closing their accounts when they had neglected to send in a check.

Our business expanded very fast when we sold for credit as well as cash, though we lost a few good customers who thought they had to help pay the losses of bad payers, as well as the expense of the credit department. As a matter of fact, our volume increased so that we made more money selling at the same mark up.

But most people are honest and probably 99% of them will pay their store accounts. Our losses by bad debts are less than one-fourth of one per cent of the credit sales.

Our business grew so fast that we began looking around for a location where we would have more room. Mr. D. P. Hutchinson owned a 50-foot lot at 13 North Tryon Street and we found he was willing to build a storeroom for us at a reasonable rental. In the fall of 1914, we moved into the new location. I am not superstitious about the number 13. Our number on West Trade Street was 13 and our new number on North Tryon was 13.

The new store had four stories and a basement. This gave us larger room for our ready-to-wear and we put in several new lines. We opened a dining room on the fourth floor, furnishing a full meal for 25 cents. Later when Camp Greene started up we raised the price to 35 cents, and I have seen the husky soldiers come in, order two dinners and eat both. But our 35-cent meal was enough for almost anyone's appetite.

Frank Sherrill and Fred Webber were managers of this dining room for several years, and got their training in the restaurant business with us. They conceived the idea of going into the cafeteria business, left us and spent some time working in cafeterias in Florida and California. They named their chain of restaurants S. & W. and were very successful from the start. Fred Webber sold out his interest after a few years and is now operating a successful cafeteria in Nashville, Tenn. Frank has flourishing cafeterias in Charlotte, Asheville, Raleigh, N. C., Knoxville, Chattanooga, Tenn., Roanoke, Va., Washington, D. C., and Atlanta, Georgia.

Just after we moved into the new store on North Tryon Street war was declared between Germany and the Allies. Immediately the money markets were affected and it looked as if another panic was coming. Business fell off tremendously and it seemed like we had selected a bad time to expand and increase our expenses. But after a few months the scare was over, and when Camp Greene was located at Charlotte our business increased greatly. We needed all of our room and the year's business showed a satisfactory profit.

Soon after we moved into the new store at 13 North Tryon Street the building next door occupied by Kress & Company caught fire one night and burned up. We were damaged a good deal by smoke but the fire did not get through the wall between us. But the wall looked as if it was ready to topple over and if it did our stock would be ruined. We were closed for several days after which we were assured the walls were safe and we opened up with a "Fire Sale." The insurance company had given us a fair allowance for the damaged goods and we had a very successful sale. Nothing pulls the crowds in like a fire sale.

Our new store was equipped with automatic fire sprinklers and several times the sprinklers went off and soaked the floors and some goods before the water could be cut off.

After ten years at the store on North Tryon we needed larger quarters. Mr. Hutchinson owned the storeroom next to us occupied by Kress & Company. He was willing to rent it to us but Kress had a contract that gave them the option.

We looked at a good many locations. Business was moving down South Tryon and we talked with the representatives of the George Wilson Estate, who owned the large lot on southwest corner of South Tryon and Third Streets. It was a little far down, but I think we could have made good at that location. Mr. J. H. Little was anxious for us to remain in the neighborhood of North Tryon Street, and proposed to us that his bank, The Independence Trust Company, would lend us money to build a store on the southwest corner of North Tryon and Fifth Streets. This belonged to the estate of S. Wittkowsky and had been for sale for some time. We concluded to purchase this site and build the storeroom which we now occupy. We issued preferred stock by the Ivey Realty Company, the owners of the new store. The Independence Trust Company sold the issue of $300,000 and besides lent Mr. Ovens and me other amounts on our personal notes.

For several years it was pretty tough going. Our expenses were very greatly increased, and it was freely predicted that we could last only a short time.

The preferred stock of the Ivey Realty Company came due in 1934 in the midst of the depression. We did not have the money to spare out of our business, and it looked as if the holders of the preferred stock would call for their money. It would probably have ruined us if we had had to buy all this stock. But nearly all the holders of the preferred stock were willing to exchange for new stock as they had confidence in our ability to make money in our business. We were making a profit every year but one during the depression and we weathered this possible storm and have since retired much of this preferred stock.

During 1939 we decided to add an addition of 60 feet to our building, and also to modernize the old building, spending over $400,000 additional in this work. We still own 75 feet in the rear of our store and can, when needed, build our store out to Church Street.

Emma's mother died of something like bronchitis when she was comparatively a young woman. Emma, as I have said before, was afraid all her life she had inherited a tendency to tuberculosis. Every time she had a cold she thought that she had tuberculosis.

One time I took her to Baltimore to a specialist recommended by my brother, Dr. W. P. Ivey. Another time I took her to a diagnostician connected with Johns Hopkins Hospital, but neither one could find any tuberculosis germs. She suffered a great deal with asthma. Whenever she caught cold, she would have a spell of asthma and sometimes it was so severe that it looked as if she couldn't live. At times nothing would relieve her but an injection of morphine. Both of us were so afraid of her acquiring the habit that we would never have a hypodermic needle in the house, but always called a physician.

At one time we tried an osteopath who thought he could relieve her by massage, but during a bad spell he admitted he couldn't relieve her and advised us to call in a regular physician. My doctor brother Will was much disgusted with our patronizing an osteopath.

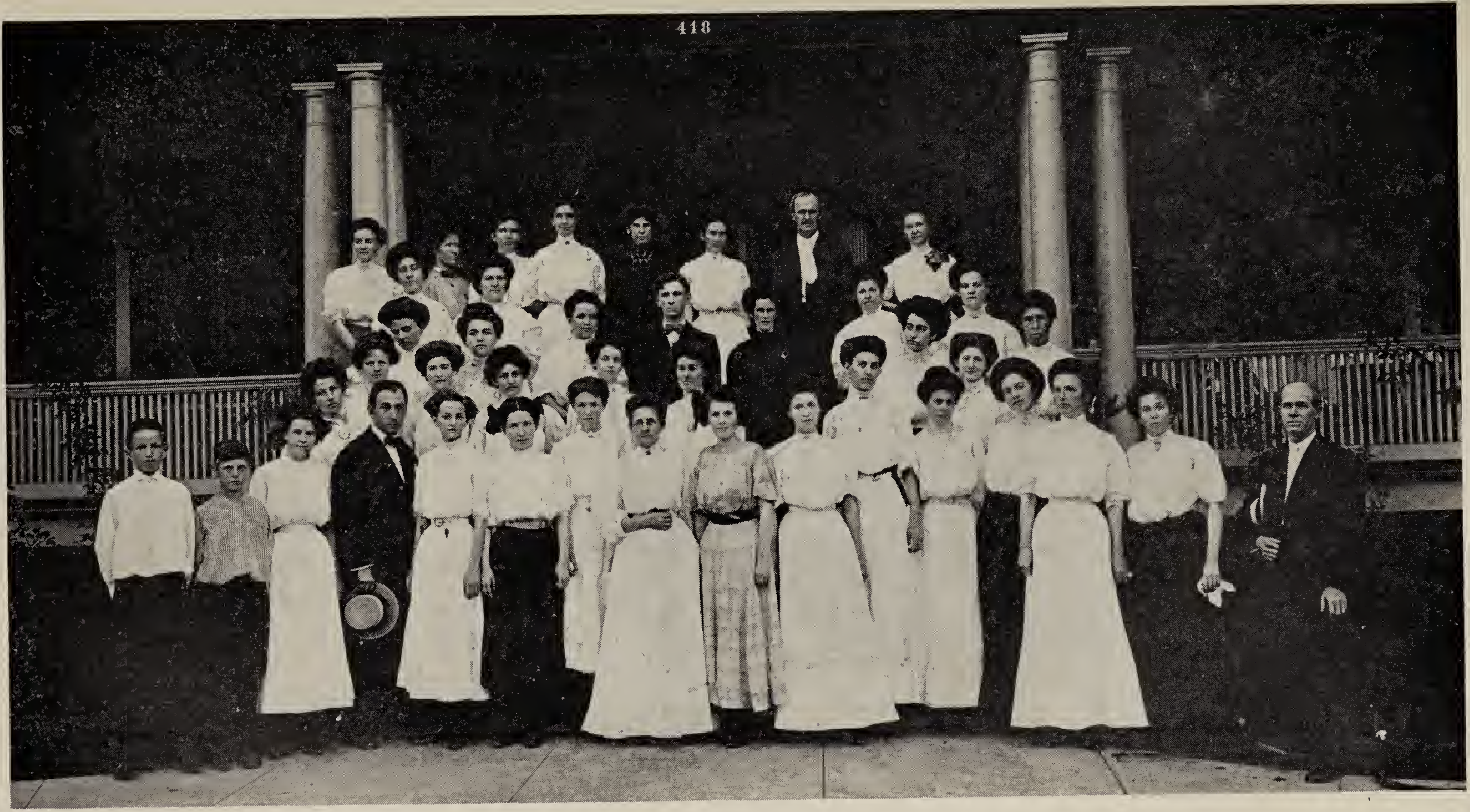
We tried a great many different places, trying to find a place that would agree with her. One time we went to Blue Ridge, the Y. M. C. A. resort near Montreat. It was so beautiful there that both of us wished she could be well enough for a stay of one or two weeks. That night she had one of her worst spells. There was a trained nurse on duty in the building, and I asked her to relieve her with morphine. She was ugly about it and refused. I think she thought Emma was an addict. I at last phoned to a doctor at Black Mountain and he told her to give the morphine.

Emma often went to New York with me. She dearly loved to travel. We always dreaded passing through the tunnel at

Baltimore as the gas and smoke gave her asthma. One time she retired early and was sleeping when we came to this tunnel. The car filled with gas and smoke and I was sure she would wake up with asthma. But to my great surprise she slept peacefully on without a trace of it.

About 1910 Emma was terribly frightened to find that she had exophthalmic goitre. She had been nervous for sometime and her eyes showed the symptoms. At that time none of the doctors in Charlotte would operate on this type of goitre. Dr. John R. Irwin advised our taking her to Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minnesota. At that time Dr. Charles Mayo had operated successfully on many cases of this type of goitre. We took the trip out there and felt very hopeful that she would be relieved. We went down every morning to the clinic for about a week, and then she went to the Catholic Hospital for the operation. I don't think I ever spent a more miserable hour while she was in the operating room. They told me later that she almost died while taking the ether and they had to work with her for some time. At last they came and told me that she was in her room. I sat up with her all night. She was very nauseated and I put ice packs on her constantly. She wanted water which was bad for her, but the doctor said to let her have ice in her mouth.

One of the Catholic sisters was very nice and attentive to her, and I will always bless her memory for her kindness to Emma that night. Emma rallied very slowly. I had been away from my business for about two weeks and as I did all the buying at that time, I was anxious to go to New York as soon as possible to make needed purchases. After four or five days the doctor told me he thought she was safe and that I might leave. I had made arrangements for Mrs. F. M. Hinson to come to Rochester and stay with Emma until she was ready to come home. I left the morning of the day Mrs. Hinson was to arrive. I left Emma with great reluctance and that trip to New York was one of the most lonely trips I ever made. I could think of nothing else but Emma lying there by herself.



PERSONNEL OF J. B. IVEY AND COMPANY IN 1906

J. B. Ivey on back row; Geo. M. Ivey, David Ovens, second and fourth from left, front row

What if she were to get worse? I had the nurse to promise to wire me as to her condition and was much relieved when I got to New York to receive a wire from Mrs. Hinson saying that Emma was getting along all right.

After about two weeks she and Mrs. Hinson came home and I was certainly glad to see her looking like an entirely new woman from the pale, weak Emma I had last seen in the hospital.

While the operation was fairly successful as to her goitre, it did not help her asthma as we had hoped. We were still on the hunt for the right climate to benefit her.

Mr. Swanzy, one of my friends at James H. Dunham & Company, told me that he spent the winters at Biloxi, Mississippi, and it was quite a health resort. About February, 1917, we made a trip to Biloxi. It was a nice place on the Gulf of Mexico and we enjoyed our stay there. We planned to come home by Mobile and Florida.

We took a freighter at Mobile bound for Tampa, Florida. It was a cold day and the boat didn't have on any heat until we sailed. Emma caught a bad cold and was in bed all the voyage to Tampa. When we got to Tampa we called in a doctor and he said she had a case of influenza. We stayed in the hotel and in a few days she was able to travel. When we reached home she was apparently much improved, and felt as well as usual.

On the night of March 12 when she retired she complained of not feeling so well. Next morning when I awoke, I looked over and noticed she did not look natural. I examined and found her unconscious but still breathing. I immediately telephoned to Dr. C. N. Peeler who lived about a block from us. I also telephoned for Dr. Irwin, our family physician. They worked with her but couldn't revive her.

Words cannot express the desolation and loneliness that overcame me when I realized that my dear wife was gone. I was stunned. I don't see how any one who is not a Christian can go through such an experience.

Ella and Katherine were at home. George and Virginia came home at once. George was at Duke University and Virginia was at Randolph-Macon College. With sad hearts we laid her away in Elmwood Cemetery.

George went back to Duke and Virginia to Randolph-Macon. My nephew, Roy Ivey, had married and was living in Charlotte. He and his wife very kindly agreed to come and live in our house. This was a good arrangement, as Roy and Lucile were both very congenial and Lucile looked after the house and us in an excellent way.

I took the whole family to Lake Junaluska that summer and we stayed at the Junaluska Inn, a new hotel situated where the Mission Building now is. The Junaluska Inn was burned the next year.

Virginia, in the kindness of her heart, decided she ought not to go back to college that fall, but she would stay and be company for me. This was a mistake, as she had nothing special to do and she was miserable most of the time. At the beginning of the next school year, she returned to Randolph-Macon College and stayed there until her graduation in 1920.

George graduated at Duke University the same year. Ella graduated at Martha Washington College in June, 1921.

During 1918 I built a cottage at Lake Junaluska. Virginia helped me select the furniture, etc. My sister, Hattie, kept house for us at Lake Junaluska and we got along very well under the circumstances.

One summer at Lake Junaluska, Mrs. Daisy Smith and her daughter, Mary Gilmer Weatherly, spent some time there. Mary Gilmer and Virginia were classmates at Randolph-Macon, and Virginia also knew her mother, who had visited there several times. We took Mrs. Smith and her daughter out on the Lake in our canoe, but I think neither one enjoyed that experience, as they were afraid of the water.

I became interested in Mrs. Smith and went down to her home in Clio, S. C., several times to see her. As I saw more of

DAISY W. IVEY AND J. B. IVEY UNDER THE CHERRY TREES, WASHINGTON, D. C. (1937)

her I fell in love with her and got her consent to marry me and become a mother to my children.

We were married on October 8, 1919, and spent our honeymoon in Atlantic City, and ever since Atlantic City has been our favorite resort. Several of my friends thought I was taking a great risk in marrying a lady with a grown child. But it worked all right. Mary Gilmer fitted nicely and has seemed as my own daughter. She and my children have been congenial and have gotten along splendidly. Daisy has made an excellent mother for my children and is loved by all of them. I was very fortunate in securing her as my wife and our life has been a happy one. She loves Lake Junaluska as much as any one of us. We both love church work and our tastes generally are the same.

MY EXPERIENCES IN CHURCH WORK

I HAVE been more or less active in Sunday schools ever since I was twelve years old. At fourteen years of age I was asked by Professor Thompson at Denver to teach the primary class in the Sunday school.

When I went to Belwood I taught a Sunday school class of boys and got a great deal of pleasure out of it. During the protracted meetings at Kadesh all of my boys professed religion and joined the church except Clarence Stamey. I talked to Clarence and prayed for him, but he did not seem to feel like joining the church. For years he was on my prayer list and I prayed for him every day. Several years after that I was rejoiced to hear that he had been converted and joined the church. Previous to that he was a good, conscientious boy, but afterwards he took an active interest in the church and as he grew older became one of the mainstays of the church at Fallston.

When I was twenty-one, after I came back to Belwood, I was elected Sunday school superintendent. I felt young for this important place, but I put my whole soul into it and I am told that we had the best country Sunday school in all that section. I give the greatest credit to my helpers. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle went to Sunday school every Sunday, both taught classes and Mrs. Hoyle played the organ and looked after the music. Lem Hoyle and Sally Nowland were very faithful and fine teachers, besides others. I had a fine secretary who took a good deal of interest in the job. His name was Doc Short. Kadesh Church, when rebuilt, had two separate rooms for Sunday school and it has been stated without contradiction that it was the first country church in North Carolina to have separate Sunday school rooms.

Before I was elected superintendent at Kadesh I heard of a good old lady who had started a mission Sunday school about two miles from Belwood. I felt that I should go up there and help her and I attended faithfully every Sunday during the summer. During the winter that Sunday school and, in fact, almost all the country Sunday schools went into winter quarters. When I became superintendent of Kadesh Sunday school I convinced my helpers that we ought to have an evergreen Sunday school, one that was open every Sunday in the year. It was hard to keep the Sunday schools going during the protracted meeting season. While revivals were being held in the nearby churches it was hard to get the teachers to attend Sunday school for they wanted to go to the "big meetings."

When I moved to Henrietta Cotton Mills, I was made teacher of a class right away and very soon I was elected superintendent of the union Sunday school. It was rather hard to get the proper loyalty, as all the different denominations worshipped there together and no denomination showed the interest it would have had the church been its own. Pretty soon we had a separate Methodist church organized and I was again elected superintendent of that school. I had a loyal set of teachers and we had a very good school.

In addition to being superintendent, I also taught the infant class. Infant class then was a broad term, as I had children from three to ten years. We had only one room that served for both church and Sunday school but I bought unbleached sheeting and strung it around the space where my children were, making a separate room. In this way I was able to keep their attention much better than if they could have seen everything going on in the room. One day I was trying to teach the lesson and observed that I had the attention of one little boy about eight years old, whose mind was usually wandering. He was watching me very closely and, as soon as I paused he said, "Mr. Ivey, can I tote cash next Saturday?" There was great competition among the small boys to get the job of errand boy in the store on Saturdays. They were paid the big price of 25c per day, but I always had a great many more applications than I could use. I wish I had traced the history of this boy, for I am sure he made a success in life, as he was so enterprising.

When we moved to Caroleen where I had charge of the store for the same company, we again had a union Sunday school and I was selected as superintendent. The members were mostly Baptist and Methodist, with the Baptists predominating. We held Sunday school in a hall over the store, which was used also for church services. Someone reported to me that one of my teachers, a pretty young lady, was not living right. I went to see her and told her this rumor. It took her by surprise and she confessed to me that she had not been living right. I suggested to her that she resign as teacher, which she did. As was my duty, I reported the matter to Mr. Tanner, the secretary and treasurer of the mill, who was very particular of the morals of the families who lived there. He reported the matter to the superintendent of the mill, who gave notice to the family that they would have to move. I have always thought that the superintendent did not treat me right because he told the head of the family that I was the one who had told him about his daughter. The father came to me and asked if I wouldn't intercede for him as he was anxious to continue to live there, and the matter his daughter was accused of was not correct. I told him she had confessed to me and he told me she had so much confidence in me that she had agreed to anything I said. They left the village soon after that, and it was a sad commentary that one of her partners in guilt was one of the main men in the mill who was not dismissed at the same time.

In the course of about two years, the Methodists and Baptists built separate churches and again I was superintendent of the Sunday school. When I moved to Charlotte in 1900, I put my letter of membership in at Trinity Church. Mr. J. H. Little had lived a while at Henrietta and was one of my teachers in the Sunday school. He recommended me to the Trinity Sunday school as a good primary teacher, so very soon I was asked to take charge of the primary class. We had a room built in the basement for the primary department and we had a nice class. A good many of the men and women around Charlotte reminded me occasionally that they were in my Sunday school class at Trinity.

When I moved to the other side of town and changed my membership to Tryon Street Church, I was elected superintendent of that school. I never had a more disappointing year in a Sunday school than I had there. These folks considered that I was an ignorant countryman from a cotton mill in the mountains and anything I said had very little weight with them. Fortunately, there was a good organization and the work went along very well without my helping it any. It was impossible for me to make any changes, many of which were needed, in this staid old Sunday school. Miss Sally Bethune was the teacher of the primary class and she was one of the best I ever knew. She had a large class, knew just how to manage it, and the Sunday school would have been a success on account of her ability and her devotion to her class. I was very glad, at the end of the year, to have a good excuse for giving up the superintendency when I moved back to Trinity Church.

When, after a couple of years, I moved again to that end of town and joined Tryon Street Church again, I was given a class of boys. I began to have these boys out to my house occasionally during the week and, in order to entertain them, I learned some magical tricks. I saw this pleased them and I was on a hunt for more tricks. This is how I started as an amateur magician.

While I was teacher of this class of boys, I had my family spend part of the summer at Cleveland Springs at Shelby. I tried to spend the week-ends with them, and had to get a supply for my Sunday school class. Mrs. Sally Hagood consented to teach my class one Sunday but the next week when I called her up and told her I was going to be out of town again and asked her if she would teach my class of boys, she replied very shortly, no, she would not do it. I never followed it up to see what the trouble was but I imagine she thought I ought to stay there and teach them myself. This was when we were holding Sunday school in the Sunday school room built during the pastorate of Dr. T. F. Marr. It was at the back of the church on the land occupied now by the Mayfair Hotel. Mr. C. W.

Tillett was teacher of the Men's Class and, during the opening exercises he frequently gave us talks which were always interesting. One summer he took a trip to Europe and he took several Sundays to tell us about his experiences over there. One thing I remember was that he liked the music in Germany, the kind of music that he could "pat his foot to."

It has always been my policy to change my church work every four or five years. I suppose I got this from my father who was changed in his pastorate every four years. After my boys had grown up, I asked to be changed and I was given the adult class of men and women which Mr. Tillett had given up. Mr. Tillett was a very fine Sunday school teacher and I dreaded following such a gifted man. I tried to change the plan of teaching so the contrast wouldn't be noticed so much. We seemed to get along very well and I was teacher of this class when we decided to build a church on Hawthorne Lane. Mr. E. A. Cole was superintendent at that time and in the new Sunday school which we organized at Hawthorne Lane Church he was again elected superintendent and I was asked to help in the primary department. We were holding our Sunday school then in the Elizabeth College until our building was ready. I had a good time with the children and enjoyed my work with them very much. I got the best help that I could find. We had a primary league of Sunday school teachers and I got a lot of help from that. Miss Sally Bethune and Miss Margaret Rankin, a very fine primary teacher of the second Presbyterian Church, were chief helpers in this primary league and I got much help from them. As may be surmised, I was the only man in the Primary Teacher's League. After a few years at Hawthorne Lane I was elected Sunday school superintendent. I spent a great deal of time in getting up what I thought were interesting programs, and in selecting teachers for the departments. I had some very fine helpers and our Sunday school grew rapidly. After my four years' service here I wanted to be changed in my work and was asked to form a class of young men of an age which had been neglected for

THE AUTHOR IN HIS DAHLIA GARDEN AT LAKE JUNALUSKA (1923)

several years. I was lucky enough to get several very enterprising members who spent a lot of time working up the class. I remember one young man especially who called up friends every Sunday morning and, in some cases he would go by their homes, make them get up and come to Sunday school.

While Dr. T. F. Marr was our pastor, he had difficulty in getting someone to form an Epworth League for the young people. We had never had an Epworth League at Hawthorne Lane. It was about time for me to change my work so I told him if he would get someone else for Sunday school superintendent, I would try to form an Epworth League. I think I had one of the happiest experiences of my life in this work. My young people were very loyal and enthusiastic and followed my suggestions. We soon had a very large, excellent Epworth League. A number of these young men and women have told me that I got them started in talking and praying in public and in doing Christian work. Each Sunday evening before time for Epworth League to meet we had a supper meeting of the officers and everybody was anxious to discuss means to make our League of still more benefit. Charlie Myers, in his blunt way, one day made a statement in the stewards' meeting that the only real Christian work being done in that church was in the Epworth League. Charlie didn't really mean that, I think, but I am sure the Epworth League at that time was a great help.

Along about that time several of us decided that we wanted to build up the Sunday evening service. I talked with Dr. Marr and told him I had several ideas in mind and, if he didn't object to them, I thought we could increase the evening attendance. He said to go ahead, so a committee of us went to work, advertised the Sunday evening meeting and asked everybody to come to a happy time at Hawthorne Lane. We had a program, always approved, of course, by Dr. Marr, but these were out of the ordinary. For instance, one Sunday evening we had a choir from one of the colored churches occupy the choir loft and give us special music. I brought the matter up in the stewards' meeting and told them I didn't want to have the responsibility of our committee in bringing this choir into the church and asked them to vote on it. A majority voted for it but I told them I was not willing to undertake it unless it was unanimous and called for a standing vote. When the matter was put up to them that way, everybody stood up. In this way I silenced any opposition that might have come. From an attendance standpoint, at least, our evening meetings were a great success. We filled the church each Sunday evening. We asked Dr. Marr to preach his best sermons at these meetings and to make them short, and he co-operated with us heartily.

I read a book by a Methodist pastor out West who had helped his attendance at prayer meeting by having a supper before hand. I got enthused and submitted the plan to our pastor at that time and he said, "Go ahead." We fixed up a kitchen in the basement, floored a dining room and served a nice meal for 35c. We called it "Family Night" and asked everybody to bring his family, have a good time and then go to prayer meeting afterwards. We soon had about our capacity, for we served an excellent meal for 35c and the church generally co-operated. While everybody did not go up to prayer meeting after the supper, still we more than doubled our average attendance. We put a good deal of work and thought into getting up interesting programs for "family nights." We aways had something special, some particular singing group, or a play, or some other interesting thing. One night Mrs. A. J. Hagood helped to put on family Portrait Album Night. She had seen it somewhere and it was a popular, successful entertainment. Different people had different plans to suggest and this was kept up successfully for a couple of years.

The Sunday school at Hawthorne Lane had grown so much that the members of the church decided we must have a new Sunday school building. The membership was enthusiastic, everybody made good subscriptions and pretty soon we had a beautiful new Sunday school building, which at that time was the best in the city. We had rooms for every department, with separate class rooms, and the Sunday school went forward fast.

Just before I left Hawthorne Lane Church to go to First Methodist Church, I had a class of older ladies. They were loyal and good attendants and I had a good time with them.

When I joined the Sunday school at First Methodist Church, I was asked to help build up the men's class. One of the best Sunday school teachers I know of, Mr. J. Wilson Smith, was teacher of this class, but none of us thought the attendance was what it should be. I suggested the plan of having a contest with Sunday schools outside of Charlotte. Mr. Clyde R. Hoey had a very fine Bible Class at Shelby and we challenged them to an attendance record. They entered the plan enthusiastically and our attendance jumped up about fifty per cent. We would telephone the attendance to each other every Sunday, and it was announced to the classes. The Shelby Sunday school got so enthusiastic that I think they must have brought in the whole county, for they would report an attendance of four to five hundred, which was more than we could meet. They beat us pretty badly. After this, I was put to work in the Young People's department and given a class of young ladies. It is the policy in this department, when young people get to be 24 years old, for them to be moved up to the Wesley Fellowship Class. In this way, I had a good many of the young ladies to go through my department, and I enjoyed my work with them. During the last two years, I have had a class of boys and girls 18 to 24. Many of these boys and girls lived outside of Charlotte and, for that reason, our attendance has been sketchy, but we have had a good attendance on the whole and I have enjoyed the work.

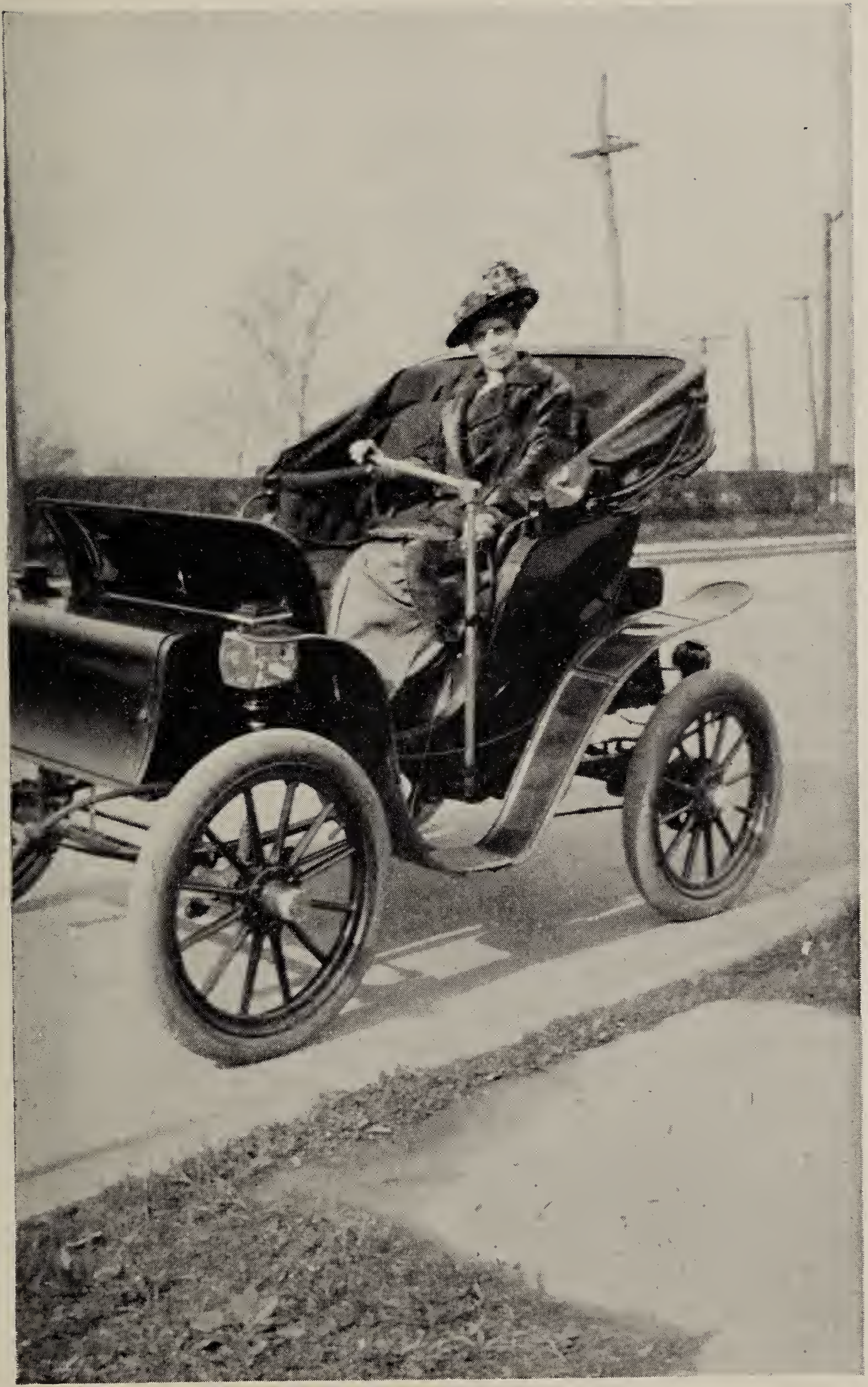
Several times I have told the pastor and superintendent that I didn't want to overstay my welcome in the Sunday school and whenever they thought that I could do better work somewhere else, to tell me so plainly, as I was not sensitive and would take no offense, but so far they have assured me that I was doing good work and that I was needed in the department.

ABOUT AUTOMOBILES

ABOUT 1905 I bought my first automobile. I was in New York and saw cars moving around so smoothly on the paved streets that I decided to go into a second-hand place and, if I could pick up a bargain, buy one myself. The garage sold me a one-seated steamer car. The boiler was situated under the seat and the steam was made by a kerosene burner. As there was not much control over the steam, someone facetiously said that, "It was a toss-up when you got going whether you'd go forward or upward." But it took so much steam to make the machine go, that instead of having too much steam we never had enough. It would go two or three miles and then you would have to stop to get up steam again. Being a second-hand machine, and not a very good one at that, it was continually getting out of fix and we never made a trip of more than two or three miles before something would go wrong and, if we couldn't fix it, we would have to have it towed in. It was a great experience riding along without a horse in front but I got discouraged with the continual breakdowns and sold the machine for about $50, I think. I had bought it for about $150 in New York.

Osmond L. Barringer, who was one of the original automobile dealers of Charlotte, said it was a great pity that I had bought this old machine, for now I was so disgusted that I wouldn't buy a good one. Osmond was the owner of the first machine in Charlotte, and everybody rushed to the door to see it go by. You could hear it coming for two or three blocks. Osmond was accused of being a speed king and he was arrested several times for breaking the speed limit, which was about 20 miles an hour at that time, as I recall.

As there were few machines in use, there was considerable prejudice against them. The farmers especially were very much opposed to automobiles traveling the public roads as they frightened their horses and a great many runaways were caused



EMMA GANTT IVEY IN HER ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE (1912)

by the new-fangled vehicles coming down the road and frightening the horses and mules.

The Legislature passed a law that automobiles must stop when they met a team that seemed to be frightened and wait until the team got by. If the farmer requested it, the owner of the machine must get out and help him to lead the team by the contraption. The roads were not suitable for automobiles as none of them was paved. In the winter there was so much mud that there was danger of sliding off the road, and in the summertime it was so dusty that you were covered with dust when you returned from a trip. The men wore dusters and the women also some sort of a duster with their large hats tied down over their faces with long veils, in an attempt to keep out some of the dust. There were no tops for the first machines and no windshields, so you had the full benefit of the breezes. When tourists came to town they first went into the hotel and called for a bathroom as no one was presentable after a trip of even a few miles in the dust. It took a good many years for the automobiles to overcome the prejudices of the people who could not, or did not, own them. The change in sentiment took place when the good roads came. When the roads were paved, the farmers saw the advantage in having automobiles and, when they commenced to buy them, then everybody gradually came over to the point of wanting an automobile.

Mr. C. W. Tillett had the first electric automobile in town and his friends were very much delighted when he would invite a party to go out riding with him. His had two seats and could carry four or five passengers. You had to climb up to the seats, which were built up high, almost as high as Wadsworth's Tally-ho. Everyone marveled one day when Mr. Tillett drove his machine out to the Catawba River to a picnic which the Tryon Street Methodist Sunday school was giving. To travel as far as twelve miles and back in an electric was a feat in those days. My brother, Will, had one of the first automobiles in Lenoir. It was a Lambeth with friction drive, and he had a great deal of pleasure driving it around. Brother Eugene, who owned a power plant which supplied light and power for Lenoir, also bought a small automobile, a Metz, also with friction drive.

About the only road out of Lenoir which was suitable for driving was the road to Blowing Rock. This was macadamized and kept by a company who charged toll. The first time I was in Lenoir, after Eugene got his automobile, he took me to ride and we got to the first toll gate near Patterson. He then informed me that it was the custom to give friends a ride as far as the toll gate and then, if they wanted to ride any farther, a guest was expected to pay the toll. I paid the toll and we went as far as Patterson.

He then drove us down to Lower Creek on the road to Hickory. On our way back, just as we entered the town, something gave way about the machine. Gene got out to tinker with it, but somehow couldn't get it to go. I suggested to Emma, who was with me, that we get out and walk back home, as we were only about a half mile from Brother Will's, where we were visiting. In the course of about an hour Gene brought his machine in, having found the trouble.

The tires were a great problem in those days. I don't know any part of the automobile which has made such an improvement as tires. It was an exception if a car went over twenty-five miles without having a puncture. Everyone carried a vulcanizing machine with him, and when he had a puncture, he drew up to the side of the road, took the tire off and vulcanized it right there. No one seemed to think of the idea of having a spare. As the structure of the tires improved, some manufacturer conceived the bright idea of guaranteeing the tires for 3,500 miles. This was considered long life for a tire. The tires were made so poorly that they wore out very quickly and this manufacturer did not have to make many tires good as they always wrote back to their agent some excuse such as, "The tire wore out, owing to excessive use of brakes."

I bought a set of tires from a company which was guaranteeing them. When one of them wore out at about a thousand miles, I took it back to them, they sent it off to the manufacturer and he said the cause was "excessive use of brakes," but they would supply a new one for a concession in price. This was a back tire and I did not make any fuss about it. A short time after this, one of the front tires gave out and the examiner made the same criticism, that it was worn out by "excessive use of brakes." As the front wheels, in those days, did not have any brakes, it could not have been worn out by "excessive use of brakes." After that I did not place much credence in guaranteed tires.

About 1908 the dealer for Maxwell cars talked me into the idea of buying a Maxwell for delivery purposes. I had to hire a chauffeur, Joe Williamson, who understood repairs and, while the machine was new, it did fairly well. Naturally, it was much more expensive than our method of hiring a Negro boy for about $5 a week to deliver packages on the bicycle. We kept the Maxwell car at our home on Central Avenue and in the morning before breakfast I would take the children to ride. Virginia especially loved this and one morning I was surprised to find her willing to sit in the back of the car, on the floor, to take a ride. Her mother and I occupied the only seats in the car.

As business got better and I felt I could afford a car, I bought a Rambler. It was a nice looking car and, when I drove it up to the front of the store, Mr. Ovens came out to look at it and said, "That's a nice car but little Katherine will soon have it all scratched up kicking her heels against that pretty varnish." Katherine was about four years old at that time. We had some good rides in this car. We explored every macadamized road going out of Charlotte. The newest and best road, at that time, was the one out toward Rozzelle's Ferry and we made a good many trips out there in our Rambler. I think we have a kodak picture of the family in the Rambler on the bridge at Rozzelle's Ferry.

Soon after we got the Rambler, we made a trip in it to Belwood. It produced a great commotion up there, for many of those people had never seen an automobile. On our way back we saw a farmer, about a quarter of a mile off the road, who had heard the machine coming and had unhitched his horse from the plow and was holding on to him desperately, for both of them were afraid of this new contraption. It took us about half a day to make the trip up there, as part of the road was unpaved and we had a hard time keeping out of the ruts. I don't think we had more than two or three punctures on this trip. We made several trips to Statesville in this car, as my mother was then living with Emma and we all went up frequently to spend the day with her. As I recollect, it was hard to get Mother to ride in the car but we did get her out several times. On one of our trips to Statesville, we found that the gasoline was leaking. On examination we found that the tank, under the front seat had sprung a leak and the gasoline was running away. One of the children had some chewing gum, so we took this and stopped up the hole until we got to Statesville where we got it fixed.

On one of these trips to Statesville, our machine got stalled right on the railroad track. I hurried everybody out of the car as quickly as possible, in case a train should come along, and in time got the car off the track before a train did come. At that time, the dirt road crossed the railroad track to Statesville about seven times, now the only grade crossing is at Mooresville.

On one of our trips on the road to Gastonia, as we came back, Ella wanted to take the wheel. She was only about eight years old at that time but, as I was sitting by her, I was virtually driving. As we came to a grade crossing not far from the river, I saw the train coming. All of us were startled and Emma and the children got to screaming but Ella had her mind on the road and went right on, fortunately missing the train by a very close shave. When the car stopped on the other side, we were all exhausted. I was so startled that I did not try to take the wheel. If I had been driving, I probably would have instinctively put on the brake and probably would have stalled right on the track. I know the engineer was "scared out of his skin" for it looked as if he was going to hit us.

All of us well remember the first trip to Lake Junaluska in our car. We thought it would be a little too hard for Emma so we had her and Katherine go on the train. The rest of us started early in the morning, and when we got to Rutherfordton we found we had to detour, as they were working on the road by Chimney Rock. We detoured by way of Tryon. Soon after we left Rutherfordton, we started to cross a creek where we stalled right in the midst of the stream. We worked for about an hour trying to get out. The day was very warm, the sun was hot, and when we did finally get to the other side, I was all exhausted and almost had a fainting spell. George, Virginia and Ella had me lie down. They got some water in the tin can we carried along to supply water for the radiator, sprinkled my face and soon I was all right again. We had our usual number of punctures and it was a long, hard pull up the mountains. When we approached Hendersonville we found that several miles of the road had been piled with sand to the depth of about six inches, which made the traveling very hard. We got to Hendersonville about dark and thought it unwise to try to make Waynesville that night. I went to a telephone and called the Methodist preacher at Waynesville, Reverend M. F. Moores, and asked him if he wouldn't find Emma and tell her that we were spending the night at Hendersonville. This is the only time I ever spent a night at Hendersonville and I found it a very hot, uncomfortable night. The next day we got to Waynesville after a long trip. It had taken us about a day and a half to go from Charlotte to Waynesville. There was very little of the road paved between Charlotte and Asheville and, being in a prophetic mood one day, I told my children that sometime in their lives, after I was gone, the road would be paved all the way from Charlotte to Lake Junaluska. This was too visionary a tale for them to take in.

About 1917 I felt very flush and paid $4,500 for a Packard car. This had a wide front seat, back seat and jump seats. We would pile in the whole family, including Aunt Ella's family, making about ten, Emma and Kat having to sit on the floor.

Up to about 1916, the cars had to be cranked by hand. Lights were quite a problem in the early automobiles. Our Rambler car had kerosene lamps; later we had one that used stored gas. The carbide gas was in a little tank on the running board; the pipes led from this to the front and rear lights. It would take two or three people to light up, one would turn on the gas while the others would light the lamps, then the ones at the lamps would have to holler out whether the light was too high or too low, and adjustment was made at the tank.

I mentioned that the earliest cars had no tops. Later the cars were fitted with adjustable tops and the tops were turned down, as it was considred we needed all the fresh air we could get. When the rain threatened, everybody got busy. The frame for the curtains was put up and adjusted, the removable back seat curtains were taken out of the pockets of the car and buttoned on all around. Frequently the storm would be on us before this was finished and the ones putting on the curtains would be soaked before they had finished.

One day Emma bought a little dog for Katherine. The pup was so small she put it in her pocket and walked down the street with Ella to meet Katherine on her way home from school. When they met Katherine, Emma pulled the little white ball of dog out of her pocket and Katherine was overjoyed with it.

Dinkie was a very appreciated member of the family. After several years he got old and sick and I paid a policeman a dollar to shoot him and put him out of his misery.

It was over twenty years after this before we had another dog in the family. In 1938, Mrs. Ivey heard me say that I would like to have a dog and she gave me Jerry for a Christmas present. While Dinkie was small, Jerry was a large Irish setter. I couldn't get him to do the tricks like Dinkie, though I did teach him to sit down and shake hands. He learned this almost

OUR RAMBLER CAR MIRED UP ON THE WAY TO ASHEVILLE

THE FIRST AIR PLANE FLOWN IN CHARLOTTE BY THORNWELL H. ANDREWS, MAY 20th, 1912

too well because he wanted to put up his paws on everybody that came around. Jerry was a very affectionate dog and wanted to make friends with everybody. He had a very keen sense of hearing and was a great help to Mrs. J. S. Brown, who lived at out house during the summer while we were away. Whenever the door bell would ring he would get up and go to it and she could tell from his actions when there was someone at the door. We had different door bells for the front and side doors and he could tell the difference between them. He learned to open the screen door from either side and displayed a good deal of intelligence at this. Jerry was not a well dog, and spent a good deal of his time at the hospital during his first year. We had his tonsils taken out and also what, in a dog, corresponds to the appendix.

In this day of automobiles a dog in the city has very little chance of living his allotted days. Soon after we got Jerry he was hit by an automobile. He was not injured but was so frightened that for about a year he would not try to cross the street. But he got over this scare, and got to running about. He was very fond of a little boy on Queens Road, West. Charles Harris was about four years old and Jerry would run off nearly every day to play with Charles.

When I reached home Saturday, November 9, 1940, Mrs. Ivey, in tears, told me that Jerry had gotten killed by an automobile a short time before. When Mary Gilmer heard about it she was so shocked and grieved that she was sad for days. She was very fond of Jerry and said when I spoke of getting another dog that she didn't want to get so attached to another dog.

VARIOUS INCIDENTS FROM ABOUT 1919 TO 1939

AS MENTIONED, when I was at Belwood, I had some reputation as a flower grower, having the prettiest pot flowers of anybody around. Emma was fond of flowers and she tried several times to get me interested in raising them after we came to Charlotte. I was so busy with building up the business and looking after my growing family, however, that I did not have time. We did have some flowers over on Central Avenue, but Emma had to look after them mostly, as I was so busy and apparently had lost interest.

Soon after Daisy and I were married, we attended a dahlia show in New York. I was attracted by the huge, colorful dahlia blooms and gave an order for half a dozen bulbs. I planted these bulbs at Lake Junaluska, as it was generally considered then that dahlias could not be grown in the lower country. Mr. W. W. Stringfellow, a gentleman at Blowing Rock, had introduced them up there and he had scattered the bulbs all over the mountain section. Souvenir Gustave Doazon, a large red dahlia, was his most popular variety.

I planted the bulbs that I bought in New York at Lake Junaluska. As they were different, they attracted a good deal of attention. I was pleased and planted more next year. Soon I had a large garden full and, as I paid more attention to them than the other people did, and had better varieties, people came from great distances to see my dahlias. The Asheville paper sent out a reporter who wrote up my garden and dubbed me "King of the Dahlias."

Mr. Will Shelton of Waynesville had a garden of ordinary varieties but when he saw mine he improved his collection and we have been competitors for many years. He has a great many more than I have and all visitors to Waynesville go down to see his beautiful garden. We sponsored a dahlia show about twelve years ago and this has been going every year up till the present. Sometimes he gets first prize and sometimes I get it. Lately, a Mr. Cleveland from near Hendersonville has been giving much more attention to dahlias and several times he has won the first prize.

For a good many years I have been furnishing the flowers for the platform at the auditorium at Lake Junaluska. I have gotten the reputation all over the country of being a great dahlia grower on account of my flowers seen at the Auditorium. One lady met Mrs. Ivey at Lake Junaluska and wanted to write her about something, and not knowing her initials, she addressed the letter to "Mrs. Ivey, Wife of the Dahlia Man."

I bought books on the dahlia, took the American Dahlia Society Bulletin, visited the dahlia farms in California and New Jersey and learned all I could about how to grow them. I wrote a book on the dahlia, which was favorably commented on. The Agricultural Department of Canada ordered a copy of this, and our State Library asked for a copy. I have learned a good deal about dahlias since I wrote this book, but I have not re-written it. The first edition has been exhausted for sometime.

I found out, after trial, that dahlias could be raised just as well in the low country as in the mountains, but not as easily done, as the mountain climate is especially suited for the dahlia. Also, the dahlia can be made to bloom well in the mountains in July and August. They have cool nights in July and August and that is what the dahlia likes. To be successful in the low country they have to be planted so as to bloom in September and October. Cool nights then allow just as fine flowers to be grown as in the mountains.

For a long time I confined myself to raising only dahlias. One year I planted out more tulips than usual in Charlotte. I treated them in a different way than the book said. It said not to use any fresh manure, but when I started to mulch my tulips with manure early in January, as was recommended, I could not find the rotted manure, so I used fresh manure, covering the tulip bed about two inches deep. That year my tulips were a great deal better than ever before, and they had such long stems, large blooms and vivid colors that people came in by the hundreds to see them. I had spent a good many years of study of the dahlia, had a regular library on dahlias, had spent a lot of money in purchasing fine varieties, but to my surprise, I found I obtained in one season, and by accident, more fame from raising tulips than I had in all the years of my dahlia growing. One trouble about getting a reputation is that you must live up to it, and to live up to it you must continually try to do better. I planted more and more tulips and each year many thousands came to see them. This year we estimated that ten thousand people came in one day to see the tulips. We had about thirty-five thousand planted and they were indeed beautiful.

Mr. Gideon Price of Lattimore was very fond of tulips. He was a retired mail carrier and gave his whole time to building up a memorial garden in memory of his son who was killed in the World War. He had about a hundred thousand tulips and thousands of people came to see them. The sentiment appealed to people and besides, he had a beautiful garden. After a few years he found out that his ground was worn out by the tulips and they were smaller every year. He told people who came to see his garden that he had the quantity, but that Mr. Ivey of Charlotte had the quality. About 1937 he gave his tulips away to a Mr. Luther McSwain near Kings Mountain. Since then he has changed his garden, raising pansies, jonquils and thrift. He has about forty varieties of thrift and his garden this spring (1940) was beautiful. Mr. Price is a very fine gentleman and I prize him very much as among my best friends. He came up to see us at Lake Junaluska and spent several days. He had never been up in that country and had a good time.

I also added the culture of gladiolus and have raised a great many varieties. For two years I have had a great deal of trouble with the thrips on the gladiolus, and I had about decided to stop trying to raise them, when to my great relief this year—1940—there were no signs of thrips at all. I think the severe weather we had last winter killed out all the thrips. They like to harbor in the weeds around the garden. Two other gladiolus growers, Mr. Cates, Mr. Barber and I started to have a Gladiolus Society here in Charlotte. We did not find enough people interested.

For some reason I have had difficulty in growing roses in Charlotte. I think my soil is not suitable. I have tried every method that I have heard of but have been unable to raise good ones here in Charlotte. When I first commenced planting some other flowers at Lake Junaluska I asked some local flower growers why they did not have roses. I was told that the roses could not be grown successfully in the mountains. I thought I would try it out anyway, and to my gratification, I found that roses not only could be grown in the mountains, but that they were much finer than I could grow in Charlotte. My bed of roses at Lake Junaluska has excited admiration from all visitors.

I am frequently asked what is my favorite flower and my reply is "It depends on the season." When the tulips come out in the early spring with their gorgeous colors, after everything has been dull and drear all winter, my favorite flower is the tulip. Then when the gladiolus come out with their beautiful varieties, I'm much taken with it. In the fall when the dahlia develops, with their very large flowers and their brilliant coloring, I come back to my first love.

Of late years, I have gotten very much interested in chrysanthemums. I do not attempt to raise many of the large ones, as they require so much work. They have to be disbranched continually and they must not be allowed to get too dry. For this reason, they must have constant attention. My specialties are the smaller varieties of chrysanthemums—the small button in various colors, the medium sized poms, the single and double daisies, etc. At this writing—1940—I have about two hundred and fifty different varieties and am adding to them each year so that it is getting to be a problem where to put them. Each fall we have a chrysanthemum show, at which we take orders for chrysanthemum plants for the next spring. We have sold each year, for the last two or three years, about ten thousand chrysanthemum plants and, in this way, have helped to bear the expense of my two Negro helpers and for the new varieties that I buy every year. I buy about $100 worth of chrysanthemums each year. We also have a dahlia show each October. This is open to the public for competition and we have some beautiful shows.

About 1925, a number of flower growers of Charlotte got together and formed the first Garden Club in the city. As far as I have been able to find out, this was also the first Garden Club in North Carolina. We meet monthly to discuss varieties and ways of raising flowers and each spring a flower show is held which is well attended.

When we were first organized, I think the majority of members were men, and the men have been enthusiastic members ever since. I am frequently asked to talk to other Garden Clubs and, almost every town now has one, and I always remark on the absence of men among their members. I tell the ladies that it would pay to get their husbands interested. When a man gets interested in flowers he will spend a good deal of work on them and also will buy new, expensive varieties. The dahlia is a man's flower. He likes something big and showy, and as it takes only two or three months after they are planted to make blooms, he finds success attending his efforts very soon after he goes into it.

About three years ago, in 1937, I decided I would like to putter in flowers during the winter also. I bought a small greenhouse, 15x25 feet, connected this with the furnace in the house, so that I could heat it, and I have a great deal of pleasure in raising flowers during the winter, and I always have some in bloom. I also use the greenhouse to start the plants for annuals early in the spring. We grow thousands of annual plants such as zinnias, marigolds, asters, petunias, snapdragons, verbenas, etc.

Mary Gilmer has beautiful taste in arranging flowers and about six years ago I suggested to her that she arrange flowers

CATHERINE AND JOSEPHINE MEDLOCK AS THE HOLLAND TWINS IN OUR TULIP GARDEN IN CHARLOTTE (1939)

at the store and sell them. She found that there was quite a demand for her arrangements of flowers in baskets and bowls but she has limited her work mostly to supplying the hospitals. I give her the flowers from our yard, except dahlias and gladiolus, for which I charge a small price. In the fall we plant a great many tulips and hyacinths. We bring these into bloom early in the greenhouse and she sells them in her department in the store as potted plants. We commence having tulips and hyacinths in bloom in February and sell several hundred pots.

I soon found out we did not have enough room and bought another greenhouse of the same size, adding it on to the first. Last year, Mrs. Powell, who was one of Mary Gilmer's assistants, moved to Florida to start in the water culture business. She got me interested and this year, 1940, I turned half of the greenhouse over to the new water culture. The beds are filled with gravel and we pump water through this three times a day, leaving enough moisture to make the plants grow. We put chemicals into the water to give them food. Last winter we had sweet peas early, the calendulas were finer than we ever before grew in dirt and we had fine strawberries. The snapdragons, for some reason, did not do well last year in the water culture. We had three tomato plants and have had fine tomatoes from these. Dr. Dearing, of the Agricultural Department at Willard, N. C., sent us some strawberry plants to try in water and they have done extremely well. They commenced bearing in March and we had strawberries until June. After a year's trial, I decided that any advantages of the water culture system were overcome by the expense and extra time required. This fall we emptied the boxes of the gravel, bored holes in the bottoms of them to provide drainage, filled them with earth and will go back to the old system.

At Christmas, 1939, my family gave me a motion picture camera. I have taken a great many moving pictures, in color, of beautiful flowers and take great pleasure in showing these to my friends. I have about four hundred feet of film of tulips, taken this spring. I also took a picture of Dr. J. A. Elliott's and of Mr. J. Luther Snyder's gardens. On our trip to California this spring, 1940, I found a lot of pretty flowers to take, and I can give quite a lecture on California, illustrated with my colored films. I expect to make a number of pictures of my dahlias this summer. It is very difficult to get a satisfactory picture of a dahlia garden in black and white film, as the flowers and the foliage look about the same.

WORLD WAR NUMBER ONE

WHEN war between the United States and Germany was declared everybody was very much excited over the sinking of the Lusitania. Our Government made it appear that this was the cause of our going to war with Germany, but later it was stated that England had convinced Mr. Wilson sometime before this that we should go to war with them against Germany and the sinking of the Lusitania was something they used as a pretext.

Everybody was very much excited and immediately we went to work making camps and gathering together the youth of the land to go to war in order to end war. There was a very fine zeal and, in churches and everywhere else, patriotic speeches were made, propaganda was used to stir up hate against Germany. We were solemnly told that the soldiers of the German Army were cutting off the hands of children in Belgium and that they were ravaging the women of the conquered country.

Charlotte immediately started out to get one of the camps and we were much pleased to have Camp Greene located here. It was supposed to be a good place for it, but later, when the winter came, with its snows and rain, it was a terrible place to get around in and was really unsuitable for a camp. Thousands of volunteers from all over the United States were sent here for training. The churches began to organize to entertain the soldiers, Y.M.C.A. camps were set up and leading ministers volunteered to serve in these camps. Dr. Ernest Orr was one of the principals in the Y.M.C.A. at Camp Greene. We had several of these Y.M.C.A. men out at our house to entertain them. We also had soldiers from the camp to eat dinner with us and the churches got up entertainments for them.

Business was booming. We had a small dining room on the fifth floor, but soon our patronage was doubled and more. Army police were stationed all over town and the soldiers were not allowed to go into certain parts of the town.

When the influenza epidemic came, hundreds of the boys in Camp died and thousands were sick. Down at the express station we could see great piles of coffins filled with deceased soldiers who were being sent to their former homes. Influenza was also rife in the town, and it was impossible to get enough nurses to take care of the sick. By order of the Mayor the schools were closed, also services in the churches and Sunday schools were discontinued. Strange to say, very few of our store people were sick. I think the reason was that in meeting so many cases they became inoculated against it. We had one death among our employees. Our credit man had a bad case, got up too soon, had a relapse and died. I don't think he would have died if he had been careful.

George and Virginia were in California when the war broke out. George was intending to go back to Trinity for the Fall session. Dr. R. L. Flowers from Duke University wrote me that he could get an appointment for George to go in training for second lieutenant at Plattsburg, N. Y. I wired George about this and he came home immediately. He said he had been feeling pretty bad when he saw all the young men around his age volunteering, for it looked like he was a slacker. He was very glad to go into training. Although I hated the idea of his going into the army, still I felt that he was going to fight for a holy cause and I could not object. We were all glad that his Mother did not have the great trial of seeing him go into the army. I don't know whether she could have stood it or not. George was in training until the winter of 1917 when he was given his commission as second lieutenant and sent to Louisville for further training. George looked real snappy in his uniform. He came by from Plattsburg on his way to camp in Louisville. When he got to New York on his way home he found that he did not have money enough to get home; in fact, after paying for his equipment he did not have enough to buy his breakfast when he got to New York. He wired me from New York to send him some money. He went down to the telegraph office several times before he got the return message. The telegraph girl in handing the message to him said, "Now you can eat." This was literally true, for he could not get his breakfast until he got the telegram.

On the morning of November 11, 1918, the whole country rejoiced to get the news that the Armistice was signed and that the war was over. When I came uptown the whole place was in a tumult. The employees came into the store but only to go out again. There was no attempt to do business all that day; everybody was so happy that the war was ended, and now we would have no more wars.

President Wilson had made a trip to Europe to be at the signing of the Peace Treaty and he had high ideals about how matters should be fixed. He was much in favor of the League of Nations and I am sure that if the United States had cooperated in the League of Nations, there would have been no further wars. President Wilson made the mistake of taking members of the Democratic party, except one, with him to Europe. It seems he wanted the Democratic party, especially Mr. Wilson, to get the credit for the part of the United States in the Peace Treaty. This incurred the jealousy of the leaders of the Republican party and Senators Lodge, Borah, and others fought the proposal of the United States ratifying the League of Nations and as a consequence, the United States did not go in.

Right after the great persecution of the Armenians by the Kurds, America was very much interested in helping them. Near East Relief committees were formed in this country and I was asked to take the chairmanship of the North Carolina committee. Mr. Lex Kluttz was executive secretary and really did about all the work. We raised a great deal of money for the Near East Relief. Hawthorne Lane Church gave their Golden Rule contribution every Christmas to Near East Relief for about three years. One year in our White Gift Program, we strung up the dollar bills on a string across the Church until we had nine hundred of them and they made an impressive show. That night I was afraid to have so much money in the house so I had Mr. F. H. Washburn, the treasurer of the Sunday school, go to the store with me and we put the money in the safe. Later Mr. Kluttz became secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Charlotte and has made a splendid secretary. He is a very religious man and gives his very best to the work.

When I was convalescing from my sinus and antrum sickness in 1928, we stayed at Lake Junaluska until November 10. Conference was held at Asheville that year, and we attended from Lake Junaluska, going back and forth every day. We were growing dahlias then in our back yard, and we decided to try to save them until we left. We covered about 25 hills with a canvas tent and though we had frosts and ice a plenty, the dahlias kept blooming until we left. Mrs. Ivey has always wanted to spend the winter at Lake Junaluska, but that was the nearest we have come to living there through the winter. We did enjoy that fall watching the trees change their color from green to red, yellow, brown, etc. The fall colors are much more vivid in the mountains than in Charlotte.

We came up to Lake Junaluska one time in the winter, and were overjoyed to see it snowing. The snow covered the ground in a short time, and the high hill on the other side of the Lake was beautiful. The soft snow stayed on the trees and it was a fairy picture. On our return we stopped several days in the old Battery Park Hotel at Asheville. The snow was deep by that time, and I amused Mrs. Ivey and also myself by making a snow man.

The old Battery Park Hotel was built about 1890 by Frank Cox. It was a large rambling wooden structure, picturesquely situated on a high hill overlooking the town. From the long wide verandas could be had beautiful views of the mountains in every direction. This hotel was well managed and was well patronized. Traveling salesmen timed their trips so they could spend the week-ends at Battery Park Hotel. I was sorry to see the old landmark torn down. At very large outlay of money, Mr. Grove, the owner, cut down the hill, hauling the dirt and filling in a long valley, making a new street, Commerce, and adding a large tract that has been used for business houses. This was no doubt a good business deal, but I hated to see old Battery Park demolished.

I have always loved Asheville and when in 1937 we were offered the building formerly occupied by the Bon Marche store I was easily persuaded to consent for the opening of a branch store in Asheville. George took much interest in the new store and to him is given the credit of looking after the remodeling. He spent most of the time in Asheville for several months and made a fine job of it. I have seen many stores all over, but I think that was the prettiest store I ever saw.

Mr. J. B. Keith, a fine merchant from Daytona Beach, Florida, was obtained as manager, and he has proven a good one. The store has steadily built up. We have a fine force of employees.

I was not much in favor of branch stores, as I felt that I would rather put all our energies in the Charlotte store, but Col. W. H. Keith of Greenville, S. C., was after us for several years to buy out part of his store and go in business with him in Greenville.

Mr. W. T. Buice, a most excellent business man from Orlando, Florida, came with us at the Charlotte store in 1929. We were very fortunate in obtaining him, as he has proven to be a valuable help in building up our business. He was ambitious and was in favor of having a branch store at Greenville, S. C. George also was in favor of our branching out. George had developed into a fine business man, and has been a source of great gratification to me. Mr. Ovens was not any more enthusiastic than I was, but we yielded to Mr. Buice and George, and the Greenville store has proven a paying investment. We were fortunate in securing Mr. E. F. Anderson as manager, and with his fine helpers he has made a success of that store. The Asheville store was opened later in 1937, and was a larger enterprise. We are constantly being importuned to open branch stores in Columbia, S. C., Raleigh and Greensboro, N. C., and other cities, but now (1940), we are devoting our energies to remodeling our Charlotte store.

On my birthday in June of this year (1940) I was much touched and pleased with a fine tribute from the employees of the Charlotte store. They filled a large book with pictures of all the employees, with a personal message from each one. I was told that the tube room employees were the moving spirits in getting up this fine birthday present, but I understand all the employees joined with enthusiasm in this elaborate undertaking, for it took several months to get this done and I did not know a thing about it until the finished book was presented to me on my birthday, June 8, 1940.

I am sure there is not in all this country a more loyal, devoted corps of employees than is in our stores. I have often said that I thought one of the secrets of my success has been the ability to gather around me capable and fine helpers. But I am sure that my greatest secret of success has been the leading hand of Providence, for during this time I have had many occasions when I could easily have been wrecked, and, during that time, I have seen many merchants who had as much or more ability than I, come and go without being able to make a success.

THE UNIFICATION OF THREE METHODIST CHURCHES

THE SUMMER of 1925 was an exciting time in the Southern Methodist Church. Unification of the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Church has been discussed ever since 1866, following the close of the Civil War. Commissioners had been appointed at many of the General Conferences of the two churches to study the matter, but until July, 1923, no plan had been suggested that met the approval of the Joint Commission, which consisted of fifty commissioners: five bishops, ten ministers and ten laymen from each church. My brother, Rev. T. N. Ivey, D.D., was a member of this commission and was very much interested in the unification of the two churches.

This Joint Commission on Unification in July, 1923, had prepared a plan that had the approval of most of the commissioners. The plan of union suggested was enthusiastically adopted by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in 1924. The vote was 802 to 13 in favor of the plan. The annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church approved the plan by a vote of 18,140 to 935.

A special session of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was called to meet at Chattanooga, Tennessee, on July 4, 1924. There were some warm discussions over the matter. I remember that Rev. R. P. Shuler got heated up while making a speech. He first discarded his coat, then he took off his collar and unbuttoned his shirt and made an impassioned plea against the proposed plan of unification.

All of the College of Bishops were not in favor of this plan. Bishops Collins Denny, Warren Candler and several other bishops were opposed, but the conference as a whole was enthusiastically in favor of wiping out the differences that had been troubling the churches ever since the division in 1844. They voted 298 to 74 in favor of the proposed Plan of Unification. The Plan now was to go to the annual conferences for their approval or rejection.

The Summer of 1925 was a warm time. In almost all the Southern Methodist Churches there were those members who had their doubts about the wisdom of trying to unite the two churches. Bishop Collins Denny, who was the presiding bishop of the two Carolina Conferences, was very active and indeed bitter in his opposition to the proposed merger. He wrote many articles to the church papers and attended as many district conferences as he could, as these district conferences were to elect delegates to the annual conferences who were to vote on the merger.

There was a large majority of the members of the Western North Carolina Conference who favored the plan, but the Charlotte District was against it, and most of my church, Hawthorne Lane, was strongly opposed.

At the quarterly conference of 1925 we were to elect delegates to the district conference, who in turn were to elect delegates to the annual conference that was to meet in Statesville, North Carolina, in the fall of 1925. Usually this election was a routine affair. It was discussed who could go, and the usual crowd was elected. But this time it was different. When the presiding elder, Dr. J. B. Craven, called for nominations for delegates to the district conference, Mr. "A" rose at once and nominated Mr. "B." Then Mr. "B" got up and nominated Mr. "C," and so on. In a very few minutes the nominees were all named, and I recognized them as all ardent opponents to unification. I tried to save one by nominating E. A. Cole, who, with me, had formerly been elected about every year. But without any discussion the slate was elected.

Anyway, I attended the district conference. Bishop Denny was on hand and took charge of the conference. He made an impassioned speech, and there was not much evidence of brotherly feelings in this Methodist meeting. Mr. J. A. Bell talked to one of the "ring leaders" in the opposition to unification. He told him it was admitted that they had the majority but they didn't have all, and suggested that they elect Brother Ivey, who had usually been sent as a delegate to the annual conference. But, no, they were determined that only delegates opposing the merger would be elected, and I was left out. I was being punished for voting for unification at Chattanooga.

Delegates to the General Conference of 1926 were to be elected at this conference. When my friends over the conference learned how I had been treated in my district, they got busy, and I was elected by the largest vote I had ever received, but I don't think I got a single vote from the delegates from the Charlotte District.

Some time later one of the men who was very strongly opposed to unification in Hawthorne Lane Church was in my office talking about the affairs of the church. All of these men were friends of mine but thought that I had been led astray regarding this matter.

This friend, peeved at something the bishop or presiding elder had done, said: "We don't have enough democracy in our church. The lay members ought to have more to say." I said, "Speaking of democracy, what do you think of a small body of men having a caucus before quarterly conference and nominating a list of delegates they had before selected?" He flushed and said, "You can't prove that." "No," I said, "and you won't deny it." And he didn't. The matter wasn't discussed, and this account, I am sure, will be new to most of the then members of Hawthorne Lane Church.

When the voting from the different conferences were heard from, unification received 4,528 votes for, and 4,106 votes against. This was a majority but lacked the three-fourths necessary for approval. At the following General Conference at Memphis in 1926, Dr. A. J. Lamar, who was opposed to unification, made a fervid speech. He offered a resolution that there would be no agitation, discussion or negotiations concerning unification during the next quadrennium, because there was so much bitterness and unchristian feeling in the church. Although those who favored unification believed that all the feeling was on the other side, still the motion carried, as Dr. Lamar was a great favorite in the conference and had always been a leader. However, a committee on research and investigation was appointed to make a study of the question and report findings at the General Conference of 1930.

The General Conference of 1928 of the Methodist Protestant Church appointed a commission with authority to negotiate with other Methodist bodies during the following quadrennium with a view of a larger union of Methodism. By May, 1934, all three churches had appointed commissions to prepare a plan of union. The whole body was called "The Joint Commission on Interdenominational Relations and Church Union."

By August, 1935, a plan of union was adopted by the unanimous vote of the commissions.

The Negro question was the largest difficulty in the way. The Southern Methodist Church had, soon after the Civil War, set aside the Colored Methodists in a separate church, "The Colored Methodist Episcopal Church." This plan seemed to work all right. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, helped them in founding and supporting Paine College at Augusta, Georgia, and Lane College at Jackson, Tennessee. This church had 74,799 members in 1874, and has increased to over 400,000 members now. The Northern Methodist Church contained many Negro members. These Negroes were opposed to being set aside in a separate jurisdiction, and most of them were opposed to the plan of union on this account.

The General Conference of 1936 of the Northern Methodist Church approved the plan of union by a vote of 470 to 83, and the members of the annual conferences approved it by a vote of 17,239 to 1,862.

The Southern Methodist Church did not wait until the General Conference of 1938 to take steps to approve the plan of union. In order to save time, the matter was voted on by the different conferences so that it could be acted on by the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church in 1938. During the year of 1937 the different conferences voted on the proposed plan, with the result of 7,650 for, and 1,247 against, making a majority of 85.9 per cent in favor of Methodist Unification.

At this time there was formed in Atlanta, Georgia, a "Layman's Association to Preserve the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." For two or three months I, as well as all delegates to the General Conference, received daily bulletins from the office of this association. They claimed that the laymen were being forced into this union by the bishops and that the plan of union had not been legally adopted by all the conferences, the North Mississippi Conference having rejected the plan by a small majority—117 for, and 125 against. This Layman's Association claimed that there would be a very serious division in the church and that a very large number would not agree to the union. They appealed to race prejudice and worked up a number of dissatisfied Southern Methodists.

When the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church met in 1938 in the city of Birmingham, Bishop Denny would not sign the Episcopal address but read before the conference a statement signed by himself and Bishop Candler. He insisted that it was the "Episcopal address" of two bishops, himself and Bishop Candler, and stated that he did not know how it came to be headed "A Statement by Bishops Candler and Denny." I will quote a few excerpts from this "Statement."

"We cannot subscribe to the address just submitted. Never before in the history of our church has it become necessary for any bishop to refrain from uniting in the Episcopal address to the General Conference."

He said that while the address did not specifically state that the General Conference had power to adopt the plan, still it implied that it has this power. And while the address did not recommend the adoption of the plan, it implied this.

He stated that the General Conference did not have the right to pass on the proposed plan, as it changed the Articles of Religion which could only be done by all the conferences voting for such change, and one conference did not so approve. I use the singular pronoun "he," as it was generally known that the statement was prepared by Bishop Denny himself. Bishop Candler was ill and could not help in its preparation.

There was a tense period in the General Conference while Bishop Denny was reading his paper. There was no discussion, but Bishop Cannon read a statement in which he said, "There is not one sentence, one phrase, one word in the Episcopal address which indicates the attitude toward the proposed plan of union of any of the bishops signing the Episcopal address." He said, "There was nothing in the address that warranted Bishops Candler and Denny refusing to sign the Episcopal address." He clearly intimated that Bishop Denny only took this opportunity to make an argument against the plan of union. "I must emphasize," he said, "that there is not one phrase and not one word which warrants the unprecedented refusal by Bishops Candler and Denny to sign the Episcopal address, or which warrants the inferences drawn by them, or which warrants the insistent demand that an argument against the plan of union be read in connection with the Episcopal address."

The consideration of the plan of union was made the order of the day, after the approval of the minutes, on Friday, the second day of the conference. When the time arrived for this special business, Bishop John M. Moore made the following statement: "The Commission on Interdenominational Relations and Church Union has asked Dr. T. D. Ellis to represent the commission on the floor of the General Conference, and so he takes the responsibility as if he were the chairman of the commission and you will give heed to his guidance accordingly."

Dr. Ellis managed the matter very wisely and with such a Christian spirit that even the opponents to the plan could not help but approve of his fairness. Dr. Ellis made the motion which was adopted, "That we allow one speaker on each side, alternating as long as anyone wishes to speak in that order." Considering that the final vote showed 434 voting for the plan of union, and 26 against the plan, this division of time seems to have been very fair.

At one time Mr. B. W. Crouch, lay delegate from the Upper South Carolina Conference, presented a memorial from lay members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He claimed it was signed by 17,000 members of the Southern Methodist Church. He read this memorial but his time expired before finishing. On motion, he was allowed time to finish reading the paper. He then continued reading, stopping to make comments. Dr. Ellis rose to a point of order that Mr. Crouch was speaking as well as reading. Bishop Darlington, who was the presiding bishop at the time, said, "Brother Crouch will continue *reading*." (Mr. Crouch, after representing the opponents to the plan of union, decided in 1941 to leave the Methodist Church and helped to form a Southern Presbyterian Church in Saluda, South Carolina. He probably will have the fight all over again, as the Presbyterians are also considering union with the Northern Presbyterians.)

Dr. Clare Purcell, of the North Alabama Conference, made such an excellent speech in favor of the adoption of the plan that one of our delegates, I think it was Dr. C. C. Weaver, said, "That speech will cause his election as a bishop." Later he was elected on the second ballot by a vote of 310 votes out of 459 cast.

The North Carolina delegates were all anxious that Dr. W. W. Peele, our pastor for nine years at First Methodist Church, Charlotte, North Carolina, be elected bishop. He was elected on the first ballot, together with Dr. Ivan Lee Holt.

At the conclusion of the voting on unification there was a regular Love Feast. Many of the delegates who had spoken against unification got up and said that they would fall in line and go with the church. Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Northern Methodist Church, Dr. James H. Straughn, president of the Methodist Protestant Conference, and Bishop John M. Moore of the Southern Methodist Church, joined hands on the platform while the conference sang "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

The photographers had been busy all day snapping prominent men in the conference, so much so that they made themselves something of a nuisance. But they missed this, the most dramatic scene of the day, when these men joined hands as the conference applauded. Later, the photographers got these three together at the hotel and had them rehearse the scene. Next morning papers carried the picture.

The great division in the church, predicted by Bishop Denny and fomented by the "Layman's Association for the Preservation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South," failed to materialize.

Only in the South Carolina Conferences was there much attempt made to "secede." A majority of the board of stewards of ten churches made an attempt to keep their churches from becoming a part of "The Methodist Church," which was the name selected for the union of the three churches. These ten churches notified their pastors that were sent to them by the annual conference that they would not receive them. About twenty new congregations were formed who called themselves "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South." A relatively small number left the Methodist Church and joined other denominations. Bishop Purcell, who had charge of that area, was kept pretty busy for a while, but with his fine Christian spirit he managed the difficult situation very well, so that there was little loss to the new Methodist Church. Less than 2% of the members of the South Carolina Conferences thus left the Methodist Church, and up to 1941 both Conferences showed a satisfactory gain in membership over the number before unification.

There were a few scattered churches in other conferences in which there was a little trouble, but the union was perfected with a beautiful spirit.

The Uniting Conference met in Kansas City, April 26, 1939, and anyone who was there could not help being inspired by the fine brotherly spirit that was exhibited by all the delegates from the Uniting Churches. The first meeting, a Communion Service, was held in the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Grace and Holy Trinity, situated about one block from the Municipal Auditorium where the conference was held. The Communion was a very solemn, holy service. One could sense the deep feeling pervading the delegates. All of us were thrilled as we marched from the Cathedral to the conference meeting place, led by the Boston University Choir and the bishops.

I am very proud of the fact that I was a member of the General Conference of The Methodist Church that voted for unification. I am also pleased to have had the great honor of being a member of the Uniting Conference, which at last brought together two great churches that had been asunder since 1844, and, in the case of the Methodist Protestant Church, since 1828. Again, I greatly appreciate the honor of having been a member of the first General Conference of The Methodist Church which met in Atlantic City, May, 1940.

A short account of the differences that led to the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844 may be interesting at this point.

"The Pioneer Methodists had opposed slavery. John Wesley had denounced the slave trade as 'that execrable sum of all villanies.' When the Methodist Church was organized in 1784, the general rules forbade the buying or selling the bodies and souls of men, women or children with an idea of enslaving them. The Christmas Conference in Baltimore, 1784, demanded the gradual emancipation of the slaves held by the Methodists."

The above is a quotation from Dr. Paul N. Garber's fine book, *The Methodists Are One People.* I am also indebted to this book for many other facts, dates, etc., which I have used in this chapter.

The Methodist preachers in the South found that they had to modify their opposition to slavery, for they could not gain access to the Negroes, because their masters did not want them to hear preaching against slavery. When the masters saw the good effect upon their slaves from the fervent gospel message preached by the Methodist Circuit Riders, they encouraged them to preach to the slaves.

For many years the Negroes worshipped with the whites, usually seated in galleries provided for them in most of the churches. In 1860 the Negro members in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, numbered 207,000, and in 1850 there were 28,136 Negro members in the Northern Methodist Church.

While the feeling toward slavery was considerably changed to tolerance in the South, the feeling in the Northern states grew in an opposite direction. A good deal of friction developed in the General Conferences.

In 1844 the famous "Andrew Episode" came to a head. Bishop James O. Andrew, a native of Georgia, was elected bishop in 1832. Between 1840 and 1844 he became involved in slavery in a curious way. A lady in Georgia bequeathed a Negro girl to Bishop Andrew to be held by him until she was grown, when she was to be sent to Liberia, Africa. On coming of age she refused to go to Liberia, and Bishop Andrew was in a predicament. The laws of Georgia forbade him to liberate a slave. He also acquired a Negro boy who was bequeathed to his wife, and when his wife died, the boy became his property. He urged the boy to go North where he would be free, but the boy preferred to stay with the bishop.

When Bishop Andrew married again, his wife owned several slaves. Although Bishop Andrew never bought or sold slaves, still he was a slave-holder.

When the General Conference of 1844 met in New York City, the fight between the North and South about slavery came to a head. The Methodists of New England and other Northern states could not abide the fact that one of their bishops was a slave-holder. A resolution was offered by James B. Finley:

"Whereas the discipline of our Church forbids the doing of anything calculated to destroy our itinerant General Superintendency, and, whereas Bishop Andrew has become connected with slavery by marriage and otherwise, and this act having drawn after it circumstances which in the estimation of the General Conference will greatly embarrass the exercise of his office as an itinerant General Superintendent, if not in some places entirely prevent it: therefore, Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains."

I again quote from Dr. Garber's book: "For eleven consecutive days the question was argued. The basic question was whether a General Conference had the constitutional right to depose a bishop because he held slaves."

"Stephen Olin made it clear to the delegates that neither the Northern delegates nor the Southern delegates could yield. Olin pointed out that if the Southern preachers yielded to the views of the North that 'they may as well go to the Rocky Mountains as to their own sunny plains. The people would not bear it.' Because of this situation, Olin declared that he saw no hope for the Methodist Episcopal Church except through a separation into Northern and Southern sections. He implored the delegates that the separation be carried out in a spirit of love.

"The vote came on June 1, 1844, and by a vote of 110 to 68 the Finley Resolution prohibiting Bishop Andrew from exercising the duties of his office while holding slaves was passed. It was a sectional vote shown by the fact that only one delegate from the South voted for the resolution."

A Plan of Separation was prepared and adopted. This plan fixed boundaries and provided for a division of the funds owned in common, especially the property of the Book Concern. The separation was recognized by all as inevitable, yet the Northern and Southern delegates parted without acrimony.

Stephen Olin said, "But if our difficulties are unmanagable, let our spirits be right. If we must part, let us meet and pour out our tears together: and let us not give up until we have tried." Bishop Joshua Soule declared: "The spirit of peace, brotherly kindness and charity, which marked the adoption by the General Conference of 1844 of the 'Plan of Separation' was a scene of the truly moral sublime."

I quote from *The Methodists Are One People*, to which excellent history of the separation I refer my readers for a fuller account than I have space to give.

"Before the delegates from the Southern Annual Conferences left New York after the adjournment of the General Conference of 1844, they prepared an address to the Southern clergy and laity. It stated that the Plan of Separation provided that division should take place only if it were found necessary. The members were told that 'Of this necessity you are to be the judges'."

It was decided to call a convention of the Southern churches at Louisville, Kentucky, on May 1, 1845, to decide as to the plan of setting up an independent Methodist Church.

Such a convention was held and on May 17, 1845, by a vote of 94 to 3 the convention decided to set up the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Louisville Convention passed a resolution expressing the hope for future reunion.

Commissioners were appointed by the first General Conference of the new Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to treat with the Methodist Episcopal Church as to the division of the funds and property of the Methodist Book Concern. The commissioners of the Northern Methodist Church refused to treat with them, claiming that the division of the church had not been adopted by a constitutional majority. The matter was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, where a decision was made in favor of the Southern Methodist Church.

Further trouble ensued. The General Conference of the Northern Methodist Church of 1848 repudiated the acts of the General Conference of 1844 regarding the "Plan of Separation" and held that the matter was not constitutionally carried out. They now claimed that it was not a separation but that the Southern Methodist Church was a seceding church.

The General Conference of 1846 of the Southern Methodist Church selected Dr. Lovick Pierce as fraternal messenger to the General Conference of the Northern Methodist Church. But when the General Conference of the Northern Methodist Church met in 1848, the General Conference refused to receive him officially.

When the Civil War came on it further estranged the two Methodist bodies. Secretary of War E. M. Stanton aroused much bitterness in the South by his order directing the Northern Methodist Church to take over the churches of the occupied area in the South.

Dr. Paul N. Garber gives a whole chapter to "The Dark Era." At the close of the Civil War the Northern Methodists organized conferences in Tennessee, North Carolina, and other Southern territory. The Southern Methodists organized conferences in Illinois and other territory served by the Northern church.

It is a matter of great satisfaction that in the face of so much friction, wise and Christian statesmen in the two churches healed the breach and in the historic Uniting Conference in Kansas City in April-May, 1939, succeeded in their undertaking, bringing to pass "The Methodists Are One People."

"ON GETTING OLD"

Copy of Letter to Charlotte Observer About 1934

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

I appreciate very much the complimentary reference to me in yesterday's *Observer,* referring to my presidency of the North Carolina State Sunday School Association. It may seem ungrateful on my part to criticise in any way your kind references to my connection with this Interdenominational Sunday school work in which I have been interested for so many years, but I have to confess I don't like the heading of the editorial—"Mr. Ivey's Retirement." Retirement brings to mind the idea of an old man in "leen and slippered pantaloon" sitting by the fireside with his pipe, giving up all his activities, waiting for the end. I hasten to say that I know you didn't mean it in this sense at all, but I never intend to "retire." I have lately taken on some new duties in my local Sunday school that will take up more of my time. I am more or less actively engaged on a number of boards of my church, as well as on a number of civic boards. I have been giving more of my time to my business (you have probably heard of the depression), and I felt that I couldn't give the time to the increased demands necessary as president of the North Carolina State Sunday School Association. Then, I have already been president a number of years and felt that a new man would bring new blood and fresh enthusiasm into the organization. When I mentioned this to the nominating committee, who were kindly urging me to accept the nomination for another year, they rather took the wind out of that argument by replying that I didn't do that way in my business.

But I want it understood that I am not "retiring," and I never expect to retire until I am forced to do so. I am reminded that my best years may be ahead of me. Moses commenced his work of leading the children of Israel out of the bondage of Egypt when he was 80 years old. Georges Clemenceau at 79 was president of the Peace Conference at Versailles. On his

85th birthday he said: "Happiness comes only in the continuation of work, not in finishing your job." Oliver Wendell Holmes at 79 wrote "Over the Teacups"; Cato at 80 began the study of Greek; and Tennyson was 83 when he wrote "Crossing the Bar"; Sophocles wrote his "Greek Tragedy" at 89; Verdi produced his masterpiece, "Otello," at 74 and wrote "Ave Maria" at 85; Gladstone, Europe's noblest statesman, was at the height of his power after 80.

I am not nearly as old as these men I have mentioned. In fact, I am this side of 50 (Note: I didn't say which side), and I don't intend to get old. If your proofreader ever catches any of your young men referring to me as the "venerable" merchant or "venerable" anything else, I wish he would kill that adjective as applying to me.

I think, perhaps, I have gotten over the idea that I don't want to be considered as "retired," and I know that you did not intend it in that way, and thank you for the many kind ways in which your paper has always treated me.

J. B. Ivey.

As this is being written in 1941, I still feel as I did when I wrote this letter to the *Charlotte Observer* in 1934. But as I realize that I am celebrating this year my seventy-seventh birthday, I thought a little moralizing on the subject of getting old and telling how it feels to be getting along in years might be interesting to some of my readers.

A very good friend of mine, Mr. W. H. G. Belt, a traveling salesman out of Baltimore, Md., was talking to me when he was 79 years old. He said heretofore he was reticent about talking of his age, but now he was rather proud of it, and was telling anyone who brought up the subject that if he lived until the following spring he would be 80 years old. Mr. Belt said that he liked all seasons of the year, and each season, as it came around, seemed the best he had known, and as he grew older, each year seemed to be the best he had lived. Mr. Belt was an old time "drummer."

In 1885 Mr. Belt brought his bride to North Carolina, and for six months they traveled over the rough dirt roads in a two-horse hack—no rubber tires—with his sample trunks of dry goods and notions in the rear of hack. In his span of fifty years traveling, Mr. Belt sold his wares to three generations and he loved to reminisce with the younger generation about their fathers and grandfathers.

Mr. Belt was highly respected and had many staunch friends among the merchants of Western North Carolina, who always waited to see his samples before buying from anyone else. Among many of Mr. Belt's customers in Western North Carolina, I have heard him mention M. M. Courtney of Lenoir, Dave Oestreicher of Salisbury, Cannon & Fetzer of Concord, Lazarus Brothers of Morganton, J. D. Blanton of Marion and many other merchants who could always be counted on for a friendly visit as well as orders.

About 1885, his firm, Daniel-Miller & Company of Baltimore, Md., made a specialty of a shirt, which they named the "Diamond Shirt." This is my first recollection of any wearing apparel that was nationally advertised. They sent out a lot of descriptive matter, and to the merchant who bought a sufficient quantity, they furnished a regular dresser or wardrobe in which to keep the stock of Diamond Shirts.

Their advertising slogan was: "Whether you stand or whether you sit, the Diamond Shirt is sure to fit."

We handled the Diamond Shirt in our store at Belwood, though in too small quantities to earn a wardrobe. Possibly our entire year's purchase of Diamond Shirts did not amount to more than one to two dozen. My brother, Will, bought some of these shirts while living at Belwood and liked them so well he continued to order them from me when he was assistant physician at the State Insane Asylum at Morganton and later when he moved to Lenoir, N. C.

Mr. Belt was a great booster for Western North Carolina. In his club at Baltimore he never tired of telling his fellow members of the beauties and resources of Western North Carolina. In 1907 he brought his son, and in 1923 his daughter to show them the beauties of Western North Carolina. His family laughingly used to try to persuade him that the northeast had its beauty spots also, but it was "no sale." Even after he retired, after traveling as a salesman for fifty years or more, he would make a trip once or twice a year to visit the friends in his former circuit. His son, Donald Belt, was the head of a big seed business in Baltimore, Md., and Mr. Belt visited the seed trade along his old routes. He was 64 years old when he took up this line, and was able to create a whole new group of customers in an industry that was entirely new to him. His son told me that he achieved a sales volume that many younger men would have envied. He continued making these regular trips until the year before his death in 1938.

Mr. Belt told me of a very exciting experience he had on one of his trips from Asheville to Charlotte about 1930. He was coming down the steep, winding road from the crest of Hickory Nut Gap to Chimney Rock, where the road is literally cut out of the side of the mountain with a sheer precipice of several hundred feet on one side, and no protecting fence as there is at this time. Mr. Belt was riding in one of the early style buses with seats all the way across and doors at the ends of each seat. One of the passengers seated between Mr. Belt and the driver was drunk. This inebriated man got into an altercation with the driver. He climbed over the seat and grabbed the driver. In the struggle, the two rolled over against the door, opened it, and both rolled out on the ground. Here was a predicament. The bus was gaining speed down the mountain, Mr. Belt knew nothing about driving a car and the other two passengers were too frightened to offer help. Mr. Belt climbed over the seats, took the wheel and guided the moving car against a large boulder, thereby managing to stop without wrecking it. They then looked back and saw the driver frantically running and calling to them, having left the drunk behind. Mr. Belt felt that this was his narrowest escape from a violent death, but he kept on riding buses.

Mr. Belt claimed to be the oldest subscriber to the *Charlotte Observer* and read it more thoroughly than most of its readers. When he was active in business, he always kept the latest copy of the *Charlotte Observer* on his desk where any one from North Carolina was welcome to come and read.

He was a fine character, an upright gentleman and a warm-hearted friend. He encouraged me in my struggling earlier years, and I think was responsible for the line of credit given me by his firm, Daniel-Miller & Company, when I was not due it from a purely financial appraisal.

Except for a trip to Baltimore in the spring and fall, we bought all of our supplies from drummers, and there were a great many more of them on the road in those days than now. Sometimes we had as many as six or eight come in one day. It was considered a courtesy for the merchant to stop serving his customers and wait on the drummers. The customers did not seem to resent this, no doubt considering that these men were on expenses and should be waited on promptly.

I remember one drummer, a Mr. Robert Findlay, an elderly widower, who had made a fortune in the hardware business and was traveling for the pure love of the experience. He would select the roughest weather of January and February to make his trips and would hire a horse and buggy in Rutherford and Cleveland Counties. He made it a point to come to Captain Hoyle's to spend the night and we always enjoyed seeing him, as he was a good talker and made himself very entertaining. Mr. Findlay started out with a large assortment of pocket knives among his samples but by the time he got back to Baltimore they were nearly all gone, for he gave them away indiscriminately to all of his customers. I could always look forward to getting a new knife when Mr. Findlay came along.

Mr. Findlay never failed to compliment me on the neat way in which I kept the hardware stock. I took a good deal of pride in keeping everything in place and nicely stacked up, and I appreciated Mr. Findlay's praise. One time though, he spoiled it all, as we had been taking inventory and the stock was topsy-turvy, but Mr. Findlay gave the same old story about my keeping it in such nice order, not noticing apparently its very disarranged condition. That ended my pleasure in Mr. Findlay's compliments.

Mr. S. H. Hopkins, another Baltimore drummer, was always a welcome visitor at our house. He had known Captain Hoyle and sold him goods from Baltimore before the Civil War while Captain Hoyle was a clerk at Lincolnton. All the years I was at Belwood we bought practically all of our dry goods and notions from Mr. Harris Hopkins. Mr. Hopkins would come and stay two or three days. He was a great talker himself and he and Captain Hoyle would keep us all interested and laughing over their stories and jokes. Mr. Hopkins made much of me and I would have just as readily thought of buying dry goods and notions from a rival house as I would have thought of knocking down my best friend.

Mr. Hopkins was very fond of hunting. He talked so much about it that he got me interested and I made an engagement for him to come to Belwood sometime in January and we would hunt partridges, which were plentiful in that section. I bought a double-barrel gun, loaded up with about forty shells and when Mr. Hopkins came we were out nearly all day.

We came across a lot of birds, and while I shot away nearly all of my shells, I did not get a single bird. I would get excited and fire before I aimed. As we were coming home, a rabbit jumped up just a few feet ahead of me. I blazed away with the last shell I had, but the rabbit kept running. In front of me were some high bushes and on the other side there was at once a big commotion among some cows. I did not stay to investigate for I was afraid I had hit one of the cows. I couldn't hit a bird or a rabbit but a cow was most too much for me to miss. This day's experience effectually killed any further hunting spirit and I have never been hunting since then.

One of the most enterprising wholesale grocery firms was Cone & Sons of Baltimore. There were a number of these boys and they did not think anything of leaving the hotel at Shelby before breakfast and driving forty miles through the country in order to get ahead of any competitors.

My friend, Mr. Gideon Price, the tulip man of Lattimore, told me that he always looked upon Mr. Moses Cone as a great man, and he would often sit up until midnight listening to him and Mr. Tom DePriest, who had a large country store at New House near Shelby. Mr. Price clerked for Mr. DePriest. The Cone's later went into the cotton manufacturing business at Greensboro and all became very wealthy. They built and operated the Proximity Mills at Greensboro, which are the largest denim mills in the world.

In 1938, while Mrs. Ivey and I were on a trip through the Canadian Rockies, one morning, when starting on a side trip from Lake Louise, I found myself seated by the side of a nice looking young man. I asked him where he was from and he replied, North Carolina. I told him I was also from North Carolina and asked him what town. He told me his name was Cone from Greensboro, and I found that he was a grandson of one of the Cones I knew as a traveling salesman.

Other drummers with whom I got acquainted at Belwood, included R. A. Dunn, now banker in Charlotte, John M. Scott, another banker, and Walter W. Watt, who is now at the head of the Southern Hardware Company. Mr. Gus Durham, also of Charlotte, traveled through the country and I remember playing checkers with him one night when he stayed all night with us at Captain Hoyle's.

A good many of the drummers would eat lunch at the store and we kept a supply of sardines, cheese and crackers for such occasions. I remember one traveling man who entertained us with vaudeville tricks before he tried to sell us any goods. I learned my trick of rolling a silver dollar around the inside of a dishpan from this man. He entertained us whistling while playing the accompaniment on his finger with the handle of a broom.

The paved roads have spoiled the big country stores of former days. Often a country store was larger than any of the town stores. J. P. D. Withrow had such a store at Hollis, N. C. He sold sugar and coffee at or below cost as a drawing card. Clarence Kuester tells me he sold Withrow many a carload of sugar. Buying in such large quantities and also getting the advantage of carload freight rate, Mr. Withrow was selling sugar at much less than his competitors could buy it. People came from all over the two states to buy sugar and coffee from him. Stamey Brothers at Fallston sent one of their wagons up to Withrow's with instructions to the drivers to buy all the sugar they could, and thus teach this troublesome competitor a lesson. Mr. Withrow found out these would be customers were from Stamey Brothers, so he told them he wouldn't sell them any sugar, but to take a dollar's worth to Stamey's as a present from him.

Mr. Withrow gave us a headache at Henrietta, as we were only a few miles from his store. One time, we got out a hand bill, and as a novelty, we advertised "one sock 5c, two socks 10c." Mr. Withrow conceived the idea that we were aiming our ad at him. He came out with a flaming hand bill, headed, "My One Sock Competitor."

Withrow was a very successful merchant and very popular in his neighborhood. He built a beautiful stone church at his own expense and presented it to his neighborhood.

Stamey Brothers at Fallston was one of the largest country stores in the state. Fallston is situated ten miles from Shelby, the nearest railroad point. Stamey Brothers sent their wagon every day, except Sunday, to Shelby for freight. In the summer, two mules were sufficient to pull the loaded wagon, but in the winter, when the roads were soft and boggy, it would take four and six mules to draw the load. Frequently in the winter, our wagoner, Pink Gantt, could haul only twelve hundred pounds of freight from Shelby, and in bad weather Captain Hoyle would give him an extra quarter or half dollar for making the trip.

C. J. Hamrick and Son had a very large country store at Boiling Springs near Shelby, and I think they did a bigger business than any store in Shelby. They did a very large barter business. They would trade sugar, coffee, plows, dry goods, etc., in exchange for chickens, eggs, butter, beeswax, duck or goose feathers, dried fruit, lumber, railroad crossties or almost any kind of produce.

John Wesley Biggerstaff of Sunshine, N. C., near Forest City, had a large country store. His house was a favorite stopping place for the drummers. Mrs. Biggerstaff set a good table, and besides she was known for changing the bed linen every day after being used. Ordinary hotels and lodging places considered once a week often enough to change sheets.

Uncle Dave Harrill at Ellenboro had a country store that was known all over that section. Near Ellenboro, on Cherry Mountain, lived a famous character, Amos Owens. Everybody went to Cherry Mountain when cherries were ripe. Uncle Amos did a thriving business selling "Cherry Bounce." Cherry Bounce would make a fellow as drunk as if he had imbibed the regular "Mountain Dew"—corn whiskey. Amos was arrested periodically for making and selling this liquor. He was a regular attendant at Federal Court at Charlotte, and was sent to the penitentiary several times, but as soon as he was released he would be making and selling "Cherry Bounce" again. Judge James Webb was at a loss to know what to do with Amos, since sending him to the penitentiary didn't seem to do him any good. It is said he asked Amos one day what he would do if he would let him off this time, and Amos replied that he "speck he would be making liquor again." Someone at Charlotte gave him a high top beaver hat, and Amos always wore this hat when he was an enforced attendant at Federal Court.

There was a large country store at Cuba, N. C., between Rutherfordton and Marion, kept by Colonel W. W. Horn. The roads in the winter would get terrible and Clarence Kuester tells me that sometimes, when their two-horse buggy would meet a load of crossties or lumber, that, in order to pass on the narrow, soft road, they would have to unhitch the horses from the buggy, take the wheels off and carry the buggy to the other side of the oncoming team.

Clarence says that one rough winter night four or five drummers came in for supper and lodging at Colonel Horn's. He went outside and saw Colonel Horn busy catching and killing chickens. Clarence said, "Colonel, it is too bad a night for you to be out, just give us what you have." Colonel Horn replied, "Clarence, you go in the house and sit down. I eat chicken when no drummers are here."

C. L. Heffner had a big store at Henry, near Hickory, N. C. The name of the post office was later changed to Jug Town, on account of the large amount of stoneware manufactured there. Wagons loaded with jugs, milk crocks, churns, water pitchers, etc., would often come to our store at Belwood, selling us jugware at ten cents a gallon size. We would give them merchandise in exchange and resell at ten cents per gallon.

Zero Mull had a large country store at Casar, N. C. Casar is at the foot of the mountains between Shelby and Morganton. One day when Clarence Kuester was at Mr. Mull's store, he told Clarence he had received an impertinent letter from a man named Bradstreet, asking to send him a statement of how much he owed, how much he was worth, etc. Mr. Mull said he had never bought any goods from Mr. Bradstreet and couldn't see what business it was of his how much he was worth.

At Belwood I had heard a great deal of a big country store kept by Mr. R. P. Reep at Reepsville, situated only a few miles from Lincolnton, N. C. I made a special trip over there one day to see Mr. Reep and his big store. I was properly impressed, and wondered if I ever would be engaged in such a big business. Mr. Reep was a very large man as I remember him, and was waiting on a customer in his shirt sleeves. I did not have the temerity to introduce myself.

I started this chapter honestly intending to try to tell how it feels when one gets into the seventies, but I find I am not yet qualified to tell how it feels to get old, and will have to wait several years to do the subject justice.

THE AUTHOR'S FOUR CHILDREN

Virginia Ivey Walker, Katherine Ivey Jackson, Ella Ivey Litaker, George M. Ivey

GENEALOGICAL CHAPTER

MY BROTHER, George F. Ivey, of Hickory, N. C., has given much time in looking up the lineage of the Iveys and traces the family back to 1425 in an unbroken line.

Thomas Ivye or Ivie lived in Gloucester, England, about 1425. He married Elizabeth Tyell, and had at least one son, Richard.

Richard married Isabel Canning. They had one son, Thomas.

Thomas married Elizabeth Keynes, who was the mother of Ferdinando.

Ferdinando married a daughter of George Wintry and they had two sons, George and William.

George married Lettice Culpepper, daughter of Martin Culpepper. They had six sons, one of whom was named Thomas.

Thomas, born in 1604, married Ann Sargent and emigrated to America in 1625. They had four sons and one daughter. One of the sons was named George.

George married Hannah .... and settled in Norfolk County, Virginia. They had six sons, one of whom was named George.

George married Elizabeth Langley. They had four sons and two daughters. One of the sons was named Adam.

Adam Ivey in 1762 married Mary .... They had four sons and five daughters. One son was named Benjamin.

Benjamin lived in Randolph County, N. C. He had seven children, one of whom was named Benjamin.

My grandfather, Benjamin Ivey, for whom I was named, was born in 1800 and died in 1858. He married Mary Shankle, daughter of George Shankle. George Shankle, of German parentage, was born in North Carolina in 1754, and served in the war of the Revolution. They had three sons and four daughters. The oldest daughter, Elizabeth, married Martin

Carter of Mount Pleasant, N. C. Sarah married Rev. L. A. Whitlock of Stanley. Mary was married to A. Simpson of Salisbury, N. C. Annie was married to Moses Dry of Cabarrus County, N. C. Isaac Tyson, the youngest son, died in the Civil War. John Reese left a large family in Stanly County.

My father, George Washington Ivey, the other son, was born in Stanly County, on September 14, 1828. He was licensed to preach about 1849; joined the South Carolina Conference at Wadesboro, N. C., in 1850. The South Carolina Conference then embraced a large part of Western North Carolina, taking in Marion, N. C.

The young circuit-rider first served as junior preacher for one year in 1851, on Union Circuit, N. C.; Edgefield Circuit in 1852; Waterloo in 1853; Pendleton in 1855. It was the custom in those early days for a Methodist preacher, especially a junior preacher, to remain only one year on a charge.

In 1854 he was promoted to be in charge of a circuit, McDowell Circuit. Here he met my mother, Selina Rachel Neal, who lived at Nealsville, near Marion, North Carolina. They were married the next year, November 7, 1855. He was sent to Monroe, N. C., where he remained two years, 1856-1857. From Monroe he went to Morganton, N. C., 1858-1859. From there he was sent to Marion, S. C., 1860. My father spent the next two years at Lincolnton, N. C., 1861-1862. He was then sent to Shelby, N. C., 1863-1865. Here was where I first saw the light of day. The years 1866-1869 were spent at Lenoir, N. C., as preacher in charge of the Lenoir Circuit. He was then sent to Morganton, N. C., 1870-1872. Then back to Lenoir, 1873-1876. The years 1877-1880 were spent at Denver, Lincoln County. He was then moved to the eastern part of the State, Clinton, N. C., where he stayed only one year on account of malaria in the family. He was sent the next year, 1882, to Rutherfordton, N. C. Then he served the Newton Circuit, 1883-1885. Then Iredell Circuit, living at Olin, N. C., 1886-1887; Statesville Circuit, 1888-1889; Leesburg again in the eastern Carolina, 1890. Then he served a second term at Newton, N. C., 1891-1894. Then a second term at Rutherfordton, N. C., 1895-1897. He was sent the third time to Lenoir, N. C., 1898-1901.

He last served Caldwell Circuit, living at Granite Falls, N. C., where he passed away November 7, 1902.

Following are the dates of birth, etc., of my brothers and sisters:

William Parsons Ivey was born August 23, 1856. He and Mamie Sherrill were married May 25, 1887, by Rev. G. W. Ivey, and he died in Lenoir, N. C., June 29, 1912.

Clara Marinda Ivey was born August 24, 1858, and died in Leesburg, N. C., May 7, 1890.

Thomas Neal Ivey was born May 22, 1860. He and Nora Dowd were married August 7, 1883, by Dr. O. F. Gregory, and he died suddenly May 15, 1923.

Mary Rebecca Ivey was born April 19, 1862, and died in Shelby, N. C., August 23, 1862.

Joseph Benjamin Ivey was born June 8, 1864. He and Emma M. Gantt were married February 2, 1893, by Rev. D. P. Tate. Emma Gantt Ivey died March 13, 1917. Daisy Weatherly Smith and J. B. Ivey were married October 8, 1919.

Harriet Moore Ivey was born May 7, 1866. On October 15, 1890, she and James H. White, of Statesville, N. C., were married by Rev. G. W. Ivey.

Emma Lou Ivey was born March 19, 1868. On September 18, 1887, she and George M. Foard of Olin, N. C., were married by Rev. D. G. Caldwell.

George Franks Ivey was born June 24, 1870. He and Edith Blanche Sherrill were married June 14, 1899, by Rev. G. W. Ivey.

Lizzie Brown Ivey was born September 16, 1872, and died in Lenoir May, 1874.

Eugene Claywell Ivey was born June 28, 1874. He and Annie Vasseur were married October 25, 1911, by Rev. T. N. Ivey.

(NOTE: For more information regarding the children of above and detailed information generally regarding our ancestors see a book on the Ivey Family to be published by George F. Ivey in 1941.)

Following are the statistics regarding my children:

George Melvin Ivey was born at Henrietta, N. C., married October 10, 1922, to Lula Groves Campbell of Atlanta, Georgia.

George Melvin Ivey, Jr., born October 19, 1923, at Atlanta, Georgia.

Mary Clare Ivey was born May 16, 1928, at Charlotte, N. C.

Emma Virginia Ivey was born at Henrietta, N. C.; married October 4, 1922, to Clarence Rutledge Walker of Westmoreland, California.

Virginia Ivey Walker was born May 11, 1925, at Brawley, California.

James Danforth Walker was born July 9, 1936, at Long Beach, California.

Ella Marie Ivey was born at Charlotte, N. C., married February 1, 1930, to Oliver Milton Litaker.

Adopted Robert Lee Litaker (born June 3, 1934) June 13, 1934.

Katherine Neal Ivey was born at Charlotte, N. C., married September 11, 1924, to Ervin Jackson of Birmingham, Alabama.

Ervin Jackson, Jr., was born December 23, 1925, at Birmingham, Alabama.

Ben Ivey Jackson was born August 24, 1930, at Birmingham, Alabama.

Cory Gantt Jackson was born March 3, 1938, at Birmingham, Alabama.

APPENDIX

I

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII
1929

AFTER many years of looking forward to a sea voyage, I am at last on my way. I have always wanted to see the Tropics and especially the Panama Canal.

We(Mrs. Ivey, Miss Ella Ivey, Miss Mary Gilmer Weatherly and I) left New York Saturday, January 19, on board the Panama-Pacific Line Steamship Virginia. The Virginia is on her second voyage from New York, having been finished last fall. She is said to be the largest American-built steamer and the last word in passenger steamship construction. She is not as large as many, but with all the conveniences and comforts of travel. The Virginia is six hundred and thirteen feet long, eighty feet wide and thirty-three thousand five hundred tons displacement. One of the engineers told me that it is the only large passenger steamship entirely driven by electricity. This gives a very even, constant drive. There is not that pulsating movement you feel in a steam-driven vessel. Of course, the electricity is produced by steam engines. All the cooking is done by electricity; all the cabins, salons, etc., are heated by electric radiators, but since the first day out, we have not needed any heat.

The first cabin dining-room is large, having seating capacity for over three hundred passengers. A traveling friend advised us to request the second sitting at our dining tables, but all can be seated at one time and our place is ready for us at any time while the dining-room is open.

We are fortunate in being placed at a nice table, with an English steward, who has been in the service all over the world and is very efficient. The ship has very large refrigerating accommodations, and meats, fruits, etc., can be kept almost indefinitely. We have on our menu, everything that you find in the best New York or Atlantic City hotels and cafes.

The cabins are very comfortable, all outside rooms, electric fans for warm weather, electric radiators for cold weather. Our cabin is fitted with comfortable twin beds, plenty of wardrobe and drawer conveniences. A room steward and also a room stewardess are ready for our call at any time. We feel very luxurious in having an English bath steward, who every day, at an arranged time, knocks at our door and announces that our "bawth" is ready. We find that the water, of the right temperature, is drawn, the bath mat is at the proper place, the bath towels in reach, etc. He answers in true English Novel style, "Very good, sir." Our deck steward knows the location of our deck chairs and keeps everything in place. With all these stewards, I don't know how I am going to come out when the "tipping" time comes—there are so many different ones.

The boat has her capacity of passengers. I understand there are three hundred and fifty-six first cabin passengers and three hundred and five second cabin passengers. I got over in the Tourist section one day by mistake and found they have very comfortable, nice quarters. The First Cabin passengers are not supposed to go into the Tourist Quarters nor vice versa. They have a promenade deck, steamer chairs, deck games, etc., just as we have.

It was quite exciting as we set sail—no, that's not the word, "embarked" maybe—at 11:30 Saturday morning, January 19. A great crowd was on the pier, waving their last "good-byes" to their friends. The decks were filled with passengers taking the last look at New York and its harbor for many days.

When we went down to our cabin, we found our baggage had all been placed; bon voyage boxes of flowers, books, telegrams, etc., were delivered and we began to feel as we had thought seasoned travellers should. Every table in the dining-room was laden with beautiful roses, carnations, tulips, snapdragons, etc., sent by friends.

Sunday was a beautiful, mild day; overcoats were discarded and some put on light garments. At 11 o'clock at the sound of a bugle, we were summoned to the lounge, where we had divine services led by the Purser of the boat. It was an Episcopal Service, and we had a hard time telling when to get up and down, although he obligingly told us each time on what page of the Prayer Book the service was. At noon we were informed that we had come four hundred and three miles from New York. Each day is posted the distance we have come in the last twenty-four hours. The second day at noon, we were off the Florida Coast, having travelled four hundred and twenty-six miles since noon the day before. This is about seventeen miles per hour. The morning of the third day, at 8:30 a. m., we arrived at Havana, Cuba, having travelled three hundred and thirty-six miles since noon of the day before. Noon of the fourth day, Wednesday, at the time this is being written, we are in the Caribbean Sea, east of Yucatan, three hundred and twenty-three miles from Havana. The steamship line conducts a tour of Havana and about three hundred of the passengers took automobiles and for three and a half hours were shown the sights of Havana. We were shown the oldest church of the island, were taken to the Columbus Cathedral, where Columbus' body rested until the end of the Spanish occupation, when it was taken to Spain. We were then driven to the cemetery, which is the finest I ever saw. Thousands of beautiful monuments, many of them costing up to a hundred thousand dollars. We were told there were four classes of funerals in Havana, depending on how much money you paid. The first class has a hearse with eight horses and two flower carriages; the second class has six horses and one flower carriage; the third has four horses and no flower carriage; while the fourth class is buried in the simplest style at the expense of the city. We were told also that the graves are rented for three years, after which time, if not rented for a longer period, the body is taken up and put in the common bone pile, and the grave is rented for a new occupant. Near the entrance to the cemetery is a large flower market where almost any flower can be bought here in January at a very low price. Roses were selling at 20 cents per dozen, which they said were high, as they usually sold at 5 to 10 cents per dozen. Tuberoses sold at 10 cents for a stalk with large spray.

We drove through the aristocratic residential section. Many of these homes were very lovely with beautiful grounds. The bougainville, poinsettia and many other lovely flowers were blooming profusely out in the open. Some time was spent at the Tropical Garden which is a pretty park. It belongs to a beer company, and each visitor is offered, free, all the beer he can drink. We were then driven through the beautiful grounds of the Country Club, by the Casino, the Military Camp and School, back to the city.

Everywhere you stop you are besieged with children holding out their hands and begging for "monee." They seem to be of a happy nature, for when you refuse and smile at them they break out in a very friendly smile in return.

In the old part of Havana you are struck with the very narrow streets. The principal shopping street, the Opbisco, is only about twelve feet wide, between curbs, with sidewalks about two feet wide. I measured the width of one street that had a car track and found it fifteen feet wide. There was barely room to accommodate the street car and autos. Our auto passed a street car in one of these narrow streets and it seemed impossible to get your hand between the two cars.

If they have any traffic laws they don't use them. They pass either to the right or the left, but don't seem to have any accidents. Most of the stores open right on the streets; they have very small, if any, show windows. I was struck with the number of large book stores. New York papers and magazines sell for just double the printed price. I had quite a time getting what I wanted in one of the stores. The girl who was supposed to speak English couldn't understand our brand of English and told me they didn't have any coat hangers. Later I found plenty of them in the same store.

Taxi fares are cheaper than in New York. Two can go anywhere in the city for 20 cents and 10 cents for each additional passenger. Going back to the boat, many of the passengers were loaded with bottled goods, cigars, etc., which they had purchased. One travelling vendor was offering round packages of a dozen cigars wrapped in shucks, which he called Plantation Cigars. We returned to the boat about four o'clock, very tired, but glad to have seen as much of Havana as we had. Promptly at six p. m. our boat started off and we had another panoramic view of the beautiful habor of Havana. Next Friday morning at six o'clock we are due at the Panama Canal, one of the great wonders of the world.

II

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

A WAVE of suppressed excitement ran through the dining saloon as it was announced Friday evening, January 25, at dinner through the loud speakers, that we expected to arrive at the Panama Canal at six o'clock on the following morning. I wanted to see all I could, so I awoke at 6:15 a. m., dressed quickly and was soon out on deck with a lot of other early risers to see what has been termed one of the world's greatest thrills. "Not even the Pyramids of Egypt, for centuries counted the greatest of man-made wonders, can compare with the Panama Canal in the interest and imagination of the traveller. The Pyramids stand for the mystic past; the Canal is an imperishable tribute to the genius of the present."

We saw that we were anchored in the beautiful harbor at Colon. Three enormous sea walls have been built to make this a safe harbor. Colon is on the Atlantic side and Cristobal on the Pacific. The French named these towns Colon for Columbus and Cristobal for Christopher. Our steamer does not land passengers at the Atlantic port on the western voyage, except a few who climbed down the side of the ship by the aid of a rope ladder, landing on launches brought by friends who probably lived there. Tons of mail were unloaded here to a large tender. It was interesting to watch the electric cranes pick up a huge number of bags of mail, enclosed in a large rope net, and quickly lower what looked like two carloads of mail to the hold of the waiting tender.

Breakfast was served forty-five minutes earlier than usual and by eight o'clock we were on the way to Gatun, the first locks. Everyone has seen pictures of the locks and and probably understands the method of raising huge vessels from sea level to the Gatun Lake, 85 feet higher, but it looks different when you see it and you are impressed with the hugeness of these mountains of cement and steel. We took on a government pilot as they won't risk damage to the precious walls of the Canal to any but highly-trained government pilots. There was only ten feet between the sides of our steamer and the walls of the locks. We stopped just outside of the Gatun Locks and strong steel wire ropes connected us to four electric locomotives on each side. These ropes held us in the center of the lock and electric locomotives pulled us slowly from one to the other of the Gatun Locks. The locks have immense steel gates, in pairs, each gate sixty-five feet wide, seventy feet high and seven feet thick. They are built with two compartments, the lower one being airtight so as to help hold up the immense weight; each gate weighs more than eight hundred thousand pounds. As we were pulled into the lock the gates behind us were closed and water was let into the lock through a sluice from the Gatun Lake. This opening, they say, is as large as the tube under the Hudson River, and feeds smaller tubes, opening through the floor of the lock. You can see the water boiling up at various places and in fifteen minutes we are raised to the level of the next lock. Then the next pair of gates is opened, and we are towed into the next lock, and the process repeated. The Gatun Lake is said to be the largest artificial lake in the world. It is formed by damming the Chagres River. This dam is one and a half miles long and about half a mile thick at the base to two hundred feet at the top. A very large spillway takes care of the surplus water which is immense after some of the tropical torrential rains that are common during the rainy season. The dry season is January, February and March, and we had a beautiful bright day to see this wonderful sight.

After reaching the level of the Gatun Lake, the vessel proceeded under its own power for about twenty-four miles to the locks on the Pacific side, where we were let down to the sea level in the reverse manner we climbed up. As we entered the lake we could see part of the old French Canal over to the right. On the Pacific side we saw some of the old out-of-date French dredges and also some of the small railroad dump cars which looked like toys beside the immense modern ones used by the American canal builders.

The view was beautiful as we steamed slowly through the Gatun Lake. We were very close to the shore most of the time and had a close-up view of the dense, tropical vegetation that literally covers all the ground. Banana plantations can be seen all along and brilliantly colored trees, vines, etc., with beautiful colored flowers covering many of these trees. I was disappointed in not seeing any monkeys, big green parrots, boa constrictors and other wild life which I had associated with such jungles; but I did see a curious looking lizard sunning itself on the bank about twenty feet from me; it was about fifteen inches in length and its long tail had bright colored rings on it.

I was also disappointed in the Gaillaird Cut, formerly called the

Culebra Cut. I suppose I had some idea of seeing cliffs, about like the ones you see at Blowing Rock—looking down from the rock. It is wonderful, however, to see where they dug through a large mountain and you can see where the mountain is still sloughing off, but they have it under control now. We were fortunate in seeing the hydraulic excavating that is being done at one place to widen the Canal.

When we reached the Pedro Miguel Locks on the Pacific side we were told that the steamer would be delayed here about four hours on account of some repairs which were being made on these locks. Accordingly, we left the steamer and entered automobiles that were waiting to take us the eight miles to Panama, and then we were given a three hour tour of the Canal Zone, Panama, Balboa, Old Panama, etc.

We were fortunate in having as our chauffeur and guide, a negro who was a native of Panama, could speak excellent English, and who took particular pains to show us everything of interest. He pointed out to us the tropical trees, such as the mahogany, banyan, lingum vitae, bread fruit, banana, mango, papaya, the tree on which grows delicious melons, alligator pear, bamboo tree, which is now covered with beautiful blossoms said to stay in bloom for about three months. We were told that no apples or figs can grow in this latitude. I don't want to live in a country that can't grow limber twig apples.

We were shown the forts, the officers' quarters, the commissary, the immense dry docks, the coaling station where it looks as if they could coal a dozen vessels at once. The Canal Zone is kept so clean and they are so careful to allow no standing water that flies and mosquitoes are entirely lacking. We didn't see a single one while we were there in the Canal Zone or in Panama. Our driver spied an iguana on a tree trunk and he went out of his way so that we could get a close-up view. The iguana looks like a large lizard with rough skin like a crocodile. It lives in trees, is said to have the property of a chameleon in being able to change its color to correspond to the color of the particular tree it is on. It needs some protection as it is a very slow-moving animal. Our guide informed us they were considered a great delicacy, their meat being white and tender, like chicken, but he also told us that he hadn't and wouldn't taste it. This one was about two feet long, hideous looking and I couldn't eat any if I knew what it was.

Panama adjoins the Canal Zone and you can't know, unless told, where one ends and the other commences. We were shown the old dungeon on the sea which has now been discarded for more sanitary quarters. The President's Palace was guarded by a number of policemen as Panama has no army, depending on Uncle Sam to protect them from any outside enemy. Panama has narrow, winding streets and a world traveler stated it is the most cosmopolitan city he was ever in. All races mingle here and in the stores you find the black, the yellow and the white races, all working together as clerks. All of them speak English as well as Spanish and other languages.

The tourist is their lawful prey and the price is about doubled when they sight you. However, you can get them down to the right price by "Jewing." I saw something I wanted to buy and was asked $7.50. I told them I didn't want to pay over $5.00. The merchant then brought out what was practically the same thing at $5.00. I bought it for $4.00 and wasn't sure then that I hadn't paid about a dollar too much.

We took dinner at the American Hotel in the Canal Zone and they weren't above "soaking" the tourist. I paid $1.00 for a collection of post cards of the Canal Zone and later found I could buy the identical package for 25c on our boat.

We were much interested in visiting Old Panama which is about eight miles from Panama City. There is nothing here but ruins, most of it overgrown by the jungle. An interesting ruin which has been cleaned up is one of the cathedrals. The front walls and one of the towers are standing. This city was captured and sacked by Morgan and his band of buccaneers in 1671. Panama was one of the stations on the route that the Spaniards used in transporting gold, silver and other precious commodities from Peru and other South American points. It grew into a flourishing city of about 20,000 inhabitants with fine churches, dwellings, warehouses, etc. The riches of the treasure city attracted Morgan and, with a comparatively small crowd of desperate followers, he conquered and pillaged it. The citizens set fire to the place and hid all the treasures they could but history stated that Morgan and his men carried off one hundred and seventy-six mule loads of gold and silver worth many millions. There was in the Cathedral a famous golden altar made in Spain. It was covered in pure gold leaf. When the monks heard of the coming of Morgan and his men they whitewashed the altar, thereby disguising it and saving it from the buccaneers who did not know of its value. It was later moved to the new site of Panama, cleaned up and we were shown this most beautiful piece of art, which is about thirty feet high and twenty feet broad, hand carved and covered with leaf gold.

About 9 o'clock that night we heard that our steamer had docked. All the day we had a hankering to ride in one of the queer little one-horse carriages that are so plentiful in Panama. My daughter, Ella, and I decided we would ride down to the steamer in one of these vehicles. It was very romantic, riding through the foreign looking streets in this curious vehicle with a Spanish driver who looked as if he might be a descendant of one of Morgan's buccaneers. He started off in a different direction from what I thought was the dock, but he assured us he was going right, and as he drove through a narrow, dark, evil-looking street, both of us grew uneasy and had visions of being set on by a band of thieves. But, I reflected, we were in Panama, one of Uncle Sam's protectorates, and as we soon came out on better streets in the Canal Zone we began to enjoy the moonlight and the luxurious air of this tropical night.

We soon arrived at the dock where our steamer was waiting for us. When we got on deck we saw they were loading bananas into our boat from three loaded scows on the other side. There were thousands of bunches of bananas and a big crew of natives were handling them as if they were bags of potatoes. We did not get away until past midnight.

Sunday morning found us still going south. We had to go about 200 miles in this direction before we could round Panama and start northwest toward California. I was surprised to know that Panama is in about the same longitude as is Charlotte. We didn't have to change the time from New York until the second night out of Panama. The ship's clock has been retarded thirty and forty minutes each midnight since then. Friday night we will be just three hours later than Charlotte time.

We were told that the first two days out of Panama are usually uncomfortably hot, but we have been lucky to have had nice pleasant weather. Sometimes our rooms have gotten warm during the day, but with the electric fans going we have kept comfortable, and at no time has it been other than most pleasant on the decks.

We took on tropical fruits and fish at Panama and have been served a good many kinds of fresh fish which we never heard of before.

Tuesday evening, January 29, we were served a carnival dinner. We found fancy hats and caps at our plates together with noisemakers, balloons, etc. Everyone was in the carnival spirit, and seemed to have a good time. We had baked Long Island duck, golden plover, and choice of about ten other kinds of meats, besides vegetables, desserts, etc. After dinner we repaired to the deck to see the masquerade parade. There were about one hundred and fifty masquers and many of them very good. The first prize for the women went to a young lady in Spanish dancer's costume. The bride of the voyage received a prize for her Chinese coolie costume. A nationally known New York surgeon received the men's first prize. He was rigged up as a chef.

All day Wednesday, January 30th, we have been cruising within about a mile of the rocky coast of Mexico. For three hours we have seen no hint of its being inhabited—a desolate looking country. I haven't seen any flying fish, porpoises, whales, sharks, etc., but maybe I will yet have my curiosity satisfied.

MOST ALL THE FAMILY IN 1934

James Danforth Walker Robert Lee Litaker Cory Gantt Jackson

THE BALANCE OF THE FAMILY, 1941

III

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

WE HAD very little excitement on the balance of our trip on the Virginia to Los Angeles. After the third day from Panama we were out of sight of land for two or three days. Then we came in sight of Lower California and sailed within a few miles of the coast for several days. As far as we could judge it was barren, uninhabited and mountainous, but attractive to us who had not seen land for several days.

Through the kindness of the second steward, we were shown through the kitchen and refrigerating rooms of the Virginia. They have fifteen cooks who have every cooking convenience imaginable. Everything was spotless and the refrigerating rooms were well stocked, each room being kept at a different temperature to suit the particular fruit, meat, etc., which it preserves. At this time we also made a visit to the tourist quarters. They have very comfortable quarters and a nice dining room, though not as large as the first cabin quarters. I read a menu card and, while not the variety of food we were given in the first cabin dining room, they were given very nice meals.

On Thursday night we had the Captain's Dinner, a very elaborate affair with everyone in evening dress. After dinner an amateur entertainment was given in the lounge, consisting of music, dancing, stunts, etc. Ray Henderson, who wrote "Sonny Boy" and many other of the New York musical hits, was in charge of the entertainment, and sang a number of his songs. Two sisters, who were professionals, also gave several of their numbers. (I was on the program and gave about ten minutes of magic and a number of passengers were kind enough to express their appreciation. I did not feel quite at home on a program entitled "Virginia Follies" but there was nothing objectionable from my standpoint in the program.)

On Thursday we met the California on her way to New York. We passed quite close and there was a lot of blowing of whistles and excitement among the passengers of both ships who crowded the decks to view the sister ships. They seemed to have a full load of passengers, especially the tourist section. The end of the deck games and tournaments came on Thursday. An interesting contest was one between twenty-five ladies whose task was to split about three yards of ¾-inch tape, cutting with a pair of manicure scissors. A prize was given to the successful winner who was Miss McFadden, a New York actress, formerly of the Ziegfeld Follies.

On Friday, February 1st, we were due to land at San Diego. We arrived at quarantine at 10 o'clock and about an hour was taken up with passing the quarantine doctor. We were given an early lunch and then set out to see the sights of San Diego. We visited Coronado Beach which has a beautiful hotel and a good bathing beach. On the same island is the U. S. Flying Field where there are immense hangars, extensive quarters for the training of officers and for the boys who are being taught to fly. We were also taken to the field used by Lindbergh last year. One guide told us there were 50,000 planes at San Diego at that time. I am afraid he hadn't counted them.

We visited Balboa Park where the Panama American Exposition was held a number of years ago. The buildings and grounds are being kept up by the city and this is an interesting place to visit. Across the bay from the flying field is a peninsula, Point Loma, and on the extreme point is an old lighthouse built by the Spaniards several hundred years ago. San Diego claims 250,000 population and is a pretty city with an equable temperate climate. It is quite near the Mexico line and a good many of our passengers drove over to Tia Juana to see the races and the gambling places. We spent several hours seeing the city and returned to our ship in plenty of time for dinner. We sailed at 10 o'clock. As we were leaving, great excitement was caused by a girl from the tourist section jumping overboard. The steamer was stopped, a boat picked her up and she was raised by a rope passed under her arms. She was drawn up right by our port hole and was limp and lifeless looking. She was soon revived, however. Different stories were told as to the cause. Some said she was crazed by drink which she probably got at Tia Juana, others said she was a chorus girl who was a good swimmer and was simply doing the stunt for advertising purposes. We finally got going again on our way to Los Angeles, our next stop.

Los Angeles is twenty-five miles from the ocean but she must have a port, so the city bought a strip of land down to the coast. She erected here huge docks, a breakwater and has a very good port. We arrived at the docks at 6 o'clock Saturday morning. We were given an early breakfast and left the steamer at 8 o'clock. Then came the ordeal of passing the customs officials. We had stopped at two foreign ports and Uncle Sam wanted to know if we had any goods on which we should pay duty. We had bought in Panama a silk night gown for my daughter who lives in Imperial Valley. We had it listed in our declaration as—one silk gown, $4.00. The customs official said he wanted to see that. He thought it was a fine evening gown and we were undervaluing it. After seeing it and perfunctorily looking at one more piece of baggage, he passed us through. Mr. Edward Filene, of the big Boston store, told me a friend had seen the Collector of Customs and given him the courtesy of the port so he passed immediately without an inspection. I must try to find some influential friend of the collector next time I travel. My daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. C. R. Walker of Imperial Valley, were there to meet us and we were glad to get our feet on firm land again. But we regretted leaving our ship where we had had a most pleasant voyage, seen many new sights and made many new friends.

Virginia, Clarence and little Virginia came up to meet us. Mrs. Ivey and Mary Gilmer planned to visit them at Westmoreland while Ella and I were on the trip to Hawaii. It was a week until our boat was to sail so we spent a very pleasant week, seeing the sights of Los Angeles and vicinity. We found it very economical living in Los Angeles. The hotel rates are lower than in the East and there are plenty of nice eating places where good meals can be had, two-thirds to one-half of the price prevailing in the East for the same kind of accommodations. This is where cafeterias started and still flourish. Many of them are beautifully fixed up. One place we ate was fixed up as an old-fashioned Spanish home. Great strings of peppers, ears of corn, etc., were hung from the walls. Spanish decorations were everywhere, and two Spaniards in native costume moved among the diners, playing Spanish music on their guitars. It gave quite a romantic setting.

Los Angeles has improved much in the three years since I was there. Many large substantial buildings and nice homes have been built and the city looks more as if its citizens had decided to stay there. Before, it had a temporary look with so many cheap, makeshift homes. Just now it seems very quiet. I saw very few buildings of any kind going up. When I was there last, there was a large office building being erected adjoining our hotel. This time another large office building was being erected on the other side of our hotel, making a racket from 7:00 o'clock until late at night. We are thinking of proposing to the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce that they employ us to come to

Los Angeles frequently, so as to encourage the erection of new buildings adjoining the hotels where we stop. This was the only large building we noticed that was being erected in Los Angeles. Real estate must be very quiet there now.

On Sunday we worshipped at the First Methodist Church, which is one of the largest in Los Angeles. The auditorium seats about 4,000 and it was practically full at the morning service, and there must have been between two and three thousand at the evening service. It is about the only down town church left. The pastor stated that nine churches had moved from the down town section in the last six years.

I met here Mr. Durfee who once lived in Hendersonville. I also met Mr. Will Shelton from Waynesville, N. C., and a number of other friends who are living in Los Angeles. Mr. Paul Walker, who lives in Hollywood, took us riding and pointed out the homes of movie stars in Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Many magnificent palaces have been built here in the past few years. No place, I suppose, has such magnificent movie theatres as are here. We were taken to Grauman's Chinese Theatre, which is the finest and newest. It is wonderfully decorated, and is worth going far to see. A friend took us to dinner at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where many of the movie stars hold a membership. We saw some of them, but were most too early to see many.

A regular show place is a large furniture store. It is said to be the largest in the world. The sales in 1928 were over twelve million dollars. It has seven floors, each floor being about twice the size of one of the floors of Ivey's, all fitted out most expensively and filled with furniture and everything that goes to furnish a home. I saw a vase that I liked and, to my surprise, they said they would pay the express to Charlotte. The express must have cost them almost as much as I paid for the vase.

Mrs. Frank C. Winter, who lived in Charlotte until recently, took us out one afternoon and accompanied us through Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple. It is a wonderful plant she has there, and a description of the temple and what she is doing is worth a separate letter. Mrs. Winter has a beautiful Spanish home on the heights above Glendale, which adjoins Los Angeles. It is most attractive and the most complete home we ever saw. Mr. Winter was the architect himself. He ought to go into the business. The weather was, as usual, "unusual." I never have visited Los Angeles but one time in the winter, but that it was cold and we were told it was "unusual." This time, however, was better than ever before. There had been no freeze and the yards had many beautiful blooming roses, geraniums, etc. The yard was covered with pretty green grass and it did not look like winter. Sweet peas sold at two large bunches for 25c and many other varieties of flowers were proportionately priced.

Saturday Mr. Walker took us down to Los Angeles harbor to board our steamship for Hawaii. There was lots of excitement as we got ready to leave. The deck stewards distributed hundreds of packages of serpentine rolls of paper and the side of the ship next to the dock was festooned from one end to the other with colored papers thrown from the deck to friends on the dock. Different from New York, we had a number of friends who came down to see us off.

We found a number of people on the boat who came on the Virginia from New York. Dr. and Mrs. Albert Irving from Bronxville, N. Y.; Dr. and Mrs. George Albee, Orange, N. J.; Dr. and Mrs. Louis Clarke, Holyoke, Mass., and several others.

Today, Monday, February 11th, we are on the steamship, City of Honolulu, about 600 miles from Los Angeles, bound for the Hawaiian Islands, 2100 miles southwest from Los Angeles. The City of Honolulu is one of the ships which were taken from the Germans at the opening of the World War. It was bought by the Los Angeles Steamship Company; has been thoroughly refitted with everything needed by a good passenger ship. It has nice cabins, fitted with telephones, comfortable beds, instead of bunks, and most of the cabins have private or connecting baths. They could have added somewhat to the comfort of the trip the first day out, by having heat in the cabins, as it was cold, but it is warmer now and very comfortable. The ship's officers and the stewards are polite and attentive; the dining room offers a wide choice of foods, and seemingly every effort is made to give us a pleasant journey.

The City of Honolulu is 523 feet long, of 21,000 tons and she is carrying on this trip 399 passengers, which is about capacity. The passengers are all the same class; there being no steerage. It requires a crew of 252 to look after the ship and us. The steamer takes six days to make the trip to Honolulu, running 325 to 400 miles a day. Time is retarded 30 minutes each night. There is now four hours difference between our time and Charlotte time. That is to say, when we are eating breakfast at 8:30 a. m. a good many people of Charlotte are eating their lunch at 12:30 p. m.

So far there has been no excitement; we have met no ships, nor have we seen any waterspouts or whales. The sea was pretty rough yesterday and a good many passengers lost their breakfasts and stayed in their cabins all day, but it is smoother today. We are thankful that we seem to be good sailors and if we don't have worse weather, we will make it without being seasick. Yesterday, Sunday, we had services in the lounge, led by the purser. It was a very short service, consisting of several hymns, responsive readings and the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Later—This is Friday, and tomorrow we are due at Aloha Tower where all incoming passenger steamers dock. We are told we have a thrill coming in viewing the enchanting isle of Hawaii. The weather has gotten nice and tropical and all the ship's officers are dressed in their white duck suits.

One evening we were given an entertainment by volunteer amateur talent among the passengers. There was a variety and all seemed to have a good time. All this week deck game tournaments have been going on and today the finals are being played. My daughter, Ella, won the first prize in deck tennis. I competed in shuffle board and ring toss, but was soon eliminated.

The sea has been slightly rough all the way and many are still sick, but we have proven good sailors. I hope I can say the same when I land at Los Angeles on my return. It seems that all steamers must have their masquerade party and ours came off last night. It provided an interesting incident on shipboard.

Quite a lot of excitement was caused Tuesday morning when we met the City of Los Angeles, the sister ship of our steamer. I had an idea we would have an opportunity to send back mail but they did not pause. This is the only vessel we have sighted in our six days cruise. My next letter will give my impressions of Hawaii.

IV

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

WHAT a pleasant tingle of adventure you feel as you approach an entirely new country, that you have heard much of; a new people, new vegetation, new customs, etc. I could sympathize with Columbus, as on Friday morning, February 8, all was bustle and excitement, as we saw land and were told it was Diamond Head, the strongly fortified mountain that commands the approach to Honolulu. We made a very leisurely approach as we were ahead of time, and the port authorities did not want us to dock before 11 o'clock. The hotels were crowded with tourists. A large number were leaving that morning on a steamer that sailed at 12 o'clock and they did not want us to get there before the hotel rooms were vacated. I never heard of our New York hotels having any consideration as to how long they keep you waiting for a room. As we approached, a navy plane came to meet us and entertained us with stunts, then flew down near the boat and threw us a package which contained a wreath of flowers marked for Captain Gidding, a navy aviator who was aboard. They did this again but on the third and fourth trial the wind blew the flowers into the sea. As we came nearer to the dock we were met by a great flock of native boys, about twenty in number, who seemed to be about as much at home in the water as the fish themselves. The passengers amused themselves by throwing nickels and dimes in the water and these boys would dive down and get them every time before the coins reached the bottom.

I suppose nowhere else in the world do you get such a friendly, hearty welcome as you get at Honolulu. The large, commodious dock was filled with great crowds who came down to meet the visitors. It made no difference whether they knew them or not, they gave a smiling, hearty welcome. The Royal Hawaiian Band, a fine organization, was on the pier to greet us with the sweet strains of Aloha. I understand they meet all the boats with music, also repeat the performance as the boat departs. It was exciting to see the friendly bustle and the first thing they did for their friends was to put leis, wreaths of flowers, around their necks. It is a fine custom and peculiar to these islands.

Ella and I had no idea that anyone in Honolulu knew we were coming and you can imagine our pleasure when we were greeted by Mrs. W. A. Ingram, who was Miss Patsy Harris of Charlotte, and by Mrs. Eugene A. Tracy of Southern Pines, N. C. They had seen our names in the passenger list which had been wired ahead and we were certainly thrilled at this greeting. They had brought flower leis and decorated each one of us with two and one for my hat. Mr. W. A. Ingram, who also lived in Charlotte, has been located here for about a year, representing The General Motors Acceptance Corporation. Mr. and Mrs. Tracy have been spending the winter in Honolulu and both are very enthusiastic about the lovely islands.

When we went to our rooms at the hotel, we found waiting for us more leis, a big bunch of roses and a large bouquet of African daisies. These had been sent by Miss Edith Fitch of Hilo, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wakefield, and some other friends of Miss Fitch. My! It gave us a nice feeling to get such cordial greetings. We felt like the Prince of Wales. We hadn't been in the hotel but a short while when a telephone call came from a gentleman who said he had known me in Charlotte. It proved to be Mr. Joe R. Fisher who had been in my Sunday School class at old Tryon Street Church, Charlotte, about 1910. Joe also reminded me that he had worked for me during a summer vacation, getting the magnificent salary of $2.00 per week. Joe has been here for about five years, married a beautiful girl from the state of Washington, and they have a fine, pretty baby about nine months old, which they are rearing strictly according to modern methods. I keep wondering how we, of the old school, were ever reared. Joe Fisher is the star salesman in the firm of Von Ham Young Company, automobile dealers. Among several other makes they sell the Packard car and Joe devotes all his time to this car, of which he is the only salesman. He must be a very fine salesman, for last year he sold over four hundred Packards on these islands, which have a population of only 348,747, 80% of them Asiatics and South Sea islanders. At the same time, his competitor, selling the most popular car in the Packard class, sold less than fifty cars. Joe took us out driving several times, had us up to his home, took us through the pineapple cannery, through the sugar mill, took us down to the boat, vouched for us when I wanted to cash a personal check and in general treated us royally. Hospitality seems to generate naturally in these islands. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ingram took us out riding, took us to their beautiful home in the palms on Waikiki Beach, had us to tea at one of the fashionable hotels on the beach and then gave me a special treat by taking me to a Hawaiian pageant which graphically acted the history of the old Kamehameha dynasty. There were probably a hundred native Hawaiians in the cast, dressed in the style of the period which they were depicting. It was a gorgeous affair showing the pomp of these courts which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, rivaled in splendor some of the European courts. King Kalakaua, called the "Dandy King," had made for himself a very fine, golden crown, studded with hundreds of diamonds and other precious gems and the uniforms and gowns worn at their court functions were made in Paris in the latest style of the period. Those who have gotten their ideas from Mark Twain, as to Hawaiian dress, or lack of it, will have to revise it when they see this pageant.

One of the wholesale dry goods merchants, Mr. Wakefield, was also more than kind and hospitable to us. Mr. Gordon Wakefield and his lovely wife took us out driving and also had us to their home to dinner. I found a fellow flower enthusiast in Mrs. Wakefield, Senior. She told me much about the flowers and trees of Hawaii. As remarked before, hospitality must be in the air. As we were walking down Berentara Street on Sunday morning, on our way to church it began to rain, as it has a habit of doing in Hawaii. At once a gentleman drove up to the curb and courteously asked if he couldn't take us to where we were going. He told us he belonged to the submarine base and said he would be glad to show us through his submarine, if we would go down to Pearl Harbor. I regret very much we did not have time to accept his kind offer. Mr. William McClusky, who was county superintendent of public schools of Mecklenburg County about 1915, hunted me up at the hotel, went with me to the museum and helped me to understand the exhibits. He has lived here a number of years and is connected as superintendent with the schools on Oahu Island, on which Honolulu is situated. He gave me much information about the island and the morning I left, he came down to the boat with his two fine sons, William and Donald, to see me off. He put around my neck as a parting remembrance, two interesting and valuable bead leis made of the seeds of the royal palm, weili-weili, elephant ears, soap plant and other seeds which make pretty beads.

Mrs. H. P. Judd, wife of a preacher in Honolulu and a kinswoman of Mrs. A. J. Hagood, called me up and seemed anxious to do something for me but I was dated up. I know this sounds like a fairy story, but I haven't done anything like justice to the fine hospitality of these gracious people.

Friday and Saturday we spent in driving around the city, visiting the beach, while spending a lot of time among the Japanese and Chinese stores. It was very interesting wandering around, seeing the Oriental people dressed as they are in Japan or China. The women with their elaborate kimonas, wood and straw sandals, the wooden soles flapping up and down, only secured by the strings between their big toe and second toe, the heels loose. Every once in a while we met a mother trudging along with a sleeping baby on her back, then a Chinese carrying two heavy loads from the ends of a long pole, balanced on the shoulders. We went into the stores which catered only to the Chinese, saw the eggs preserved in earth imported from China and no telling how old. The older they are, the better they like them. I bought an egg to bring home, but California won't allow earth of any kind to come in for fear of importing some new pest, so I had to throw away my preserved egg.

One night we went to a Japanese movie. The pictures were taken strictly for Japanese consumption, for there was nothing resembling our movies. There were no captions but a man and woman kept a running fire of comment, laughing or crying at the proper time. Of course we could get nothing out of it, except being interested in this entirely new entertainment. We started to go to a Chinese theatre where a big play was going on. The play commenced at 6:30 and continued until 11:30. We were told we could go in any time or come out any time, but as each of us had been to a Chinese theatre, we decided to seek some new attraction, so went to the Japanese movie.

We went to the fish market and saw all kinds of fish prepared in new and novel ways. We noticed a wooden stick about 12 inches long, covered for most of its length with about an inch of some mess around it. On inquiring, the Chinaman said it was fish cake. It had a wonderfully evil smell, as had most of their shops.

Many of the barber shops in the foreign quarter have female barbers. Nearly all the stores, including the American stores, have Japanese and Chinese clerks. They are intelligent, having been educated in English schools, and speak excellent English. Most of the offices have Japanese or Chinese bookkeepers, clerks, etc.

On Monday, Ella and I hired a car which you drive yourself and took the circle of the island. We took our time, stopped when we saw anything interesting, and had a grand day. We first drove up to Pali (precipice) only a few miles from Honolulu, where we got a very fine view. There was a sheer drop of one thousand feet and a fine view of ocean, beaches, palm groves, banana plantations, rice fields, etc. Owing to high cliffs on each side of this narrow pass, there is at nearly all times a tremendous wind coming through. I tried to walk down an incline where the wind is strongest but was actually blown back. I couldn't walk down hill. We then drove down a well-graded but steep cement road, until we reached the northeastern shore. This was at one time a sugar district but, on account of the scarcity of water, the industry was moved to the other side of the island and the fine farming lands are given to the Chinese and Japanese farmers who raise rice, bananas, and all sorts of garden truck. I noticed some vines staked, with the fruit covered with paper bags. I stopped at a Chinese country store near but could find no one who understood English. They pointed to some men nearby and they told us it was bitter melon. They looked something like cucumbers, though larger. At another place I saw a Hawaiian woman walking along with one baby on her back and another in front and leading a little girl. I rushed over to them and asked to take their picture which she good naturedly allowed. Later we saw two women and a whole flock of children and induced them to allow their pictures to be taken. This is the real country district. Farther along we came to the sugar cane district and I took a snap shot of their funny looking open box cars loaded with sugar cane. The grass thatched houses are getting very scarce but we saw one and got the woman and her child to stand outside while we snapped their picture.

The Mormon Temple, a beautiful stone building, is on this side of the island and was, for a long while, headquarters for the Mormons on the island, but the headquarters for the fifteen thousand Mormons is now in Honolulu.

We saw great fields of taro plant from which poi is made, a favorite dish with the Hawaiians. The taro plant grows in wet, muddy places and makes a bulb something like the bulb of calladium. The older Hawaiians pounded this up with pestles and made it into a paste. It is now ground up in mills. It is eaten by the natives with their fingers. All sit around a common dish, stick their fingers in, move it about until it is covered and then put the finger in the mouth and strip it off. It doesn't sound, nor look, very appetizing. They have one finger and two finger poi. The two finger variety is thinner. I noticed poi on the bill-of-fare at our hotel and decided I would have a try. I didn't like it plain but on adding sugar and cream, found it very palatable. I have eaten it a number of times since and like its piquant taste. We took lunch at Waiailua, where there is an excellent hotel. They have glass-bottom boats here where you can see the coral gardens but it was too rough that day. We then made our way through fields intensively cultivated. Ella took a snap shot of me against a tangled mass of sugar cane. We saw where it had just been planted, where the young shoots were only a few feet high, then fields where they were harvesting. There is no laying-by time. They can plant any time of the year and arrange so that continuous employment is given the laborer.

The improved road is not finished all around the island as yet, so we drove across the southwest portion passing the U. S. camp, the Schofield Barracks, Pearl Harbor, the Submarine Base, the Golf Links, the Moanula Gardens, a beautiful public park; and so back to Honolulu, coming back in the opposite direction from which we left. We had traveled about ninety miles, had seen the country at our leisure, and had a most enjoyable day. Our car was a nice closed one, and had cost $10.00 for the day. I will, in a later letter, tell something of the two great industries of Hawaii, sugar and pineapples, and some other items about Hawaii that I think might be interesting.

V

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

ONE of the greatest thrills I ever experienced was when I landed on the Island of Hawaii, from the steamer Haleakala, and was excitedly told that the volcano came into eruption at 12:45 that morning. We were told in Honolulu that we could view the crater but that the volcano had been inactive for two years. Imagine our joy when we found that we were just in time to see the wonderful sight of a volcano in eruption.

The Island of Hawaii is situated about two hundred miles from the Island of Oahu, on which is located the city of Honolulu, the largest city and the capital of the territory. Hawaii is the largest of any of the islands, in fact, is as large as all the other islands put together. We wanted to go at once to the volcano, which is about thirty miles from Hilo, the principal city of the Hawaiian Islands where we landed, but the tour managers had other plans for the morning. We were met at the dock by Miss Edith Fitch, a friend, who is teaching at Hilo. She had beautiful flower leis for us, welcoming us to the Island. We were so busy seeing about Ella's baggage being sent to Miss Fitch's home that before we knew it the train which we were to have boarded had left. It gives you a "gone" feeling to see your train in sight but out of reach and getting further away from you. A strange gentleman, seeing our plight, said for us to get in his car and he would take us to the first stop where we could board the train. I never met such hospitable and kind people. They really seem to have an interest in you, and not simply to make money out of the tourist. As we made our way to his auto, we saw the train backing to make a switch. They stopped for us and the conductor didn't scowl as I am afraid he would have done in the states. We were seated in comfortable arm chairs in specially constructed observation cars with extra large windows where we could view the scenery.

Then we started on the most scenic ride I have ever had. The railroad keeps close to the sea and, as we came to wonderful gulches covered with luxuriant foliage and to many beautiful waterfalls, the train was stopped at the point on the bridge or trestle where we could get the best view and Hawaiian girls would point out and explain the attractions. These girls were a happy quartet and besides acting as guides, they entertained us at intervals with Hawaiian music, accompanied by ukelele and guitars. The Hawaiians are great lovers of music and beauty. At one of the stops, huge beds of red geraniums were blooming. The Hawaiian girls got out, gathered some of the bright blossoms and put them in their dark hair, making a very pretty picture.

We passed by immense sugar cane fields. Sugar raising is the principal and almost the sole industry on this part of the island. Instead of using the railroad to transport the cane to the mill, as they do in Oahu Island, they build flumes up on the mountain sides, sometimes as far as fifteen miles from the mill. High trestles as high as three hundred feet are erected to hold these flumes and tunnels are made through the cliffs for their passage. In some steep places where the water may not be available the sugar cane is sent to the nearest flume by aerial trolleys. Sometimes these trolleys are miles long, of course, supported by poles at intervals. After a leisurely ride of 60 miles, stopping at all interesting points, we were taken back to Hilo and taken in comfortable automobiles to the Hilo Hotel where we were served a good lunch.

At two o'clock, our car No. 11, which we used in all of our auto trips, came and we started up to the Volcano House. This is a good hotel, of one hundred rooms, situated right by the edge of the great volcano crater of Kilauea and in plain view of the smoking crater of Halemaumau, which had come into action that morning. There are a number of caves within one hundred feet of the Volcano House out of which were issuing steam and smoke, but as no one else seemed uneasy, we thought it must be all right. As soon as we were assigned rooms we hurried back to our No. 11 car, anxious to see the volcano at close range. Instead, to our disappointment, for we were afraid the show would be over, we were taken to the observatory on the edge of a big crater, but a couple of miles from the one in eruption. We were here given an illustrated lecture on volcanoes and this one in particular, including a moving picture of the river of lava flowing from Mauna Loa in the eruption of April, 1926, when the great river of lava flowed down the mountain, completely destroying Hoopuloa, a village on the coast. It was an interesting picture, especially when the lava came to the ocean, causing great clouds of steam to arise. They said millions of fish were killed by the heat from this lava as it rushed into the sea.

There is on view at this observatory a seismograph, which records all earthquakes, and they have them here more or less at all times. We were interested in this but we wanted to look down and see a real live volcano and suspected that maybe after all there was no volcano to be seen, as all we could see from the observatory was some smoke and steam, and our guide told us that we would not go down to the pit until after supper. After supper, or dinner, whichever you wish to call it, our driver took us in No. 11, and said we were going to see the real volcano. We were getting a little more faith by this time, as we could see the heavens lighted up for miles with the glow from the burning crater. After a ride of six and a half miles, only two miles by air line, we came to Halemaumau, "House of Everlasting Fire," and we were glad they had made us wait until night to first view this wonderful sight. We went right up to the edge of the crater and looked down, twelve hundred feet, where we saw a great lake of burning lava with fountains of molten stone and fire shooting up two hundred feet into the air. It is impossible to describe. It was the most wonderful and thrilling spectacle I ever saw. It was worth coming the five thousand miles to see, and just to think of our luck in being able to see it in action! There were thousands of people ranged around the rim, viewing the spectacle. They came from all over the island. This crater that was in action is thirty-five hundred feet long and three thousand feet wide, twelve hundred feet deep. You could put two Woolworth buildings in it, one on top of the other, and still not reach the top. The sides are almost perpendicular but are continually caving in. I couldn't help being uneasy standing within three feet of the rim, for fear the weight of the crowd might start another slide, and then you wouldn't have the chance of reading this account, which sounds very tame and unsatisfying, as I read it over. We were shown a ten-ton boulder that was hurled from this crater in the 1923 eruption. They said it was sent a mile high and landed a quarter of a mile from the edge of the crater.

Next morning we were taken on a tour that was very interesting. We were driven through the fern forest, where many of the giant ferns are said to be twenty feet high, with single fronds ten feet long, and, instead of a few ferns, there are whole forests of them, at points overarching the road, almost meeting. This section is a National Park, and there are excellent auto roads to all points of interest.

We were then taken through a lava tube, which is a cave made at some ancient time by escaping lava. This tube, or cave, was four hundred feet long and six to ten feet high. Our guide lighted a torch and the walking, while damp, was not bad. The tube was fourteen hundred feet longer, but we came out at an opening four hundred feet from the entrance, as the longer cave was said to be difficult. Then we went again to the crater of Halemaumau to get a near view of the volcano in daylight. It was still spouting melted lava but in daylight it did not make the show it did at night. We were next taken on a ride to view about a dozen extinct craters, great holes in the ground, some of them covered with green shrubbery, while others, of more recent origin, had bare walls. One of the craters is called the "Devil's Throat." It is a perpendicular well in the ground, about twenty feet across and three hundred feet deep. At another point we saw where there was a small eruption of lava in 1925. This had covered the ground to the depth of a foot or two. The lava had cooled around the trunks of trees and, as the trees were killed and rotted away, it left a perfect mold of the shape of the stump and trunk.

We were then taken again to our hotel for lunch. The elevation of the hotel is four thousand feet and as Mauna Loa, a nearby mountain, was covered with snow, it was cold. My room was like a refrigerator and I haven't been so cold in a year. I don't see why the hotel doesn't utilize some of the steam a few feet under it to heat the rooms. They do use this natural steam for sulphur baths. Large wood fires were kept burning in the lobby, but the rooms were icy. At the same time, down at Hilo, only thirty miles away, the weather was balmy. Mauna Kea, another high mountain in plain view, could be seen with its top covered with snow. I came five thousand miles to the tropics to see the first snow I have seen in a year. Mauna Loa is thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five feet high, while Mauna Kea is thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-five feet high, more than twice as high as Mt. Mitchell.

We would liked to have made the tour around this island, but time did not permit. We wanted to see Kona, where they raise the well-known Kona Coffee. The estimated coffee crop of this section is fifty thousand to fifty-five thousand bags of one hundred pounds each. We also would liked to have visited Hamakau Section of the island, where is situated the great Parker cattle ranch. This ranch is a domain of about five hundred thousand acres. We wanted to see Akaka Falls where the river makes a sheer drop of four hundred and eighty feet into a rock basin. We would have enjoyed seeing Waimen Canyon, which is said to rival in coloring and grandeur our Colorado Grand Canyon. We also wanted to see Captain Cook's monument, the barking sands, the Old Russian Fort and the Shouting Horn where the surf is forced through a hole in the rock, causing a water geyser to shoot up with a wheezing sound. There are many other interesting sights on Hawaii and other islands in the group, but it was soon time for our steamer to leave.

We took our No. 11 auto and were driven back to Hilo, and over the city to see the sights. We passed by the Japanese fleet of fishing vessels called sampans. These are odd, awkward-looking, large boats, which go to sea and sometimes stay for a week or two until they catch a cargo of fish. The boats have a deck above the bottom and they fill this lower part with sufficient water to keep their fish alive until they reach the market. Some of them are more modern and the lower part is filled with ice, in which the fish are preserved.

I left Ella at Hilo, as she is going to make a visit with her friend, Miss Edith Fitch. Both of them came to the boat to present me with leis made of pansies. I felt real lonesome as I waved goodbye to them on the dock. The sail down the coast was beautiful. The wind was blowing pretty hard, making a grand display as the surf broke on the rocky coast, splashing up, it seemed, seventy-five feet to a hundred feet in beautiful cascades. We sailed quite close to the shore and could see a great many waterfalls pouring over the cliffs into the ocean. At one time, I counted twelve beautiful waterfalls in plain sight. As stated, there is a lot of rain on this island. They say there is hardly a day when there are not showers at Hilo. A man told me that during three months that he stayed at Hilo, there were fifty inches of rain (I think he said ninety inches, but that sounds too much.) It is a matter of record that on the mountain peak at Waialeale, the annual average rainfall for a thirteen-year period was four hundred and thirty-five inches. They claim it is the wettest spot on earth, but I understand there is a mountain in India which has a much larger rainfall.

I always wanted to have been in a storm—notice the past tense. Well, I have had my wish. It was very rough and our steamer pitched and rolled until it seemed we couldn't stay on. One of the stewards, who has been running on this line for many years, said it was the roughest he had seen. There also was a fellow voyager who said he had made a trip around the world but had never experienced such a rough voyage. Although the dining tables were protected with guards to keep the dishes from sliding off, every once in a while, during supper, the ship would roll over on her side and dishes would go crashing all over the floor. The chairs of two ladies turned over and they slid into the middle of the dining saloon before they could stop. I had to hold on to the dining table which was fastened to the floor to keep from falling over. After I found out I wasn't going to be seasick and was satisfied the boat was safe, I rather enjoyed it, and wouldn't take anything now for the experience. I was glad my berth had a wide railing, otherwise I couldn't have stayed in bed. I am a good sleeper and slept most of the night in spite of the storm.

VI

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

ON THE last day of my stay in Honolulu, my friend, Mr. Joe Fisher, placed me under further obligation by taking me to the Oahu Sugar Company's plantation, where a very courteous guide showed us through the sugar mill, explaining every operation from the unloading of the cane from the railroad cars to the finished product—the raw sugar. The raw sugar is shipped to San Francisco where it is refined into twelve grades of sugar by the refinery at Crocket, near San Francisco. This refinery is owned by the sugar planters of Hawaii.

Sugar cane was found growing in Hawaii by Captain Cook, when he discovered the islands in 1768. It is thought it was brought there by the original Hawaiians who probably migrated from some of the South Sea Islands. Sugar was known and prized for many centuries B. C. Chinese writings of the eighth century B. C. record that sugar cane was imported from India. Three hundred B. C. the armies of Alexander the Great brought from India the "Honey Bearing Reed." Until comparatively recent times sugar was a luxury indulged in only by the wealthy, but now it is about the least expensive food, and is used by the poor as well as the rich.

Owing to the low labor costs in Porto Rico, the Philippines and Cuba, together with better climatic conditions, sugar cane can be more cheaply produced in those countries than in Hawaii, and the Hawaiians claim that, were it not for the protection afforded by the tariff, this great industry of Hawaii would be ruined. At the present time a tariff of about two and a quarter cents per pound on 96 per cent sugar is collected on all sugar imported into the United States, a preferential of 20 per cent is allowed Cuba, making the rate from that country 1.7648 cents per pound (about one and three-quarter cents per pound). Hawaii being part of the United States, of course, pays no duty on what it ships into the States, thus getting the benefit of the tariff. This advantage has greatly increased the amount of sugar produced in the islands. In 1918 Hawaii produced 575,842 tons of sugar; in 1927, 811,333 tons; an increase of nearly 50 per cent in nine years. A large part of this increase has been made possible by improvements in the variety of cane raised, and in improved mill processes.

This plantation which I visited, the Oahu Sugar Company, has increased their production from 38,212 tons in 1922 to 75,411 tons in 1928, an increase of nearly 100 per cent, and, as I understood it, most of this increase is due to improved cane and improved methods, both in cultivation and in mill processes. This plantation raised in 1922, 6.668 tons of sugar per acre, while in 1928 the yield was 12.28 tons per acre, and the intervening years showed an even increase each year. This one company has 6,139 acres in cultivation and uses all improved methods. The cane is loaded on the cars in the field by huge derricks that move on corduroy roads. They have six large track-laying tractors for various work; seven of these loading derricks, besides numerous other tracks. They own a railroad with their own locomotives and cars, with about thirty miles of permanent track, besides temporary track they lay down to the different fields when harvesting the cane.

The trains bring their long string of cars loaded with cane directly into the mill, where it is mechanically unloaded onto a wide, endless track that carries it to the cutting knives. This mechanical unloader is an invention of a Mr. Wicks of the Islands. It is an enormous rake with two steel teeth each about thirty feet long. This rakes the cane from the open loaded car in a very few minutes. The cane is then carried by an endless belt to circular revolving knives, which cut it into small pieces ready for the crushing rollers which extract most of the juice. The mass of crushed cane is then passed through a shredding machine, where it is further cut up. It is sprinkled with steaming water and sent through more powerful presses where all the juice possible is extracted. The woody residue of cane called "bagasse" is passed over heated rollers, dried and mechanically conveyed to the engine room where it is automatically fed into the boilers, being enough fuel to produce steam to run the many powerful machines. Besides, it takes care of waste that would bury the plantation in a little while. The juice is heated and sent through settling basins, where all the impurities are pumped out, all the possible juice extracted, then the mud is dried and many tons of good fertilizer are in this way produced. There is no refuse left; everything is used for helpful purposes.

The clarified juice is boiled, evaporated and clarified until crystals of sugar are formed. This is still mixed with molasses. It is then put in centrifugal machines which revolve at an immense speed, throwing out the molasses and leaving the brown grain sugar. These centrifugal machines are just like the machines used by our laundries to dry clothes, and act on the same principle. The raw sugar is then flumed to where it is mechanically run into sacks. Automatic scales load to one hundred and twenty-five pounds, then the sacks are automatically sewn and ready to be sent to the refinery at Crocket, California.

I was told that the whole process from unloading the cane to the sacking of the raw sugar consumes about 18 hours. This mill bags about three hundred and eighty-seven tons of sugar daily, and so much automatic machinery is used that the place actually looked deserted. Only a few people seemed to be around, seeing that the machinery was in order.

Don't think of this sugar cane in the same way you do the long straight stalks of our Sorghum Cane. It is no easy job to cut this down, load and unload it, for it is blown down and twisted and tangled so much that it is almost impossible to make one's way through the sugar cane fields. It grows to a height of six to twelve feet, but is so matted and twisted together that a field usually averages six to seven feet high. These twisted, crooked canes are unhandy to load and unload and would be very difficult to feed into the rollers if they were not first cut into small pieces, with revolving disc knives.

All the cane on the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, must be irrigated, and immense sums of money are invested on each plantation to provide water. Water is obtained mostly from artesian wells, and on many of these, the pumps are situated from two hundred to four hundred feet deep, as near the water as they can get. Tunnels are driven into the mountains where huge springs are tapped, the waters of which are carried to the plantations in big, costly flumes and ditches. Many of the ditches are cement lined to preserve the precious water. I was told that it takes eighteen feet of water to bring sugar crops to maturity. One plantation uses one and a half times as much water as is used by the whole city of Boston, for all purposes.

Many of the plantations have from six to twelve immense pumping stations. At the Ewa Plantation, they depend altogether on sixty-one artesian wells and the pumping capacity is over one million gallons a day. For each ton of sugar produced, one million gallons of water are used. Some of the plantations use reservoirs, conserving the rain water, but the land is so porous that most of it sinks down to the artesian level, unless confined in cement lined reservoirs. There is a good rainfall but, owing to the porosity of the soil, as mentioned, it soon sinks below where the growing cane can use it. The investment of this one plantation, The Oahu Sugar Company, in their irrigation system is $5,700,000.

Experiment stations are constantly trying to find better varieties of cane. H-109 is the best found so far, and it produces much more sugar per acre than any other, besides withstanding better the insect pests which give trouble here as elsewhere. The leaf hopper at one time seemed to seal the doom of the industry, until the experts found in Australia a parasite which was imported and keeps the pest down. Another time, the stalk borer threatened to lay waste the sugar cane fields, but again the entomologists found a parasite in the South Sea Islands which checked it. I can testify though, that the stalk borer is still there, for I cut into a stalk and found one at work, stopping my desire to eat any more at that time.

Preparing the land for planting is very expensive. An engine on either side of the field pulls an immense plough across from the other side. This plows from twenty to thirty inches deep. It is then harrowed, and furrows made for the irrigation ditches. They do not plant the seed, but sections of the cane, which come up in about ten days. From this time, it is continually cultivated, fertilized and irrigated, and looked after to see that no disease attacks it.

Last year the plantation I visited published in their annual report that they spent in the previous year for fertilizers, $433,202.06; for bags alone to hold the raw sugar, $182,428.81—talk about big business—here it is! It takes eighteen months for a crop of sugar cane to mature in Hawaii. After the first harvest, the roots are left in the ground for another growth. This matures in about a year and this process is continued for about five years.

In Cuba the cane matures earlier. They don't have to replant for ten years or more, and they are said to do little cultivating. Hence, they can raise sugar cane much cheaper than Hawaii.

The plantations, of which a number are in operation on the different islands, have their own communities. Comfortable houses are furnished free, with free water, free medical attention, free schools, etc. A charge of $1.00 per month is made for electric lights. The workers are also allowed to buy their needs at the company stores, at cost, not even the overhead being added at some of the plantations.

They have their churches, moving pictures, and everything to make a complete community.

The plantations pay a minimum wage of $1.00 per day for common labor, plus free housing and other things mentioned. If a laborer works as much as twenty-three days a month, he is given a bonus of 10 per cent of his salary. Many of the laborers are encouraged to make contracts, hoeing the fields, irrigating, fertilizing, etc., by the field or acre, and in this way may earn $1.50 to $4.00 per day. The plantations have trouble keeping their laborers, although the price paid is much more than they were able to make at home in China, Japan, the Philippines, etc. Most of them drift to the towns, where they can make more than this wage, but without the free advantages. Most of the laborers on the plantations now are Filipinos. There are now more than twenty-four thousand of them on the islands. They are the only cheap labor that can now be imported as the immigration laws shut out the others. These Filipinos have a contract with the plantations, whereby they are returned to their country, if they wish, at the end of three years. Many return with their savings to be rich men at home. The company pays their transportation, coming and going, and this adds a good deal to the labor cost.

There are large numbers of Portuguese living in the islands. There were about twenty thousand brought in for the plantations from 1878 to 1913. These mostly came from the Azores and Madeira Islands. Most of them have left the plantations and a large per cent own their own homes.

Up to the time of the annexation of Hawaii, when the exclusion act went into effect, thirty-seven thousand Chinese had been imported for laborers on the plantations. Practically all of these have left the plantations and are working for themselves, either on their own farms or in business in the cities. The Chinese population of the islands today is about 24,500. They are thrifty and own real property assessed at $11,000,000; personal property at $3,000,000 and savings bank deposits of more than $4,000,000. There are over six thousand students of Chinese descent in the schools of the territory.

There are more Japanese in the islands than any other race; originally imported for the plantations, they have nearly all drifted to business and farming of their own. There were last year 134,000 Japanese and people of Japanese descent in the Hawaiian Islands out of a total population of 348,767. The Asiatics and those of Asiatic descent, together with the Portuguese, make up about 80 per cent of the population, leaving only about 20 per cent for the native Hawaiians and Caucasians. These Asiatics are attending the public schools and are apparently being made good Americans in this great "Melting Pot." Still, it is a very delicate situation, and I should think the 20 per cent would be rather uneasy.

VII

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

MY IDEA of a soft job is to be elected trustee of the Kamehameha School at Honolulu. This is a school for Hawaiian boys and girls and was heavily endowed by Mrs. C. R. Bishop. The trustees receive $5,000.00 a year each, meet once a week for half an hour, hold office for life and are responsible to no one except themselves.

In the center of the large quadrangle of this school is situated the Bishop Museum. This museum was founded in 1889 by Mr. C. R. Bishop, a pioneer banker, in memory of his wife, the Princess Pauahi, a member of the Royal Kamehameha family. In the museum we were shown specimens of the handicraft of the Hawaiians, before the white men discovered the islands. Large wooden bowls in which they made the native dish, Poi, which is still their favorite food, almost as much so as rice is the food of the Japanese and Chinese. There are also grass houses; reproductions of Hawaiian temples; war canoes, made from hollowed-out trunks of trees. I was interested in a large, hollowed-out block of a tree about six feet long, which, when struck with large wooden clubs, gave out a loud hollow sound, calling the worshippers to the Heiaus or Pagan Temples. It must be remembered that all this work was laboriously done with stone and shell knives and axes, as there was no metal on the islands, and they had no saws or metal axes with which to work. So much was metal prized that Captain Cook in 1776 bought one of their beautiful feather cloaks for a few large nails.

Many of these ancient cloaks are preserved in this museum. They were only worn by the Royalty, and the Chiefs, and were made on a groundwork of grass fibres, of feathers from the Hawaiian native birds, oo, iivi and the mamo, which are now almost extinct. From the black mamo bird was obtained the beautiful yellow feathers that were used to make the royal capes. This bird had only one yellow feather sticking out on each side. Consequently, thousands of birds had to be caught to get material enough for a cloak. Professional bird catchers caught the birds in the mountains by smearing the limbs of the trees with a sticky substance, catching the small birds as they alighted. After the two feathers were pulled out, they were turned loose, only, I expect, to die from shame and mortification from having lost their gay plumage. The royal cape of one of the kings was said to have been eight generations in the making. The chiefs' cloaks were often ornamented by crescents and other designs of black feathers. The Hawaiians did no weaving, though they made a lot of cloth called tapa from tissues of wood. They used these cloths for their scanty clothes, for bed coverings, etc. These wood fibres were soaked until soft, and beaten with wooden mallets until strongly matted together. I bought a table scarf made of this tapa cloth.

Before the coming of the American Missionaries in 1820, the Hawaiians had no written language and all the history of the islands was handed down from mouth to mouth. The missionaries made them an alphabet, and in one and a half years, had printed a spelling book in the native language, and in ten years, it is stated, half of the adult people could read and write. One of the chiefs, Kalamimoku, asked that little Daniel Chamberlain, the six-year-old child of one of the missionaries, be his teacher. Nancy, the two-year-old child of Mrs. Chamberlain, was also a great favorite with the natives. The Hawaiian alphabet has only twelve letters, and most of the words of their soft, musical language are vowels. In the list of the twenty-seven towns of Oahu, twenty-one begin with K or L, and A is the second letter of every one except Honolulu. They are prodigal with their A's. Kaaawa is the name of a town. You pronounce all the A's as in papa. Try it and someone will think you are stuttering. Aala is the name of one of the markets. The father of Kamehameha, the great king, was Kalamikupuapaikalani—containing three-fourths of the letters of their alphabet.

In 1810 all the islands, which had petty kings of their own, were united under Kamehameha, the Great, who conquered all of them and moved his capital from Hawaii, the largest of the group, to Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated. Kamehameha died in 1819 and left the islands in rather a turbulent state. The women had been enslaved by the tabu. It was tabu, or forbidden, for a woman to eat with a man, and death was the penalty. It was, likewise, death for a woman to eat cocoanuts, bananas, pork and certain fish. It was tabu to pass where the shadow of the king's house fell on anyone, or the shadow of anyone bearing any part of the king's dress. After Kamehameha's death, the women rebelled, and, as the tabu was a principal part of their religion, the whole system of religion was cast away. Their idols were burned and one of the princesses openly defied Pale, the Goddess of the Volcano, and who was feared more than any other. It seems that it was providential that, just at this time, a company of seven men and seven women of New England, knowing nothing of the fall of the Hawaiian religion, had decided to go to Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, as they were then called. A Sandwich Island youth, Obookiah, had found his way to Yale College in 1809 and he kept begging the church to send missionaries to his land and teach them the Christian religion.

On the fourth of April, 1820, after nearly six months' voyage in a whale ship, they sighted Hawaii, the largest island of the group. As crowds of naked natives swam around the ship, in curiosity, it is said that these puritan women were so shocked that they ran down and hid in the hold of the ship. The missionaries were kindly and hospitably received. They taught the natives improved agriculture, how to build more durable houses, carefully taught them the Christian religion, and history doesn't record an instance of where a whole people were as a whole so improved and christianized in so short a time. In ten years practically the whole population had accepted Christianity, and were trying to live according to their new ideals. The women were taught how to sew, and I saw some of the country Hawaiian women still wearing the holoku, or mother hubbard dress with yoke, and coming down to the ankles. A good many still hold to the style given them a hundred years ago.

The missionaries had trouble in getting permission to build the first church large enough to hold their congregations, as the king wouldn't at first give permission for a larger house to be built than he lived in. He, at length, gave in, and a grass and ti leaf hut was built that would accommodate two thousand people. This was replaced by a wooden church, built of logs pulled by man power from the mountains, eight miles away.

An instance of the spirit of these New England missionaries, who turned these simple natives to Christianity, is shown in the account of their moving to houses of grass given by the king. "As they moved into their one-room hut, surrounded by their boxes and trunks that had just been moved from the ships, they formed a circle, listened to a portion of scripture read, sang a hymn and knelt in prayer." No wonder they accomplished wonders. There is still preserved the first frame house built in Hawaii. The missionaries had all the framing and other lumber necessary for a complete house cut to measure in New England and shipped to Hawaii in a whale ship.

The Hawaiian men, like the Irish, are natural politicians. They are great orators and I noticed that all the policemen, post office clerks, etc., are Hawaiians. The Legislature was in session when I came back from Hilo, and I was told I could hear some fine oratory, if I went to the Capitol, but they were adjourned for Washington's Birthday, the only day I could attend. I was struck with the patriotism of the people of Hawaii. Nearly every business house, including the Japanese and Chinese, was tightly closed on Washington's Birthday. We, in the States, could learn something from them in this.

The schools started by the early missionaries were so well thought of that many Californians in 1840 and 1860 sent their children to Punahue Academy to be educated. These early Californians also got their supplies of grain, fruits, etc., from the Sandwich Islands, over two thousand miles distant. It is said that on each ship from California came a large cargo of laundry as the price in California during the gold rush days was eight dollars per dozen for laundering.

It took some time for me to understand that Hawaiian Islands refers to the whole group of eight; and that the capital and principal city, Honolulu, is situated on Oahu Island, and not on Hawaii Island. Hawaii Island is two hundred miles from Honolulu, and the steamer charges $30.00 for the round trip. Hawaiian Islands were named by Mark Twain as "The Loveliest Fleet of Islands That Lies Anchored in Any Ocean." They are also called "The Paradise of the Pacific" and "The Cross Roads of the Pacific," as this is the stopping place for ships from Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Japan, China, Siberia as well as, of course, all points in America. The day before I left, a big steamer arrived from Australia, containing many passengers, tourists and those traveling on business.

There is never any frost or ice except on the very high mountains, and all the tropical trees, flowers and fruits grow here. On the Capitol grounds is a very large banyan tree, covering a large space. Beneath this tree many of the court functions were held in the days of royalty. Now it is used to shade the autos of the government employees. Other varieties of trees include the Norfolk pine, bread fruit, mango, monkey pod, umbrella tree, tamarind, algerabo, bamboo, kea (Hawaiian mahogany), date, cocoanut and royal palms, alligator pear, rubber, etc. Many trees bloom most of the year. Wonderful tulip trees were blooming in February, and the hedges were brilliant with the blooming purple bougainvillae, and the yellow huapala (sweetheart vine).

The hibiscus blooms most luxuriantly all the year and there are said to be over a thousand varieties on the islands. I had a snapshot taken of me under a hibiscus bush as tall again as I am. The prettiest fuchia bushes I saw were blooming in front of the Volcano House, four thousand feet elevation. These bushes were taller than I am. They say that in May the display of blooming pink and golden shower trees, the poinciana regia and other blooming trees is most wonderful. Oleanders grow everywhere, and many of the homes I noticed had wonderful beds of blooming begonias, bordering both sides of the walk from the house to the street.

I was told it was difficult to grow roses as the Japanese beetle would eat the buds. The Japanese, who grow beautiful roses, have found that the beetle won't work in the light, so they burn electric lights at night in their rose gardens. Those who don't do this, have found that the beetles work only from dusk until nine o'clock at night, so they go over their rose bushes each evening, gather and destroy the beetles. Another blooming tree I saw was the cup of gold, a beautiful, large yellow blossom in the shape of a cup. The only criticism I have on their flowers is that they don't seem to have as yet appreciated the beauty of the dahlia. They should do wonderfully well in that moist, cool climate. Their morning glories do not have the habit that ours have of closing up when the sun rises, but they stay open all day. With all their fruits, as in Panama, they can't grow the apple, fig, peach, and I saw no orange or grapefruit trees.

I failed to mention among trees and fruits, the papaia tree, which grows ten to fifteen feet high and bears beautiful melons. The flesh is yellow and looks like our yellow muskmelons, and has a very pleasant taste. I have seen as many as thirty or forty on one tree and they bear the year 'round.

Servants are mostly Japanese and Chinese. They are very efficient but you have to pay them $50.00 to $125.00 a month. Gas is $2.12 a thousand, telephone $4.00 per month, milk 30 cents a quart, ice 75 cents for 100 pounds, street car fare 10 cents, 2 for 15 cents, and gasoline is 21 cents a gallon. The automobile license tax is 1 cent a pound. They are very particular about chauffeurs' permits. We hired a car for the day and I had to go to the police station, show my Charlotte license, and stand a rigid examination; more so than I ever had to undergo in Charlotte.

Real estate is high. They had their real estate boom in 1926 and values were put very high. Lots are sold by the square foot. An ordinary suburban lot sells for 15c to 20c a square foot, and the more desirable up to 60c a square foot. At the rate of 20c a square foot, a lot in Myers Park 200x200 would sell for $8,000 and $24,000 at 60c a square foot.

Honolulu has two English Daily Papers, besides two Japanese Dailies, four Japanese Magazines, four Chinese papers, and others.

There are no snakes or poisonous reptiles on the island; no poison oak or any poisonous vegetation. They are annoyed with very large centipedes which come into the house, but their sting, they say, is not poisonous, nor is it more painful than the bite of a spider. The spiders are immense and, in the moist climate of Hilo, where they are annoyed with mosquitoes, spiders are highly prized, and you dare not kill one, on pain of being held in disfavor as the spiders eat mosquitoes. Ella reports that as she was writing a note to me, there were four huge spiders sitting on the wall of the room, listening to the conversation, and she states they were large as a hand, but she qualified it, as an afterthought, by adding, "a small hand." They have enormous cockroaches. I never saw any, but I was told that they were as large as three inches and had wings.

There is a great deal of wealth in the islands. Honolulu, a few years ago, built a fine Y. M. C. A. building, costing $400,000, and last year finished a beautiful spacious Navy and Army Y. M. C. A. costing $1,000,000. Mr. Colton, of the international Y. M. C. A. committee, told me that a large part of the funds for this building was given from the leftover war funds. As this was contributed for the Army and Navy work, they helped to build permanent plants at several Army and Navy Centers. This is the finest Y. M. C. A. building I ever saw and is complete in every detail. There are about two thousand Navy men, including officers, now stationed in Pearl Harbor; over twenty-two million dollars have been expended on what is said to be the most extensive naval base of the United States.

The average annual rainfall of Honolulu is twenty-five inches and the temperature runs from fifty-two to eighty degrees. I did not get this officially and I am inclined to think from the preparations to withstand summer, that it must get hotter than this at times. As stated, in a former letter, the rainfall of Hawaii is very much heavier than in Honolulu. A weather peculiarity here is what they call "liquid sunshine." The sun would be shining, I would feel a mist falling so fine that I could hardly see it. Vivid rainbows are thus formed, as liquid sunshine is apt to fall any time, especially during January, February and March, which are the rainy months.

In my next letter I will try to tell something of the very interesting pineapple industry of the Hawaiian Islands.

VIII

OUR TRIP TO PANAMA, LOS ANGELES AND HAWAII, 1929

NEXT to the sugar industry which is responsible for the great wealth in the Hawaiian Islands, comes the pineapple business, which, while comparatively new, has made wonderful strides, and has assumed very large proportions.

On Tuesday, before sailing for Hilo to see the big island, we went out to the Hawaiian Pineapple Cannery, and we were much interested in seeing how this delightful fruit is handled.

Although the pineapple exports from Hawaii were over $40,000,000 in 1898, it is a comparatively new business, as nothing much was done in commercial canning here before 1901. In that year, Mr. James Dole came from Boston to go into coffee raising. On investigation, he thought there was more future in pineapples, so he organized a company with $20,000 capital. Like all new ventures, he had a hard pull for several years, but for the last ten years, the company has sold all its products promptly at good prices, has improved the grade of the fruit, perfected many economies in raising the pineapple and in its canning and marketing. The capital and surplus of this company is now over $18,000,000. They employ, during the peak season, on their plantations and in their canneries, 7,712 persons.

They have planted on their plantations in Oahu, 18,000 acres of pineapples and in the last few years they purchased the whole of an adjoining island, Lanai, and have 20,000 acres planted of the 70,000 acres of their holdings there. In 1927, they planted more than 30,000,000 plants. The pineapple is propagated not by seed, but by planting the shoots at the top of the fruit, and the suckers that grow around the main plant. The ground is broken up deep, but not so deep as for sugar cane. After the land is thoroughly prepared, a strip of mulching paper three feet wide is laid by a special machine for the whole length of the 300-foot row, where the planting is to be done. This mulching conserves the moisture, keeps weeds and grass from growing near the young plant, and saves much cultivating. The shoots that have been taken off the plants in other fields are planted in a double row of holes made in this paper. A strip of ground about three feet wide, between the rows covered by the paper is left bare to receive the rain and this is regularly cultivated. The pineapple does not require irrigation as does the sugar cane.

The fields of pineapple make a beautiful sight. The plants grow three to four feet high, and in twelve to fifteen months after planting, the blossom appears in the heart of the plant, and in five or six months later, the ripe fruit is ready to pick. Two shoots are left on the plant and these bear a new crop. After making the third crop, the land is plowed up and allowed to rest or is replanted.

The cannery of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company is an immense affair. It covers thirty acres, and the floor space of the cannery and the warehouses covers nearly one thousand nine hundred acres. Their capacity is 80,000 cans a day and they can only 35 per cent of the island crop. It takes twenty-four minutes after the pineapples are delivered to the machines to come out, trimmed, cut in uniform slices, placed in cans, syruped, sealed, cooked, dried, cooled and the cans lacquered. Automatic machinery does almost everything and when the fruit must be touched, it is handled by girls in white uniforms and wearing white rubber gloves.

This company seems to look after its people well. A large, clean, light dining room is provided where meals can be bought from 5c to 30c. The children of the workers can be left with experienced caretakers during the day, are taught kindergarten work, are given milk and nourishing food at the expense of the company. Employees are encouraged to buy stock in the company and over five hundred of them have taken advantage of this. I think more of canned pineapple since going through this plant. An automatic machine cuts off the skin, takes out any edible fruit that sticks to the skin, slices the fruit and puts it on an endless belt to be packed in cans. The skins and cores are dried, ground up into what they call "pineapple bran" and sold for cattle feed. At present, the islands use all of this.

On Friday morning, after getting back from Hilo, Mr. Fisher took me out to the sugar plantation of which I have told. After bringing me back to my hotel, he suggested that we go to one of the luais (feasts). This is where you can see the natives prepare the poi and other native foods. As I had seen very little of the beach, I decided I would rather go down there and spend the balance of the day luxuriantly on the famous Waikiki Beach.

On the way to the beach, I passed by the former palace grounds. Before one of the buildings is erected a large statue of Kamehameha, The Great, the first king of all Hawaii. I did not see him, but I was told that every day there parades back and forth before this statue, a native Hawaiian, Joe Mederos, by name, forty-nine years of age. He has patiently worshipped this statue for twenty-seven years. He says little or nothing, but he does say that some day the statue will come to life, and that King Kamehameha will again take over the rule of the islands.

Another noted character of Honolulu is one of the traffic policemen. Under a fancy umbrella, he would direct traffic in such a regal, lordly, pleasing way, that there was always a crowd of tourists and others standing around, watching him. He has died recently, so I did not get to see him. I did encounter one of the traffic officers one day when Ella and I were driving our hired car, and turned into a one-way street from the wrong direction. The fat, jolly policeman looked as serious as he could, but on our informing him that we were strangers, and were not acquainted with the traffic regulations, he obligingly let us go.

Another strange character is an old Hawaiian of Hilo. There is a small island near the mainland named Cocoanut Island, where there is an amusement park. For twenty-one years this old man has been rowing people over to this island for the huge remuneration of 5c per passenger. It reminded me of the boatmen of Ocean Grove, N. J., who, before the bridge was erected, connecting the two places, carried people to Asbury Park in their flat bottom boats for the price of one cent per person.

On my way to the beach, I passed under the shadow of Punch Bowl, a mountain overlooking Honolulu. It was at one time (45,000 years ago, as estimated by geologists) an active volcano. Joe Fisher drove Ella and me up there one day and we got a very fine view of Honolulu, the beach and the surrounding country. On top of this mountain is an ancient altar where human sacrifices were offered to the heathen gods. This large stone is now used as an observation point and a seat has been placed on this by the Honolulu school children. The stones for this seat were passed up the steep declivity hand to hand by a human chain of school children extending a mile long from the campus on King Street to the crater. Speaking of school children, there are 72,000 pupils in the two hundred and fifty up-to-date schools on the islands, and they are directed by 2,200 teachers. So popular is

Honolulu that I was told there are over 1,000 on the waiting list of those who want to teach in these delightful surroundings.

The Hawaiians have many interesting legends concerning their Gods. They have vivid imaginations. "He hears more than the beat of surf on the shore, he interprets it as the beat of a divine gourd. The night winds, passing through the trees, were the whines of a ghostly ceremonial flute; a storm at sea suggested to him a battle between the various water gods; the run off of a sudden rainstorm over the red lava soil, carried a portent of war; the rumble of an earthquake, denoted the anger of the gods."

When Mauna Kea has a fresh blanket of snow, they say Poliahu, the snow goddess, has come back again in defiance of her old enemy, Pele, the Fire Goddess. When they see the waters off the coast gleam with a phosphorescent glow on a dark night, they say the Menehunes, the Hawaiian fairy gnomes, are fishing. The Menehunes only work at night. When the hills and ridges above Honolulu are covered with a blanket of white clouds, they say that the giant wonder dog, Poki, has come back and is stretching himself on the mountain.

On the way to the beach, I passed Kawaiahoe, the oldest church on the islands. It is built of coral stone and in the days of the kings, was the royal church. Services are still held here in both English and the Hawaiian language. Many of the Hawaiian words are in common use among the English-speaking population. For instance, they use frequently the word "Pau," meaning "I am finished or through"; "Lanai" —veranda; "Mahalini"—newcomer; "Kona Weather"—a warm spell, etc.

Many of the hills are covered with huge spiny cactus plants. Like many other imported things, they have become a pest, and spread all over the hills. The mynah bird was imported to eat the cut worms of a certain moth, but it is a militant bird and has killed out most of the beautiful native birds. The mongoose was brought into the islands to kill out the rats in the cane fields, but they have increased until they are a pest. They cause havoc in the poultry yards and eat the eggs of ground-nesting birds. The territory pays a bounty of 10c a head on the mongoose, in an effort to exterminate him.

The landscape is enlivened with hedges of the brilliant, red croton bush. This tropical plant grows to perfection here and makes a colorful spot where they are planted.

When I arrived at the beach, hundreds were lying around in their bathing suits on the sand, acquiring a coat of tan, and many others were in the warm water. I couldn't resist, so I rented a bathing suit, and joined the crowd. The air was balmy and the water more delightful than is the surf at Atlantic City in August. I watched with interest the surf boat riders. The surf boat is an oblong flat board about seven feet long and about two feet wide. They take these boards several hundred feet out in the water and stand upright on them, as the surf brings them rapidly in. They say at no other place have they such a gradually receding beach, allowing perfect surf board riding. Some of the boys get very expert standing on their heads on the swiftly moving boards and others ride, holding another expert on their shoulders. The outrigger canoe is another boat peculiar to Hawaii, or at least I never heard of it being used elsewhere. It is a long, narrow canoe, made of a hollowed-out log. To keep it from being overturned in the surf, two poles are fastened to the boat at right angles, about ten feet apart to one side, and another pole fastened to the ends of these extended poles. This makes a float which cannot be overturned. They say it is very exhilarating to ride in with the surf on one of these canoes, but you must have on your bathing suit, as you are covered with the spray.

I had a fine time swimming and watching the sports, but I wanted to see the aquarium before night, so I reluctantly dressed and made my way down the beach, through its forest of large cocoanut palms, beautiful shrubbery of all kinds, past the zoo, past the "House Without a Key," the scene of an interesting Hawaiian story by Earl Biggers.

There are said to be over four hundred varieties of fish in the Hawaiian waters and over one hundred of them are shown in the aquarium. I never imagined there could be such gorgeous colors in fish, Think of the colors of the macaws, and brilliant parrots, and other tropical birds, and most of these fish were as brilliantly colored. The Oili has a brilliant yellow body with small, black spots and a red, peacock feather tail. The Unicorn fish with a horn, bird fish with a long bill, like a bird; the trigger fish, the caipali, light yellow; the lizard fish, the maomo fish, pale green, and others just as brilliantly colored such as the arvela, the kihikihi, the ohua, the humuhumu, etc. They had here a squid or octopus with its long arms with suckers, and I was glad there was a glass between us. The most curious fish to me was the kihikihi, a light blue with spots, flat like a flounder. It was highly colored and from the upper and lower portions there trailed behind for about fifteen inches, ten long, fine threads about the size of a small lead in an automatic lead pencil. Five of these threads were joined to the upper portion of its flat body and five from the lower portion. They kept equal distance from each other, not stiff, but gracefully trailing as the fish swam about.

I had a delightful day, and made my way back to the hotel to meet my engagement with Mrs. Ingram, who took me that evening to see the very interesting Hawaiian Pageant, about which I have previously told. After the Pageant, it was such a fine evening that I decided to walk the short distance to my hotel. In taking what I thought was a near cut, I got lost and before I realized it, I was walking about a mile out of my way toward the beach, when I wanted to go in the opposite direction. A friendly street car soon put me back on King Street and to my hotel.

IX

OUR RETURN TRIP FROM HAWAII

SATURDAY, February 23, was the time for the sailing of our boat from Honolulu to Los Angeles. I had had such a pleasant time and there were so many other things that I wanted to see, that had it not been that Mrs. Ivey and Mary Gilmer were waiting for me in Los Angeles, I would have tried to make arrangements to have my return trip extended a week. The lure of Hawaii certainly gets a grip on you. I was up early Saturday morning, as there was some shopping I wanted to do before our ship sailed at 10 o'clock. I had poi and papaya for breakfast, and then took a tour of the curio shops. I bought a little statuette of a surf boat rider for George, a table scarf of tapa cloth, a Japanese mat and other curios. I had bought before in a Japanese store some obi silk cloth for scarfs for Mrs. Ivey and the daughters, a Japanese movie for George, Jr., some Japanese trick boxes, Japanese sandals and one-toed socks to go with them. I also added to my collection of photos of scenes about the islands.

About 9 o'clock, Joe Fisher came around to take me down to the boat. All was bustle and excitement. The Royal Hawaiian Band was giving us Hawaiian music. The space between the boat and the dock was festooned with colored serpentine paper. Everybody was telling their friends "goodbye," and decorating them with flower leis; besides Mr. Fisher, Mrs. L. J. Ingram, Mr. Gordon Wakefield, Mr. Wm. McClusky and his two sons, Donald and Robert, were at the boat to wish me bon voyage and again cover me with leis.

When I went to my stateroom, I was pleased to find a radiogram from Mrs. Ivey at Los Angeles, telling me they were well, and that Virginia was getting well. I was surprised and pleased to find a steamer basket filled with fruits, nuts, etc., arranged for by Ella, unknown to me, before she left Honolulu. I hurried back on deck to catch the last look at Honolulu. Miss Flora Davis, general superintendent of the State Sunday School Association, told me that one of their party, on their trip to Japan on the occasion of the World's Sunday School Convention at Tokio, remarked, as they sailed from Honolulu, after a one day's stop, that, "if the Lord wouldn't let her get into Heaven, she would be much pleased to be left in Honolulu."

We passed close to the beautiful Waikiki Beach, and on by Diamond Head, where most of us cast our leis into the water, thereby signifying that we wanted to come back again. The Honoluluans don't like for you to throw your leis back to the dock as you leave, but to wait until you pass Diamond Head.

I had a new roommate on the return voyage. He was a fine young fellow from Chicago, Mr. Richard McGraw. Unfortunately, he was threatened with seasickness most of the time and didn't have a good time at all. Dick is a musician and I suppose that one has to pay for having an artistic temperament. We got along fine together, and to hear us (unless one could see us) I don't think any one would think there was forty years difference in our ages. My roommate, on the voyage going over, did not reserve his stateroom going back, and he was rather disgusted with the only quarters he could get. He said further that there was a great contrast in his roommates, as his return voyager was "dead drunk" with the Japanese firewater, oke, and was not otherwise congenial.

My companions at my table in the dining-room were Mr. and Mrs. Simmons whose home is in London, England. They were on a voyage around the world and had spent some time in Africa and Australia. They were supposed to talk English, but they had such an accent that I could hardly understand them, unless I knew what they were talking about. The other two at my table were a man and his wife from Chicago. He was a foundryman, and told me that he closed down his foundry, dismissing all his men, before starting on his trip. I gathered that he had a one-man business, and never tried to train anyone to take his place when he was away—a dangerous practice.

The weather was more or less rough all the way back. The spray kept the southern deck wet much of the time, and I occupied my deck chair only about an hour during the whole trip. We had the usual games, carnival on Wednesday night, and the formal entertainment on Thursday night. I was again asked to help out with some magic.

About every morning I would take my mile walk around the deck and with reading and writing, I found the time to pass swiftly and pleasantly; although many were seasick, I did not have the least symptom, but was able to do full justice at the table at every meal. I was told at Los Angeles that this boat had good meals going over, but on account of having to carry all their supplies, except fruits, from Los Angeles, that they found the fare rather meagre on the return trip. This was not my experience, as I found the bill of fare offered at all times a wide choice of food and they were well prepared. Here is the menu of the dinner the evening before reaching Los Angeles:

Grapefruit, sardines on toast, stuffed celery, caviar, canape foie gras, almonds, olives, mock turtle or consomme soup, baked Hawaiian mullet, stuffed tomatoes, sweetbreads, pineapple fritters, ham, beef, roast turkey, chestnut dressing, English mutton chops, hot from the grill, corn on cob, sweet and Irish potatoes, asparagus, Hawaiian salad, plum pudding, mince pie, assorted pastry, strawberry ice cream, four kinds of cheese, bonbons, after dinner mints, coffee, etc. It seems that anyone could get something to eat out of that. A great many dressed up for dinner, but many did not, so one felt comfortable either way.

Friday morning we were all excited, for we were to be at Los Angeles harbor soon after breakfast. Soon after arriving off the harbor, we were boarded by forty-two government inspectors. We had been warned that we could bring in no plants, seeds, fruit nor anything of this sort, as California feared the importation of some new insect pest. The forty-two inspectors went through everyone's baggage to see if they could find any plants etc. They placed a seal on our baggage as they found it O. K. I had a package that I was bringing from Mrs. Ingram to her mother, Mrs. Harris. In this package was some ginger root. My inspector said for me to have this examined by a special examiner on the dock, and after some hesitation, the special examiner passed it as being innocent. I heard that the inspectors found among some of the baggage some wet goods, oke, the alcoholic drink, made by the Japanese moonshiners, but the inspectors would not report it. This looks like a loose arrangement.

I was very glad to find waiting on the dock, Mrs. Ivey and Mary Gilmer. It was the longest I had ever been away and I was very glad to see the home folks again. The weather was much warmer than when I left, and we enjoyed a drive with Clarence Walker down to the Venice Beach. There was a gasoline war on in Southern California and everywhere we saw signs, "Gas 10c Per Gallon."

I found that Virginia had been in the hospital very sick most of the time I had been gone, and was still there, though almost well by now. Mrs. Ivey and Mary Gilmer had spent all the time in Los Angeles going to see Virginia every day and helping to take care of little Virginia.

On Sunday we attended Sunday school and church at the First Methodist Church and heard at the morning service, Dr. Helms of

Boston. He is the head of the Good Will Association, an organization that looks after the welfare of old men, who are out of work. This association gives them work, so that they can keep their self respect. There is need in every city for work of this kind, and Dr. Helms promised to send me full information, which up to date, he has forgotten to do.

Monday morning, March 4, I was up early. I was down at the Southern Pacific Station as soon as it was opened to get our reservations finally arranged. At a number of places up town, there were crowds listening to the inauguration of President Hoover, a loved son of California. I heard part of his speech, but as we were booked to leave at 10:30, I didn't get much of it. You remember the time is three hours later at Los Angeles than at Washington.

We wanted to spend part of Monday and Monday night at Mission Inn at Riverside, and as we could make better connections to Riverside by trolley, we took the Pacific Electric Railway for Riverside. Our hand baggage almost filled up the vestibule, but we had a very interesting ride, through the orange groves laden with their yellow fruit, and in plain sight of the snow-capped San Bernardino Mountains.

We had lunch in the beautiful Spanish Patio of the Mission Inn, with its arched openings, tinkling fountain, feathery palms, golden fruited orange trees, etc. Encircling three sides is an Alhambra Balcony, and rising from one side is the bell tower, which is a copy of the tower at Pala Mission. We were served by dark eyed senoritas, dressed in typical Spanish costume with their colorful, short bolero jackets, trimmed with bells. On one of the balconies overhead was another Spanish maiden, with her head covered with a black silk mantilla, and she gave us beautiful music on her harp. It was romantic, sure enough. This open air patio is used at the luncheon hour most of the year.

I shall always remember, with the keenest pleasure, the evening concert in the music or cloister room; resting in one of the deep, upholstered, comfortable chairs surrounded with ancient paintings, royal banners, etc. The huge, wooden beams overhead are copies from those in the San Miguel Mission. The banners on the wall are from ancient buildings in Spain, and the huge lamps were used in old Spanish churches. As you sit there in the quiet of the evening, soft light coming through the St. Cecilia and other stained glass windows, you are overwhelmed as a beautiful young woman in very quiet dress comes out and sings, "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," and other old love songs, accompanied by harp or guitar. Or you lean back and listen to the deep tones of the Cathedral organ. It is a veritable soul bath. The Spanish effect is carried out all over the house and one of the most restful nights I ever spent was in the large, spacious room, looking out on this beautiful patio—but I can't describe it. You will have to see it.

Tuesday morning, we wandered around the spacious grounds, enjoying the palms, flower gardens, the gorgeous colored macaws, etc., and the time to leave came too soon. We were to take the 11 o'clock train of the Southern Pacific at Colton, about ten miles distant. We took a comfortable automobile, and were soon there, but came very near getting left. We were in plenty of time, and when the train rolled in, I asked a porter which was the L-16 car. He said that was on the next train, that would be along in a few minutes. I had our baggage brought back to the station but had an uneasy feeling that we were about to be left. As the train was about to leave, I spied a conductor coming up the track. I ran up to him and showed my tickets. He immediately saw that I belonged on that train. I felt real silly as he held the train for us to get on. The train that followed only went to El Paso, and we would have had to wait in El Paso a whole day and maybe have gotten killed by the Mexicans, who were staging a revolution, just on the other side of the river from El Paso.

It was very hot and dusty riding through the deserts of Arizona. All the windows were kept tightly closed to keep out the dust, but by Wednesday, we had gotten to higher altitudes and were more comfortable. For a long distance we rode through a barren desert land. The country looked almost level, but the elevation was four thousand feet above sea level. The day before, we were about two hundred and fifty feet below sea level, passing the Salton Sea in the Imperial Valley. At Yuma I bought a bow and arrow from an old Indian squaw for George, Jr. She was the most indifferent salesperson I ever saw. She didn't seem to care an iota whether I bought it or not.

We reached El Paso, Texas, on Wednesday morning at 9:45. We eagerly bought a paper to see how the Mexican Revolution, that started two days before, was getting along. We passed Houston, Texas, at 9:25 the following morning. Although Beaumont, Texas, is quite a city, of about 45,000 population, it was a flag stop as far as our train was concerned. The country around there was marshy and the moss hangs to the trees like it does about Lumberton, N. C. We were anxious to reach the Mississippi River, near New Orleans, before night, so we could see our train ferried over the wide river. We just made it and it was getting dusk as our train was run onto the long ferry boat. There were three tracks on the boat, and we were run on in sections of three cars on each track. A huge tug boat then pushed us across. We all got outside where we could view the "Father of Waters." I don't see why they don't build a bridge here. (Note in 1940: A fine bridge built by Huey Long now crosses the Mississippi.)

We arrived in New Orleans at 7 p. m. We transferred across the city to the L. & N. Station, deposited our baggage, and walked up Canal Street to see the city. New Orleans looked quite different than it did the last time we were there, during the Mardi Gras, six years ago.

Our train left at 10 o'clock Thursday night, arriving at Charlotte at 8:15 Friday evening; accomplishing the journey from Colton, California, in three days and five hours, a distance of about three thousand miles. We were glad to get home. We had been gone seven weeks and I had traveled twelve thousand miles, having been four weeks on the water.

I have answered several inquiries by saying that I had a delightful trip, had seen many interesting places, but saw no place I would swap for North Carolina. We have, taking everything into consideration, the finest place to live in that I have ever seen.

I

OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

Article in The Charlotte Observer, July 19, 1936

A GREAT many people are making their first trip to Europe this summer, and this is also our first experience. In our party of twelve not a single one had been across the Atlantic. So it was an exciting, interesting experience as we started off on our voyage of adventure.

We sailed, or more correctly, "steamed," on the Berengaria, the third largest ship on the oceans, Wednesday noon, June 17. All was bustle and excitement at the dock, as 1,500 passengers struggled to get through to the officers examining their tickets, passports, etc. Besides, there were hundreds of messenger boys bringing "Bon Voyage" gifts of flowers, fruit, candy, etc. Add to this crowd thousands of visitors who came down to see their friends off, and you have a dense throng milling their way around one ship.

At 11:30 visitors were warned to leave the ship and they ranged themselves on the dock to wave goodbye as the ship prepared to leave. At 12:30 the tugs pushed and pulled our monster vessel out into the Hudson River and as soon as we were straightened out, our ship started her own engines and we moved under our own power down the river, passing the many vessels from all nations tied up at their docks and getting a last view for many weeks of the skyline of New York.

When we went down to our stateroom we found it filled with remembrances from our friends, baskets of fruit, baskets and boxes of flowers, boxes of candy, etc. They certainly treated us royally. We graced our dining table with a large vase of flowers and gave others to some of our fellow passengers. Then the steward came in with a great load of telegrams and letters wishing a pleasant voyage. It certainly made us feel grand to realize we had so many friends who were interested in our voyage.

Then we found our way to the dining saloon where we were served a splendid lunch. Being an English ship, we were served with English food cooked in the English way. They call oatmeal, porridge; dessert, sweets; serve a mess of green stuff they call cabbage, won't give you water until you call for it and then not iced. Their roast beef and mutton are fine and there is a wide range of food to select from. Two of our party were a little uneasy the first day or two, but no one became seasick. The ocean was very smooth, the sun shone brightly most of the way and we had a delightful voyage. With eating, taking a nap in the afternoon, playing games, talking to new people and sitting in our deck chairs lazily watching the passing show of people promenading, time passed very quickly.

Dr. W. A. Stanbury said he saw a school of porpoises one day and we also sighted a number of ships. The members of our party on this tour, besides Mrs. Ivey and myself, are Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ivey of Hickory, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Stanbury of Greensboro, N. C., Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wilson of Gaithersburg, Md., Mrs. Lester Smallwood and Mrs. Frank Stephens of Gaithersburg and Mrs. W. G. Cram of Nashville, Tenn.

On Sunday we attended the Episcopal service in the lounge of the cabin department of the ship. The service was led by Captain Peel. The music was led by the ship's fine orchestra and a group of young men from the Yale Glee Club sang a number. There were about twenty of these boys who left us at Cherbourg, France, making a tour of continental Europe. One day we asked one of the ship's stewards to take us over the ship. He took us all over, even up to the hurricane deck where the wind nearly took us away, and very much embarrassed the ladies of our group by taking liberties with their skirts.

The large swimming pool holds so many "tons" of water, instead of gallons, as we were told by our guide. There were three different places for deck games, one for the cabin class, one for the second class and one for the third class passengers. They also had separate dining rooms.

The Berengaria is 916 feet long and 90 feet wide. It has a capacity of 2,000 passengers when crowded, but carried about 1,500 this trip, the shortage being in the cabin class. The crew numbers about 750 people, we were told. The cabin passage is $50.00 more than the second class, and $100.00 more than third class. Both second and third class were booked to capacity.

The tips to the various stewards are about 50 per cent less in the second class than in the cabin class. Tips are an awful nuisance, and more so in Europe where everyone expects a tip. I wish they would charge a rate that would include everything.

We are our on way to the World's Sunday School Convention at Oslo, Norway, and there were several other groups going to Oslo. One day Dr. O'Dean, of Chicago, called a meeting of all who were going to Oslo. There were about fifty who attended this meeting, there being others no doubt on board. There are 840 delegates from the United States expected.

There was a Scotsman in his national dress on board. The Ambassador from Japan to the United States and various other nationalities were represented. I think though that 75 to 80 per cent of the passengers were from the United States.

On Thursday night they gave a special "carnival" dinner with fancy caps, horns and other things that go with such an affair. On Monday all the Rotarians on board were asked to a special dinner. My brother, George, is a Rotarian and reported that there were fifteen Rotarians present at this dinner.

On Tuesday morning we were all excited over the news that we were approaching England. I was a little hazy on my geography and didn't know that France is nearer to us than England, but our first stop was Cherbourg, France.

After seeing nothing but water for nearly a week, land was a welcome sight. As little opinion as I have of France, I was glad to catch a glimpse of terra firma. Cherbourg hasn't a harbor large enough for the big ships to dock so we had to anchor out in the harbor, where lighters or small boats came out to take off mail and passengers who were going to the continent first. We lost our Yale boys and quite a number of others.

Soon after leaving Cherbourg we crossed over the Channel but we experienced nothing of its traditional roughness. Then we came into the river and journeyed up to Southampton. It being the King's birthday, there were a great many decorated boats celebrating in the river. We were told that we could not land at Southampton that evening on account of the tide being out, so we had to stay on board that night, though we had expected to spend the night in London.

It took sometime to get our baggage (luggage they call it here) through the customs, but they didn't even open it to see if we had any contraband. Then we got on one of the funny little English trains for London. The train is divided into little compartments holding six and some of them eight people. The one we were on had a door that opened onto the station platform and there were plenty of racks for our luggage. It took us about two hours to get to London. We landed at Waterloo Station, said to be the largest station in the world, covering twenty-four and a half acres.

Cook's uniformed agents were there to meet us and took us to Berners Hotel near Oxford Circus. In the next letter I will try to tell about this great City of London, with its rich historical memories.

II

OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

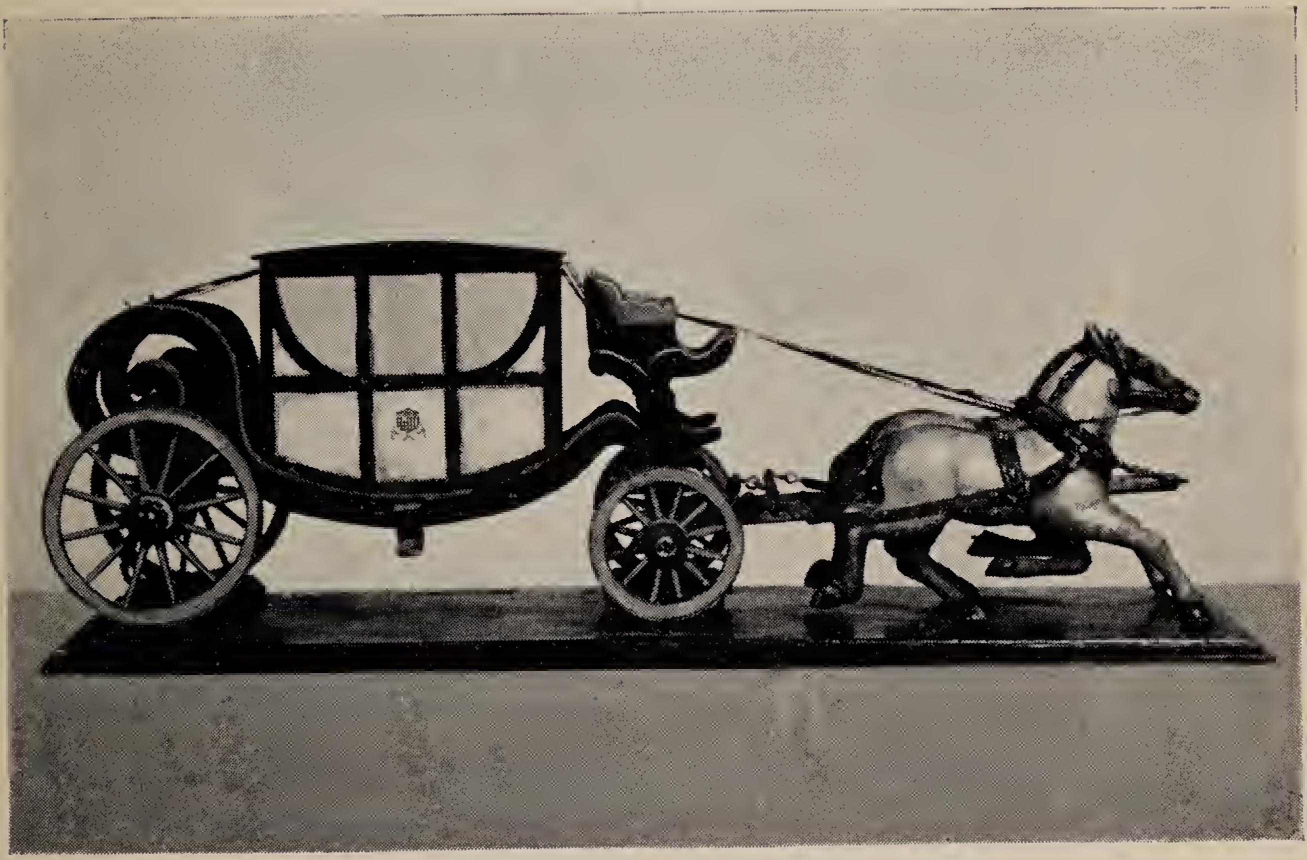
Article in The Charlotte Observer, July 26, 1936

WE FOUND London a much more interesting city than we expected. We had heard many travelers speak of London, had read of it in literature, but I found I had a rather hazy idea of its extent. I had no idea any place had more telephones than New York, but the telephone names make up two large books, each of them about as large as the telephone book of New York.

As we arrived on Wednesday too late for Cook's tour that day, we hired taxis and made our way to the Tower of London, to me probably the most interesting spot in London. I thought it was one old building with a tower jail, but I found it is a castle and had been the residence of all the kings since William the Conqueror down to Charles II, that is from about 1066 to 1660 A. D. The Tower covers 18 acres and contains many notable buildings. It is situated on the Thames and has a very wide moat that was filled with water from the river. The moat was drained in 1843 in the time of Wellington and is now used as a parade ground for the regiment of soldiers stationed at the Tower.

It cost 37½ cents in our money to gain admission and a booklet guide costs 4 cents more. Mrs. Stanbury picked up one of the books, thinking it was free. The girl in charge made a great outcry to call her back and then informed one of the guards, but Mrs. Stanbury didn't hear her and went on. She went up and paid as she left.

We first went to see the crown jewels, which are a dazzling sight. These priceless jewels are protected in a large circular glass room with heavy iron rails all around. The public go single file around this and are kept moving. The most spectacular piece is that of the Imperial State Crown with four arches and originally made for Queen Victoria in 1838. The chief jewels were taken from older crowns and from the Royal collection. It was enlarged for the coronation of Edward VII and then contained 2,818 diamonds, 298 pearls, and many other jewels, and weighed nearly two and a half pounds. It has lately been improved with the addition of the very large "Star of Africa" diamond cut from the "Cullinan" diamond. The "Star of Africa" diamond weighs 309 3/166 carats.



GIFT FROM OUR COLORED EMPLOYEES IN 1931, BEING THE 50th ANNIVERSARY OF STARTING MY MERCANTILE CAREER

Another Imperial State Crown is the one with eight arches worn by King George V at the Delhi Durbar. It contains an Indian emerald of 34 carats and 170 diamonds. A very elaborate piece is the Royal Sceptre with the cross. This is of gold and jewels and contains the largest diamond in the world, weighing 516½ carats. This was also cut from the "Cullinan" diamond.

The ancient anointing spoon dates from the end of the twelfth century and probably was made for the coronation of King John. This spoon and the Golden Eagle, or ampulla, are the two oldest jewels of the collection. They were the only two escaping destruction during the Commonwealth. The ampulla dates probably from the time of Henry IV, 1399. Besides these jewels are several rare specimens of royal plate beginning with Queen Elizabeth's salt shaker made in 1572-1573 which is said to be the finest example of this variety in existence.

It would be tiresome to mention all these jewels. The guide book says there are 55 different jewels in the collection we saw. All of them are priceless and jealously guarded by soldiers.

The guide and guards, of which there are quite a number, are dressed in the old time uniform of the yeomen. The coats have loose hanging skirts, which are richly ornamented with red insignia. The hats have wide, straight brims, with a bell-shaped crown. They don't seem to mind it though.

In the reign of Edward VII, a law was passed requiring the yeoman's guard to wear beards, but the present King has abrogated that law, giving them permission to shave.

We were next take to the Bloody Tower. This dates from the reign of Edward III, the Black Prince, 1327. This was the scene of the murder of the two little princes, Edward V and his brother, the Duke of York, in 1483 before America was discovered.

Guarding the entrance to this Bloody Tower is an immense portcullis which can still be used. The Bloody Tower contains the rooms used by the royalty for their residence and also the dungeon, which could only be reached through the royal living rooms. It was originally known as the Garden Tower, as it opens on an open space in which Sir Walter Raleigh was allowed to walk at times during his long imprisonment there.

Other prominent prisoners there were Percy, the infamous Judge Jeffries; James, Duke of Monmouth, and many others well known to students of English history.

Adjoining the Bloody Tower is the Wakefield Tower built by Henry III. This contains the Great Hall made memorable as the scene of Anne Boleyn's trial. Near this is the King's house, where Anne Boleyn spent the last days of her life.

Everybody is shown the Tower Green. On this spot many notable executions took place—Lord Hastings in 1483, Queen Anne Boleyn, the second wife of the notorious Henry VIII, in 1536; Queen Katherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VIII in 1542; Lady Jane Grey, wife of Lord Dudley, in 1544; Robert, Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, in 1601, and others familiar to students of English history were executed at this place.

The ones mentioned were all beheaded with an axe except Queen Anne Boleyn, who asked that an expert executioner from France be brought over. He cut off her head with a sword.

The White Tower or Keep is the oldest part of the whole fortress. Here we saw the remains of a wall built by the Romans and repaired in 885 by King Alfred. When Richard I was absent in 1189 on the Crusade, his regent, Longchamp, resided in the Tower. He surrendered the Tower to citizens led by John in 1191. The Duke of Orleans, taken at Agincourt, was lodged by Henry V in the White Tower. Here were discovered some children's bones inside a wall on the south side during the reign of Charles II in 1660. These were thought to be the remains of Edward V and his brother, the Duke of York, who were murdered and whose bodies mysteriously disappeared. These were removed to Westminster Abbey where they now rest. In this White Tower is the finest collection of medieval armor extant, except for one on the continent. Here are the armors, no doubt worn in the Crusades.

The White Tower contains the Chapel of St. John which dates from 1080 and is in perfect condition. It was in this chapel that Queen Mary was betrothed to Count Egmont, proxy for Phillip of Spain, in 1554. The institution of the order of the Bath is closely associated with this chapel. Besides those mentioned there is the weapon room which contains specimen of maces, axes and many other weapons used in different periods of England's history. Here is the Tudor room containing the suit of armor weighing 93 pounds given to Henry VIII by the Emporer Maxamilian. The complete armor for man and horse made for the King in later life was much heavier and the horse was asked to carry nearly 400 pounds, including 225 pounds which Henry weighed at that time. Then there is the cannon room, with cannon dating from the sixteenth century, the record room, the small arms room, etc. I noticed the great crowds of visitors were very quiet as they were awed in the presence of these antiquities. We next drove by the Guildhall, the historical municipal building of the old city.

Then we went to see St. Paul's Cathedral, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, commenced in 1675 and finished in 1710. Before Sir Christopher was so well known, he made some additions to the "Temple" which was originally the home of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templars. He designed a bridge over the entrance and was made to put in a number of extra posts to support the building above. He insisted that what he had was sufficient and put in the extra pillars under protest. He left an inch of space between the top of one of the pillars and the structure above and our guide showed us that after several hundred years the space remained because the building had not sagged any.

St. Paul's Cathedral took the place of the first cathedral built in 607. This stood for 450 years until burned to the ground in 1087. In this church are the tombs of Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Roberts, Sir Christopher Wren, Joshua Reynolds, Turner, and the memorial to the late Lord Kitchener. Opposite Wellington's monument stands the tribute to General Charles George Gordon. Here are the busts of George Washington, the first President of the United States, and many other most interesting memorials. It is a magnificent cathedral and no one feels that he has seen London without visiting this historic pile. Just outside the front entrance is the stone on which Queen Victoria knelt on the occasion of the celebration of the 60th year of her coronation and thanked God for her successful reign.

We were tired out by the time we had seen all these sights, and were thankful to get back to the hotel where we all retired early to be ready to view Westminster Abbey, the London Museum, the Tate Gallery, Kenwood House, and drive over London, which was Cook's program for us the next day.

III

OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

Article in The Charlotte Observer, August 2, 1936

I HAD NOT looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to the trip to Shakespeare's country, as I thought we would just be shown the house where he lived at Stratford-on-Avon, see Anne Hathaway's cottage and that would be about all. But our day's trip was most interesting.

We took a train at Euston Station and rode about 50 miles through pretty farming country to Coventry. This is a small but thriving bicycle and auto manufacturing city and is where the famed Lady Godiva is reputed to have done her town a great service by riding through it adorned only with her long hair. We did not tarry here, but drove out about five miles to the ruins of Kenilworth Castle made famous by Sir Walter Scott's well-known novel, "Kenilworth." The castle was destroyed during the Civil War in England, but illustrious history has been enacted in Kenilworth Castle.

It was probably first built between 1170 and 1180 and was a very important stronghold, as it was situated very nearly in the center of the kingdom and a number of roads radiated from it, making it a vantage point from which to send out troops. John of Gaunt lived here in 1377 and did a great deal of alteration and building, but its greatest glory was in the day of Queen Elizabeth when she gave the important castle to her favorite—Robert, Lord Dudley. Queen Elizabeth made many visits to the castle, and Scott immortalizes the last one made in July, 1575.

This visit lasted 17 days and was rendered famous by the lavish entertainment offered her. We were told that it cost Dudley $5,000 a day during her stay there. Among the items were 500 hogsheads of beer consumed. This castle was surrounded by an artificial lake 113 acres in extent. Upon her arrival, Elizabeth was greeted at the gate of the gallery tower with a flourish of trumpets and the huge porter presented the keys to her.

Immediately on entering the tilt yard, the Lady of the Lake, attended by two nymphs, appeared suddenly on a floating island, blazing with torches, and welcomed her in a speech which was followed with music. In the outer court a bridge 22 feet wide and 70 feet long had been constructed for her to pass over, on each side of which posts were erected bearing gifts from the gods presented by a poet, a cage of wild fowl from Silvanus, rare fruits from Pomona, corn from Ceres, wine from Bacchus, sea fish from Neptune, weapons from Mars. Her Majesty then proceeded to the inner court, where she was again greeted with music, and alighted from her horse. On the following day there were fireworks on the lake and on subsequent days various sports and shows were produced for her gratification. On the Lake a Triton was exhibited riding on a mermaid 18 feet long, and Arion on a dolphin, each carrying concealed "music of exquisite character."

Sir Walter Scott represents Amy Robsart as being present at Kenilworth in 1575 but history tells us that Scott was not careful about all his facts, and that the truth was she had died six years before this event and probably never was at Kenilworth.

Anyway it is a beautiful place, even in its ruins. About half of the walls are standing and we were shown the large banqueting hall, walked up the steps no doubt used by Queen Elizabeth, looked down in the dark dungeon in which many notable prisoners languished. A detached building called The Gate is in good repair and contains furniture and many relics from that ancient period when Kenilworth was the center of so many of England's plots and counter plots.

After leaving here we drove over to Warwick and had lunch at the romantic Warwick Arms. After lunch we were taken to Warwick Castle and had one of the most pleasant experiences of a very interesting day.

Warwick Castle is said to have been built by King Guthelyne about 356 B. C. Historians say that more probably he reigned about 20 B. C. Anyway, that makes it old enough. It was laid waste and rebuilt many times and is now a real castle situated in a beautiful park, through which runs the quiet, picturesque Avon River. The river runs close by the west walls and was a protection from enemies on that side. From the windows in the castle on this side is a beautiful view of the river spanned by two bridges, one very ancient.

The castle is the home of the present Earl, but he allows the public, for a consideration, to come through the grounds and view a large part of the rooms of the castle. We were shown the chapel where the family and retainers worshipped but it is not used now. The Great Hall is 62 feet in length and 40 feet high. From the windows here we could see the river flowing 100 feet below. The hall contains a good picture of Queen Elizabeth and we were shown the bed she slept in when on a visit to Warwick Castle. Here is also a saddle used by Elizabeth. This saddle had no pommel. Queen Elizabeth is said to have invented the side saddle with pommels in the latter part of her reign. This hall also contains the helmet of a Crusader, a tilting suit with double plates and one room is entirely filled with armor of all kinds. In the several rooms we were shown through were a number of fine original paintings by Van Dyck, Rubens, Dobson and others.

It is a rare treat to visit this beautiful castle. The approach to the castle is a road cut through solid rock. It is protected by two portcullises, still workable with the aid of the windlasses. There huge iron gates closed the entrance to the outer and inner gates and, if they could speak, could tell us of many spirited encounters, as this castle was stormed, taken and retaken many times.

After this, we were driven to Holy Trinity Church where Shakespeare is buried inside the church, under the chancel. Here is the old church register where we saw the records of his birth as well as his death.

We next went to see Anne Hathaway's cottage. It is in good repair and is still used as a dwelling. The old fireplace is there with its seat on which, no doubt, Shakespeare did his courting of Anne, as it was the rule in those days for all courting to be done under the eyes of the parents. The house has the old thatch roof about 10 inches thick. The flower garden is still kept up.

We next went down to the village of Stratford-on-Avon and were shown the house where Shakespeare was born, though our guide-book informs us that very probably the house in which he was born had been torn down but the old house where he lived as a boy is still standing and is used as a museum. We stopped here about an hour and wandered through the streets and had time thoroughly to get into the spirit of this old town, which dates from Roman times, though none of the present buildings goes back that far.

William Shakespeare was born in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, on April 23, 1564. He married Anne Hathaway in Shottery and later went to London. Here he became connected with theaters and wrote his plays. On his retirement he returned to Stratford-on-Avon, purchased the new house where he died in 1616. It took several hundred years for his town to appreciate him, but now everything about him is played up, and the shrines are visited yearly by thousands of tourists. After leaving here we drove back to Coventry and took the train for London feeling well satisfied with our day's sightseeing.

As we were about to leave London, I would like to record some of my impressions of this ancient city. I found it most interesting and the longer I stayed the more I wished we had time to visit more of its many historic places. We did go by the Old Curiosity Shop which is still standing. I took several rides on the tube (subway) where the fare is one penny (2 cents). The fare on the buses is only one penny for certain distances. I saw Picadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, Oxford Circus, Waterloo Place, passed by the House of Parliament with Big Ben's Tower, passed by Buckingham Palace and saw the two mounted guards in their medieval costumes.

I got up early one morning and went through Hyde Park where I was told were some beautiful flower gardens, but I didn't find many. The street cars are called "trams." The automobiles are driven on the lefthand side of the street.

We found people very polite and helpful. They would go out of their way to direct us. I asked one man to direct me to a book store. He said I would find one "over the road, sir." We would say "across the street." Their hotels are shy of rooms with baths, though there are plenty of public baths. One elevator, or "lift" as they call it, does service for a large hotel. You are expected to walk up or down if the lift is busy.

Taxis are plentiful and cheaper than in New York.

There are lots of beggars on the streets.

A group of supposed ex-service men came by the hotel one morning giving some very good music, which we found they were not producing, but came from an auto loud speaker accompanying them. My brother offered one of them a coin (2 cents) and he told him "silver, please." Their penny (2 cents) is almost as big as our silver dollar, and one soon accumulates quite a weight in coin. Their shilling is equal to our 25c and a pound is worth about $5.00, but I got mixed up on crowns, guineas, etc.

IV

OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

Article in The Charlotte Observer, August 9, 1936

THURSDAY in London was a most interesting day. We were taken to see Westminster Abbey, the Museum, the Temple, Tate's Gallery, and Kenwood. I am going to quote from a description of Westminster Abbey: "Grand old Abbey. The very sight of it excites feelings of reverence. It exudes antiquity from every ancient buttress, every dainty pinnacle, every stained glass window. It might be termed solid history, for its tombs and records go back almost without a break to Saxon times. Every king and queen of England, from Edward the Confessor to Edward VIII, has been crowned here, with the exception of Edward V, who was murdered in the tower and was never crowned. Here, too, for hundreds of years, from the Confessor to George III, the Abbey was the last resting place of the monarchs of the realm. In addition, in later times, it has become like Saint Paul's, but to a still greater extent, the tombs of those whom the nation delights to honor—statesmen, warriors, artists and men of letters."

A Temple to Apollo is believed to have occupied the site of Westminster Abbey in times of the Romans, and Sebert built a church here very, very long ago. This building was torn down for a finer building erected by Edward the Confessor (1042-1066). Additions were made by Henry III, and Edward III. Henry VII built the magnificent chapel which bears his name.

I am writing this after seeing many of the fine churches of Europe, and I have never seen anything that comes near to the chapel of Henry VII in beauty. I wish I had time to study for hours, just the beautiful ceiling. The ceiling is of marble, laboriously carved, in graceful lines, like lace. The dimensions, too, while large, seem to me to be of pleasing proportions.

In this Abbey, as mentioned, are interred most of the kings and queens of England, including Mary, Queen of Scots; Queen Elizabeth, Edward the Confessor; Edward I, Edward III, Henry V; Henry VIII; Bloody Mary, and many others well-known to all students of English history.

In the Poets' Corner, we came upon the Memorials to Chaucer, Tennyson, Browning, Jenny Lind, Handel, the composer of the

"Messiah"; Samuel Johnson, Henry Irving, Charles Dickens, Gladstone, Disraeli, and many other noted Englishmen.

A large part of the Abbey is cluttered up with huge, unsightly monuments to the kings and queens. Clara Laughlin, in her guidebook, says: "It looks like the workyard of a tombstone maker, catering to the trade of the newly rich patrons with exceedingly shocking taste."

In the Poets' Corner, the bodies of the nation's great are buried under the pavement, and suitable inscriptions are carved on tablets, marking the spot.

I noticed in the Abbey a bust of Henry W. Longfellow, and, to my surprise, a memorial to George W. Washington, Esquire. They do not give him the title of General or even President.

The two popular objects of interest in the Abbey are the Coronation Chair, and the Grave of the Unknown Soldier. This grave is always covered with flowers and always has around it a crowd of reverent onlookers with bared heads.

The Coronation Chair is a large, unsightly piece of furniture, and I would hate to have to sit in it for a long time. The seat is the famous Stone of Scone, on which were crowned most of the kings of Scotland.

The antiquity of the Abbey awes one into reverent thinking. Why, it was nearly 500 years old when America was discovered, and over 700 years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed, but still it does not appeal to every one. On one of the free days, an excursionist from a rural section of England was heard to say, " 'Ow, there eyn't nothin' to see 'ere, let's go to a cinema."

Buried in the Abbey is William Parr, of whom nothing more is known than that he lived 140 years, and through the reigns of 10 of England's sovereigns.

Tate's Gallery contains myriads of fine pictures, but we will save our description of pictures for the Louvre in Paris.

All of us were interested in the British Museum. We would have to have many days to see all the rare and interesting things there. The antiquities shown there date back to 3000 and 4000 B. C.

The Egyptians were highly civilized nearly 4000 years B. C., and a room is devoted to Egyptian sculpture. There is the statue of the Fifth Dynasty (3000 to 2700 B. C.), a statue of Senneret I, King of the XII Dynasty (2000 B. C.), and statue of Rameses II about 1250 B. C.

Here is the famed Rosetta Stone. For many centuries the hieroglyphics on Egyptian monuments were unreadable, but about 1801 the Rosetta Stone was found containing reading in hieroglyphics, another lost language, and Greek. This gave the key to reading many thousand Egyptian tablets of very ancient origin.

A section is shown of the earliest Greek sculpture, showing crude work, thus showing that Greek sculpture was a process of evolution, and not a sudden gift. In the Ephesus room are remains of Greek sculpture from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, built about 330 B. C. and referred to in the nineteenth chapter of Acts.

In the Nimrud Central Saloon is the Black Obelisk. On this is a picture of Jehu, King of Israel, paying tribute and bowing before Shalmanezer, mentioned in the Old Testament. In the Nineveh Gallery are sculptures from the palace of Sennacherib, King of Assyria.

In the Babvlonian Room is the "Mosaic Standard" tablet discovered in the excavations at Ur of Chaldea, 1922-1934. This stone is supposed to date from 3000 B. C.

In the Gallery of Roman antiquities are pottery, jewelry, etc., belonging to the period of the Roman occupation of Britain, A. D. 43-410. Here is a head of Emperor Hadrian, who built the Roman wall.

Any one interested in old coins would be delighted with the coin room, showing Greek, Roman, European and Oriental money from the 7th Century B. C. to the present.

I had looked forward to seeing the Codex Sinaiticus, which is the oldest copy of the Scriptures. It was lately purchased from the Russian government at a cost, it is said, of $2,500,000. This is from the fourth century. Here also is the Codex Alexandriana of the fifth century. It was a great privilege to gaze on these ancient writings.

In this manuscript room is the Magna Charta, wrested from King John in 1215; also original letters of Wolsey, Sir Walter Raleigh, Cromwell, Warren Hastings, George Washington, the Elder Pitt, Nelson, Wellington, Gladstone and many other priceless documents. Here is also a letter of Lady Jane Grey written in "the first year of our reign A. D. 1547." The poor lady reigned only seven days.

The library of this museum contains, we were told, over 5,000,000 volumes and is added to at the rate of 50,000 volumes a year. Here are the earliest editions of Paradise Lost, Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespeare, etc. Here is the Tapling collection of postage stamps, which is supposed to be one of the best stamp collections.

We did not stay here long enough to examine all of these. One of the ladies of the party complained that we hadn't seen any mummies, but we assured her she could see plenty of them in New York and Washington museums. There were plenty of them here, but we did not have time to see everything. As said, it would take weeks to see all the interesting things in this museum.

We learned that while bricks were made by the Romans, they were not used in buildings until the time of Queen Elizabeth, and then only for chimneys.

We were pretty tired by this time, and our guide drove us about 15 miles out into the country to visit Kenwood, a large mansion situated on a beautiful wooded estate formerly used as a home by Lord Mansfield and later bought by a rich brewer, named Iveagh (pronounced Ivey), and given to the public for a museum. It contains old furniture, china, etc., that was enviously viewed by the ladies of our party. The extensive lawns and flower gardens about the house were beautiful and gave us a good idea of the well-to-do-country mansion of the English gentleman.

That evening, Dr. and Mrs. Stanbury, Mrs. Ivey, Mrs. Cram and I took a taxi and went out to see Wesley Chapel that was built by John Wesley and in which he preached many times. We drove out to City Roads, which was outside London in Wesley's time. Although it was after visiting hours, the caretaker took us into the church that was built near the Old Foundry, one of the first preaching places of Wesley. The church is still used and we stood in the pulpit, so often occupied by this great divine. The same pews designed by Wesley are in use. The church is as it was in his time, except a number of marble pillars have displaced the wooden pillars first used to hold up the gallery. These marble pillars were given by the different branches of Methodism over the world. One was given by the Southern Methodists, others by the Northern Methodists, the Canadian Methodists, the Australian Methodists, Irish Methodists, etc.

We stood with bowed heads in reverent memory around the grave of John Wesley, situated in the rear of the church, and each of us picked up a pebble to take home from the grave of the great founder of the Methodist Church.

We were then shown over the house occupied by Wesley from

1779 to 1791 and where he died in one of the rooms on the first floor. The house is now kept as a Methodist museum, and contains the furniture used by Wesley. The alarm clock that woke him at 4:00 o'clock every morning is still in good condition. Here is the large china teapot given Wesley by Josiah Wedgewood, Wesley's desk, his bed, his prayer room, and many other interesting things which belonged to Wesley.

V

OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

THE TWELFTH SESSION of the World's Sunday School Convention met in Oslo, Norway, July 6, 1936. It meets every four years and the last session was held in 1932 at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. There were between five and six thousand in attendance at Oslo and every country of the world was represented. One speaker said he was 40 days enroute and had traveled 14,000 miles to come there and speak five minutes. He came from Australia. There were delegates from Iceland, New Zealand, India, Turkey, Japan, Argentine, Liberia, Porto Rica, etc. There were more delegates from the United States than from any other country—over 800 being from the United States. The convention was favored with very good music by a large, trained chorus. They sang the Hallelujah Chorus one evening.

Many of the delegates were dressed in their national costume, and it was an interesting experience to see so many people from so many lands. The addresses were very inspiring and convinced one of the importance of a convention representing thirty-eight million Sunday school pupils. Forty-eight nations were officially represented. Inspirational meetings were held each morning, while in the afternoon, group meetings were held in a number of different places.

The meetings were well attended, especially on Thursday morning when Dr. Kagawa, sometimes called "The World's Greatest Christian," made his address. He started out by saying that he was glad to speak in one of the three only Christian nations of the world, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Christ, the Hope of the world, was the theme of the convention, and a great deal was said about the necessity of building up a sentiment for peace. International meetings like this help very much in this direction.

Most of the addresses and reports were given in English. A pause was made after every sentence or two and an interpreter gave what was said in Norwegian. Also, when any speeches were made in Norwegian or any other different language, it was interpreted into English. I heard Bishop Walls, a colored Bishop of the A. M. E. Zion Church, preach on Sunday in Oslo, and his having to stop every sentence or two interferred very much with the fervor which usually accompanies a Negro preacher's sermon. He preached a good sermon, but I told him I would like to hear him when he was not hampered by an interpreter. Bishop Walls is a North Carolinian and was glad to see someone from Charlotte, with which he is familiar.

Olso made a very fine convention city. They put themselves out to take care of us. Every one was very kind, and when we wanted directions, they would frequently leave their places of business and go outside to direct us to where we wanted to go.

Oslo is the capital of Norway, and is a thriving city of about one-quarter of a million population. In most of the places of business there was someone who spoke English, and we found a number of people who had lived in the United States. Our hotel was in the residential section. The first morning I walked around in the neighborhood and came to a newsstand, and I said, "English paper?" To my surprise the young lady answered in perfect English, "I am sorry, but we don't get but one copy of the *London Times* and that has been sold." She told me she had lived for a number of years in Minnesota. I met many Norwegians who had lived in the United States and nearly all of them in Minnesota.

One afternoon we took a sightseeing car and were shown the principal attractions of the city. We saw the mountain where they hold the international skiing contests. Sometimes, they said, there was not enough snow fallen at that time, and they had to haul thousands of loads of it to fill in. We were taken to their Museum Park where they have some very ancient houses. One house is an old stone church over 800 years old. It has no windows and there is a narrow porch all around where the men stacked their guns. In this museum is a large building built especially to house three old Viking ships. The best preserved of these is about 75 feet long, and had about 40 oars. Geographies now tell us that America was first visited by one of these Viking ships. When a king or queen died, in the olden times, they buried one of these Viking ships in the earth, and used it as a tomb for the sovereign.

One afternoon the White Ribbon delegates were invited to a tea. Mrs. Ivey attended and reported a very pleasant meeting. Mrs. Wallace, World's Superintendent of Sunday Schools Works of the W. C. T. U., who lives in Glasgow, Scotland, made an interesting address.

I attended the Rotary dinner one day, with Brother George, and met many of the business men of the city. The street car and bus lines gave free transportation to all delegates which was very unusual for a large city.

We had arranged with Cook's for a post-convention tour, and on Monday morning, after a very pleasant week in Oslo, we took a train for Goteborg, Sweden. Sweden looks very much like Norway and, we found, had the same customs and the same money, kroners and ores, with the difference that the Norwegian coins had holes in them. The value was the same. The kroner is worth 25c in our money.

Goteborg, often spoken of as Gothenburg, is Sweden's second largest city, population 234,000. It has a picturesque canal running through it, and we saw one of the locks, operated by hand, let a boat pass through. Here we saw in a municipal park (entrance fee 5c) the prettiest flowers I ever saw. Quantities of gorgeous delphinium, 7 to 8 feet high, with blooms 2 feet long and five inches across. Many great beds of feverfew, verbenas, roses, etc. The flowers were all perfect and the best kept flower garden I ever saw. Besides these flower gardens, outside there were large greenhouses with quantities of orchids, cacti, palms, and other rare plants. I had a real good time here.

Leaving Goteborg on our way to Hamburg, Germany, we crossed the Kattegat, a strait connecting the North and Baltic Seas, on a ferry. Here we had to go before the German immigration officers, who examined our passports, counted our money and put it down on a sheet signed by us. The German government does not allow anyone to leave Germany with more money than they took in. We had bought German travel marks in Goteborg, which enabled us to buy at half price anything in the German stores.

After being on this ferry steamer for several hours, we landed at Helsingor, Denmark. This is the scene of Shakespeare's Hamlet. He calls it Elsinore.

We spent only one night in Hamburg as there is little of interest there, though it is a very important shipping and commercial point. We stopped about half a day in Cologne to see the wonderful old cathedral. This was hundreds of years in building and contains many treasures. Tourists are shown, for four marks, the so-called staff of St. Peter, the bones of the three Magi, nails from the true cross, fragment of the true cross, and many priceless gifts of gold and silver given by Emperors and Popes. There are 145 precious articles catalogued in the treasury of the Cologne cathedral. We visited the business section which was very busy selling the tourists picture post cards, souvenirs, etc. Everywhere in Cologne were ex-service men selling lottery tickets. They had stands everywhere, in the railroad stations, on the streets, in front of the stores. There must have been hundreds of sellers.

Brussels, or Bruxelles, with its suburbs, has about 250,000 population and is a very old and interesting city. There is a fine view of the city from the terrace of the Palace of Justice. Here is where the Germans planted cannon and announced to the Burgomaster (mayor) that if his citizens were not good, they would shell the city. The world is the gainer by not having this historic city shelled, with its many old buildings containing priceless treasures. The Germans took down the heavy bronze doors to the Palace of Justice, and melted them into munitions of war. The tapestries in the Gothic Hall are the finest we saw anywhere. Edith Cavel, the English nurse, was tried in the Parliament House. We drove by the national rifle range where she and 35 other accused spies were shot during the World War.

In the Town Hall is a room where all marriages must be solemnized. If the parties desire a religious ceremony as well, they can have this afterwards, but the civil ceremony must be held in this Hall. Our guide told us there were an average of 25 marriages here every Saturday morning.

There was a canal surrounding the old city, but this has been filled in and a fine boulevard now surrounds the city. We visited the Wiertz Picture Gallery. Wiertz was known as the mad artist. The pictures are certainly unusual and realistic, but to my untutored eye, the pictures show unusual ability.

In the afternoon we went to the scene of the Battle of Waterloo. We first stopped in the village and visited the headquarters of Wellington. The building is now a museum and in good repair. The old church across the street was built before the great battle. Waterloo was one of the great decisive battles of history, and the description of it by our well-informed guide was most interesting. We had the battle described to us, saw the "sunken road" that Victor Hugo assigned as one of the causes of the defeat of Napoleon. In the center of the battlefield is a large earthen mound, erected as a memorial. At this point also is a cyclorama of the battle, showing the troops in action, and showing Napoleon, Ney, Wellington and other leading generals. I was surprised to see that a large troop of cavalry near the observation platform had spears as their only weapons. We spent the whole afternoon studying the scene of this great battle. On our way to the battlefield we passed one of the fine parks of the city. The guide told us that they had three classes of parks, first, second and third class. I asked him how they were distinguished and he said, "by the price of the beer." Beer being, say 3 francs at the first class place; 2 francs at the second, and only 1 franc at the third class parks. The Belgian franc is very much depressed and is worth only 3½c in our money. The ladies took advantage of this fact and had their travelers' checks changed into Belgian francs and did much trading at the Bon Marche Magazin, as they call their department stores.

Coming back from Waterloo, we passed a number of girls on bicycles with great loads of ferns they had gathered in the woods and were taking to the flower market for sale. We also passed several old women with wheelbarrow loads of sticks they had picked up in the woods.

We left Brussels the next afternoon on our way to Paris. Our train stopped a few minutes at San Quentin where we saw the effects of the German shells on some of the buildings which had not been repaired.

In my next letter I will try to tell of some of the interesting places we visited in Paris.

VI

OUR EUROPEAN TRIP

I HAD NOT looked forward with much pleasure to my visit to France. I had gotten the impression that the average Frenchman was a sort of highwayman in regard to American tourists, and cheated them at every chance. I found them accommodating, anxious to be of service, and I saw no one who tried to overcharge us. I would much rather risk being treated right by taxi drivers in Paris than by those in New York. To be sure they want their tip, but a smaller amount will satisfy them than the taxi drivers of New York.

I found that the easiest and cheapest way to get around in Paris was by the underground railways. One can reach any point in Paris quickly and easily by using the underground. I would write down on a piece of paper where I wanted to go and show this at the ticket window. They would sell me the right ticket and point to the right entrance. On our first trip, we were carried past our station, because we waited for the door to open, as in New York, but in Paris you have to open the door yourself. Also, we noticed that passengers could open them while the train was in motion, which is very dangerous. The cars do not run as fast as in New York, but the air is better, and there are more employees to direct you.

Paris is one of the oldest cities of Europe, being mentioned by Caesar in his Commentaries, as being a village of mud huts in A. D. 53. For over a thousand years after the decline of Rome, Paris was the largest city in the world and for many centuries the political, literary, social and fashion capital of Europe.

Up until 1919, Paris was completely surrounded by a wall, which began to be demolished at that time, and now very little of the old wall remains. Several of the old gates of Paris are preserved.

The River Seine, running through the city, is spanned by eight bridges. The Seine is lined with trees on each side. All faiths are represented in the churches of Paris, even a Moslem Temple was erected in 1926. We attended services on Sunday at the American Episcopal Church. The Roman Catholic is the predominating religion. Notre Dame is the most famous church of Paris and is visited daily by great crowds of tourists. Victor Hugo said Notre Dame is a "Vast Symphony in Stone." A pagan temple occupied the site of Notre Dame in 375

A. D. when a Christian church was erected on the site. The present building was begun in 1165 A. D., over 300 years before the discovery of America. Notre Dame is remembered as the scene of the coronation of Napoleon, on which occasion, he took the crown from the hands of Pope Pius VII and crowned himself. The great rose window is gorgeous and is justly considered the finest piece of stained glass workmanship to be found anywhere.

The Church of the Madeline is in the form of a Greek temple, surrounded with 54 great columns. There are no windows and the interior is well lighted by skylights in the roof. The interior, to my mind, is better decorated than Notre Dame. All around the walls are gorgeous statues, marbles, carvings, frescoes and moldings. In niches on the outside are life-size figures of Bible characters. During the bombardment of Paris by the Germans in 1916, a shot from a "Big Bertha" hit the street in the rear of The Madeline, and a cobblestone was thrown up and knocked off the head of St. Luke. Another shot hit St. Gervais Church and the falling roof killed 17 of the worshippers. 156 places were hit by shells from a "Big Bertha," which sent one every hour for a day or two and then waited a while.

Just as we passed San Felipe Church we saw a wedding party entering, and at St. Genevieve Chapel we met a funeral procession. Victor Hugo is buried in this chapel.

Visitors from America are impressed by the fact that there are no high buildings and by the great open spaces at many places in the city. Place de la Concorde is an immense open court. Here is the Obelisk of Luxor, seventy-six feet high, and weighing 240 tons. It is covered with hieroglyphics. This was brought here from Egypt in 1836. This spot will always be remembered as the place where the guillotine was placed during the French Revolution and where Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and thousands of the nobility of France were executed during the Commune. We were in this place at dusk and saw the lighting of the gas lamps in the many columns in this place. A man with a long pole was going around lighting the lamps as New York was lighted 50 years ago. They also use electricity. In the distance we could see the Eiffel Tower brilliantly illuminated.

Opposite the Place de la Concorde is the hotel where royalty is entertained. President Wilson, as well as Charles Lindbergh, stopped here. Also fronting this place is the New American Embassy, which is a creditable building. We passed by the home of the President of

France and saw many dignitaries going in. The guide told us he was holding a reception on that day. We also were shown the home and garden of Clemenceau (The Tiger).

Place de l' Etoile is another large center from which radiates twelve important streets forming a star—Etoile meaning a star. Here is the famous Arch de Triumph, the largest arch in the world, built by Napoleon to celebrate his many victories. On the granite walls is inscribed 172 victories of Napoleon; also the names of 386 of his generals. Underneath this arch is the grave of the Unknown Soldier, at which burns the everlasting flame and where quantities of flowers are continually laid. Five thousand Canadians were in the city at that time and they had laid many wreaths there.

The Column of Vendome stands in the center of the Place de Vendome. This large column is covered with bronze plates made from 1200 cannons captured from the Prussians by Napoleon.

The Tomb of Napoleon is of great interest to all visitors, especially to Frenchmen, who almost worship at his shrine.

The body of Napoleon lies in a magnificent reddish bronze-colored granite sarcophagus from Finland. The sarcophagus measures 13 feet long, 6½ feet wide, 14½ feet high and weighs 67 tons or 134,000 pounds. It is in the center of a large building where two of his brothers and two of his generals are buried. A beautiful altar continually flooded with soft light from the yellow window is in the rear of the building as one enters and everyone is captivated with its beauty.

The Place Bastile was another interesting place to me. Here is where the famous bastile prison stood. It was demolished by the mob of 1785 during the Revolution, and now no vestige of the historic edifice remains.

We visited the Palace of Justice where the trials of Marie Antoinette and others were held during the Commune. It is still used as a court room and we saw many lawyers of both sexes, walking around in their black, flowing robes. We saw a crowd of prisoners herded in a corner, waiting to be taken to the trial chamber. They were a hard looking set of men and women and their average age was much above the age of the boys we see arraigned in our courts.

The Eiffel Tower, standing by the Seine, is the outstanding building of Paris. It is 984 feet high and was built in 1878 for the occasion of the World's Fairs. The elevators do not go straight up but at a considerable angle to the first landing, where you change to another elevator and later to a third elevator. It takes about an hour to make the round trip. An aviator tried to fly between the slanting supports of the tower. He succeeded in getting through, but got caught with some guy wires and lost his life.

I was real proud of myself that I could appreciate so many of the pictures and statuary in the Louvre which is the show place of Paris. I had expected to be more or less bored, but I was pleased with myself that I enjoyed it and would liked to have spent several days in this immense museum.

We had a good guide who did not try to show us everything, but we asked him to show us only the outstanding things. He also explained why certain pictures or statues were regarded as excelling and he did it in terms that we could understand. He showed us Venus of Milo made about the fifth century B. C., Diana of the Chase, second century B. C., The Gladiator of the first century B. C., Winged Victory of Samothrace, Laughing Faun and other famous, original sculptures.

Among the famous original pictures we saw were, The Wedding Feast at Cana, said to be the largest canvas in the world, Coronation of Napoleon, showing him in the act of taking the crown from the hands of Pope Pius VII, and crowning himself. We were shown The Entombment, by Titian, Soldier of Fortune, by Messina, The Annunciation by Vinci, The Gleaners and The Angelus by Millet, Heaven by Tintorelli, Mona Lisa that was stolen a few years back, Christ on the Cross by Ribera, Adoration of the Shepherds, Beggar Boy by Murrilo, Lady with a Fan by Lucientes, Village Fair by Rubens, and many other originals, copies of which are familiar to everyone.

The guide called our attention to several oddities. David and Goliath painted on both sides of the canvas. Portrait of Charles I holding two left hand gloves. The "Christ Driving the Money Changers from the Temple," in which one old woman was wearing spectacles, which were not invented until centuries later. When it looked as if the Germans were going to take Paris in 1914, the Venus of Milo and 1500 of the rare pictures were taken to Bordeaux, in the South of France, for safe-keeping.

The most interesting afternoon was spent at Versailles. This was the Royal Palace, begun by Louis XIV and established by him as the royal residence in 1682. It was later added to by Louis XV and Louis XVI. Its size can be guessed by the fact that it often housed as many as 2,000 guests at one time. A feature of the chapel that struck me was that the seats of the worshippers all faced the rear of the room with their backs to the officiating priests. This was because the king and queen sat in the rear balcony and no one could sit with their backs to the king. We saw the spacious quarters of the king and queen. During the Revolution, the magnificent and gorgeous furniture was sold at auction. The silver bedstead of the king was melted into money. The paintings on the ceilings are by famous artists and are recognized even by novices like myself as being of exceptional merit.

I don't see how they were able to keep comfortable during the winter as few of the large rooms had fireplaces.

In the part of the museum holding the treasures are the arms of the kings of France, spurs of Napoleon made of solid gold; a Venice mirror of 1600; a gold shield of Charles IX; vases, cups, etc., made from rock crystal, jasper, sardonyx, amethyst and other precious stones. There was the crown worn by many of the kings of France. During the Commune, most of the jewels disappeared. There was seen the "Silver Virgin" and the jewel box of Marie Antoinette, made of lead, covered with gold.

We stood at the balcony where Louis XVI was called before the mob of 3,000 that had come down from Paris to get him and made him promise to return to Paris with his family. He did return—to be executed.

We then went to visit the Trianon which was built by Louis XIV for one of his favorites, Madame de Maintenon. It was later given to Marie Antoinette.

In the museum of carriages is the coronation carriage built in 1825 for the coronation of Charles X. It weighs 15,342 pounds and eight horses were used to draw it. I also saw the carriages used by Napoleon in his trips with his army; ornate large sleighs for winter's snows, etc.

We walked out in the park to the Chateau in the woods that was so dear to Marie Antoinette. Here is where she and the king would retire to relax. She would play dairy maid in the little dairy, while Louis XVI would play the miller in the little mill, both buildings still standing.

The famous fountains play only on certain days and we missed seeing them in action.

On Wednesday noon, July 23, we bade farewell to Paris which we had found so interesting and rode about 200 miles to Cherbourg, where we boarded the Queen Mary, one of the largest ships in the world. We had the distinction of crossing the Atlantic in the ship that made the journey in the shortest time any ship had accomplished it. Everyone has read about the fine appointments, etc., of the Queen Mary, so I will not repeat.

The Queen Mary is so huge and has such powerful engines that caused so much vibration and rattling noises that we were disappointed, and if we cross the Atlantic again, our choice will be a slower ship. For some reason, the oil burners made many cinders which were very objectionable.

COPY OF LETTER ABOUT PARIS LETTER

To The Editor,
Charlotte Observer,
Charlotte, N. C.
Etats-Unis d'Amerique.

Dear Sir:

My attention has been called to a significant article, signed by Mr. J. B. Ivey, with the headline, "Ivey Says Frenchmen Treat Visitors Well," and I am writing to thank you for this splendid service to the cause of the truth.

Paris has been the victim of many absurd and untrue legends; but I am happy to note that Mr. Ivey discovered the real facts, and has set them down clearly and effectively. The tourist authorities of France strive to remove all possible cause for complaint; and we are happy to learn that in Mr. Ivey's case we have succeeded. Indeed, he speaks not only for himself, but for thousands of other Americans who had the same experience as he.

Will you please transmit to him my sincere congratulations and my heartfelt thanks? His article is a remarkable example of good journalism.

Le Directeur General,
Des Chemins de Fer de L'Etat.
Paris, France.

A TYPICAL DAY IN IVEY'S, 13 WEST TRADE STREET, ABOUT 1900

STORE door unlocked by me at 7:30. Mack, the porter, delivery man and man of all work, sprinkles the floor and sweeps out. The three salespeople come in at 8:00 o'clock and I go home for breakfast, return at 8:30 and then open the mail.

Mr. Carr brings in a load of freight. If Mack is busy, I open the boxes, check and mark the goods, calling attention of admiring salespeople to the beauty of the new arrivals and commenting on the extra values in this purchase.

Customer comes in and Miss Annie sells her a dress pattern of six yards for skirt, and three yards for waist. Customer insists that Miss Annie "throw in" the thread and buttons. Miss Annie sells her twelve yards kid cambric for lining, and tailor's canvas for stiffening the skirt. Customer buys one dozen, twelve inch long steel stays for the waist, and five yards black velvet binding for the bottom of the skirt to protect the edge of the skirt from being frayed by brushing against the floor or the ground. Miss Annie gathers up the purchase, puts the various articles in a wire basket suspended on a wire reaching from her counter to the wrapping desk, gives the basket a strong shove, first being sure that no customer is in the line of the traveling basket, or if there is, she calls out "Hey there," and waits until they get out of the way. Miss Sue, the cashier, wrapper, bookkeeper, etc., sees that the money tallies with the check (there are no charge sales), wraps the package, and sends it back in the wire basket to Miss Annie, who delivers it to the customer with a smile and a friendly remark.

A customer asks to see some hosiery and, as she is nicely dressed, she is shown our best lisle hose at twenty-five cents a pair—Hermsdorf black dye, all other dyes fade or "crock," except this German dye.

Another customer comes in with a complaint. The pair of hose she bought about six weeks before has "all fallen in holes." She is given a new pair with a brave attempt to do it with a smile.

Mack loads up his bicycle (our only delivery truck) with packages to be delivered, and if we had a busy day, one can hardly see Mack for the packages. Come a bad rainy day and Mack was out of luck, though he attempts to cover his load with oil cloth.

A lady on Brevard Street (actual happening) calls up and wants a spool of Clarks O.N.T. Spool Cotton, delivered to her at once, as it is raining and she can't come uptown.

A customer calls for an R. & G. Corset No. 397, size 19, and wants extra laces.

We prepare for an embroidery sale coming off on tomorrow at 10:00 o'clock—all widths from one inch to fifteen inches wide, all at one price—ten cents per yard. The wholesaler puts in two or three bolts of twelve yards each of the wide as a bait, while the narrow has about forty yards. When the sale is over we have left on our hands a large part of the narrow widths, while the wide pieces are gone in ten minutes.

A lady wants to see some veiling—holds a piece over her face and looks in the mirror to see how it looks, pulls a little heavily on it and it splits in her hands—no sale.

A young lady wants to buy some silk ruching, as every dress must have ruching around the neck, and this must be changed frequently. A customer wants to see a black silk underskirt, insists it must have lots of rustle and swish in it.

Another customer buys a paper of needles, sharps, size 3 to 9, or 5 to 10, doesn't want "betweens," of which we have the larger stock.

Customer buys a pair of ten cents black hose for "the cook." Miss Annie remarks as customer leaves, that she wants them for herself—skirts being long, and shoes high topped, no one can see quality of hose she has on. We carry only three colors, black, tan, and white hose. Miss Annie sees a young lady, just back from boarding school, getting out of her carriage and shows a bit of her hose, and Miss Annie remarks in wonder and admiration, "Miss Blank's stockings match her light blue dress."

Comes the close of day. Salespeople all three leave at 6:00 o'clock, while I say until about 9:00 o'clock, working on my books, answering mail, reordering some good sellers, etc.

COPY OF HOME NEWS DESCRIBING A VISIT TO CHARLESTON ABOUT 1930

I HAD NO IDEA that Charleston was such an interesting place. I had always known of it as the location of the Magnolia Gardens, but I found it a city rich in historic lore. It is almost as old as St. Augustine and has many more interesting places for the tourist to visit. Charleston even claims to have a street eighteen inches narrower than any street in St. Augustine.

On Thursday morning, April 3rd, we took a sightseeing car, with a good guide, and were shown the principal places of interest.

Charleston has many of the oldest churches in the United States. St. Phillips Church was built in 1681, but the present structure was built in 1835. The tomb of John C. Calhoun, once Vice-President of the United States, and one of South Carolina's most noted statesmen, is in the cemetery of St. Phillips. What is said to be the only Hugenot Church in America is situated near St. Phillips. The first structure was erected in 1692. The first Baptist Church was organized in 1683, while the first Jewish Synagogue was organized the same year. Bethel Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was erected in 1850-1853, in which latter year it was dedicated. It stands on the original site, where Wesley once preached from the same pulpit now in use. Probably the most interesting Church is St. Michaels, at the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets. (There is also a Coming Street in Charleston.) St. Michaels was built in 1752. The famous chimes were brought from England in 1764. In 1782 when the city was invaded by Major Traille of the British Royal Artillery, the bells were seized by him as public property and sent to England. They were sold to a former merchant at Charleston named Ryhiner, who shipped them back to Charleston. In 1832 two of the bells were found to be cracked and were sent to England to be recast. In June, 1862, the bells were sent to Columbia for safe keeping. When that city was burned by Sherman, the bells were also burned. In 1866 the fragments were gathered together, sent to England to the successors of the original founders, and were recast in the original moulds. Thus, they have crossed the Atlantic five times. The chimes are still rung every Sunday.

The following inscription is on a tablet in the vestibule of the church: "This building erected in 1752; opened for Divine Worship in 1761, exposed to the fire of the British artillery on James Island in 1780; struck four times by the Federal artillery on Morris Island, 1863 to 1865; seriously damaged by cyclone August 28th, 1885; almost destroyed by earthquake August 31st, 1886; has been restored by the generosity of American churches and friends, and was reopened June 19th, 1887." During the earthquake, the tile floor was broken up and sand and water gushed out through the openings. The high tower of solid masonry sank eight inches, but, strange to say, not a wall was cracked, the tower settling evenly all over.

In St. Michaels Church is shown the pew in which George Washington sat when he visited Charleston in May, 1791. In 1862, it was occupied by Robert E. Lee. This is the Governors' pew, and is larger and more commodious than the other pews. The pews are high, box-like and made of red cedar. As I understand it, they are the identical pews that were installed in 1761. The hinges of the pews are of wrought iron. The chandelier is of wrought brass, and this was imported in 1803. Our guide told us that Henry Ford admired the chandelier so much that he had had it photographed. They have what is believed to be the oldest, large organ in the United States. There are several very beautiful stained glass windows; the handsomest one is entitled, "St. Michael Conquering Satan." It was done by Tiffany of New York, and is a copy of Raphael's picture of the same name which is in the Gallery of the Louvre, Paris.

The old cemetery adjoining the church contains many interesting inscriptions, all tourists are shown the grave of Mary Ann Luyton. At the head of the grave is what seems to be the headboard of a bed, and one guide told us it was the headboard of the bed on which she died. It is of mahogany and has stood the wear and weather of one hundred and sixty years.

We were shown here the grave of a man noted not only in Charleston, and the state, but the nation as well. This man was Robert Y. Hayne, who was a remarkable person. He was admitted to the bar before he was twenty-one years old; served in the War of 1812 as captain, although he was only twenty-two years old. At twenty-six he was elected Attorney General of the State and at the age of thirty-one years, he was elected United States Senator, among the youngest men ever elected to that body. He was very much interested in the stand which his state took in the Nullification Proceedings, inspired by the proposed tariff legislation by Clay. He resigned as Senator to accept the Governorship of South Carolina when he thought his state needed him in those troublous times. He was succeeded by Calhoun, as Senator, who was then Vice-President of the United States. In the fall of 1839, he attended a meeting of railroad directors at Asheville, N. C., and died there September 24, 1839.

The history of the nephew of Robert Y. Hayne is most pathetic. Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in Charleston, January 1, 1830. He was educated for the bar, but the fires of the poet burned within him and he gave his whole time to his literary pursuits. He was a great admirer of William Gilmore Sims, the novelist, who lived in Charleston, and they were together often, meeting in Russells Book Store which was a great resort for the literati of Charleston. He loved Charleston and regarded it as "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town of America." Accustomed to the utmost luxury, and inheriting the traditions of the aristocrats of the South he was, on account of his losses during the Civil War, reduced to poverty. The Union soldiers burnt his fine mansion, with its great library and he lost all his property. He moved away from his beloved city to Georgia, where he lived in a shanty in a pine forest. The chairs, tables and shelves were made of goods boxes and his writing desk was formerly a carpenter's bench. But the muse followed him here, and his poems appeared in all the leading magazines, including *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. His correspondence shows that he was a friend of Tennyson, Swinborne and other English poets. He could not hold resentment and wrote an ode to Whittier, who was the abolitionist poet. But his compatriots were as poor as he was. His poems and prose writings did not bring him enough to overcome his poverty and he died far from his beloved Charleston in 1886.

As we left St. Michaels Church, we were taken to the City Hall and were shown some fine old paintings. One was a life-size portrait of George Washington, painted by Trumbull. There are also fine pictures of John C. Calhoun, General Beauregard and others there. As we came into the hall, we ran across Henry Ford and his party who were being shown some rare papers which are kept in a safe.

Meeting Street contains many of the residences of old-time Charleston. They were all built solidly up to the street, with a door opening directly from the piazza into the street. A double decked piazza is at the side of the house, opening into the yard, which is cut off from the street by a high wall. On the other side of the yard is usually the carriage house and the slave quarters. The slaves slept upstairs, while the horses and carriages were kept below. I noticed many of these stables were now being used for garages.

The Pringle home, one of the old-time mansions, is now open to the public, and contains many interesting relics of Colonial days. We were shown the old slave market, where the incoming ships from Africa disposed of their human cargo.

An interesting building on Cumberland Street is a low, one-room structure, known as the "Powder House." This was used in Colonial days as a storage room for the implements of warfare. We saw the "Pirate House," which was the headquarters of a fierce band of free-booters, who infested the lower Atlantic for many years. Charleston at last put an end to the business by hanging fifty-one of these pirates. Their graves are shown to visitors.

We did not have time to visit Fort Moultrie, where a railing protects the grave of Osceola, the great Indian chief, who was imprisoned here for sometime and where he died. Edgar Allen Poe served as artillery sergeant at Fort Moultrie.

Another famous fort is Fort Sumter of Civil War fame. The firing on and capture of Ft. Sumter brought on the War Between the States.

Charleston was first settled by the French in 1562, though this was not a permanent settlement. The first permanent settlement was made by English colonists in 1682, who were joined in 1686 by Hugenot refugees who were fleeing from the persecutions in France. In 1755 a colony of two thousand Acadians settled in Charleston, making the French element very strong. Charleston is on a peninsula between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, about seven miles from the ocean proper. They claim it is the finest harbor south of Hampton Roads.

Vast beds of phosphate rock are found on the Ashley River and Charleston is the second largest shipping point of fertilizer materials.

Charleston claims the oldest museum, established in 1773; the terminus of the first railroad built in the United States, and they have the oldest newspaper, established in 1803. Charleston's Navy Yard is the only first class Navy Yard between Hampton Roads and San Francisco. It is rather strange that Charleston, with its fine port and many other natural advantages, has not made herself a much more important city than she is. Only since 1920 have they made any special effort to improve their fine harbor. Their imports and exports doubled in five years between 1921 and 1926. Charleston by rights should be the port for all of North and South Carolina and Georgia.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE AT KADESH CHURCH

I LIKE to attend District Conferences, especially when they are held in the country in a neighborhood like that surrounding Kadesh Church on Belwood Circuit. When I heard that the Gastonia District Conference was going to convene at Kadesh Church, I immediately decided that business, flowers and what not, would have to take care of themselves on May 5th and marked that day on my desk calendar. I found that hundreds of others were in the same notion, for the grounds were covered with automobiles, and the nice, new, commodious church couldn't seat the visitors who flocked to the conference.

The preachers were making their reports when I arrived, and I was pleased to hear that most of the charges had budgets, and many of them had paid all assessments up to date. Large numbers of *Advocates* taken were reported from nearly every charge.

Presiding Elder C. H. Moser was presiding with dignity and efficiency. Judging from the looks of the preachers of this district, I would judge that they were being treated excellently and were well fed. Brothers C. H. Moser, the presiding officer; W. L. Scott, the host of the conference; A. L. Stanford, C. E. Rozzelle, E. W. Fox, R. M. Courtney, C. G. Adams and others all showed that they were being well taken care of.

I was glad to see Brother J. E. Thompson present and full of vigor for his years. He remembered that District Conference was held at this same church 44 years ago and that he preached at 11 on Sunday. Those were the days when we were not in such a hurry and took time to attend to church business in an orderly manner, taking several days for the session. I was filled with memories of older days that I had spent at this hallowed place, and was almost bursting with a desire to give some vent to my emotions when Brother Moser introduced me to the conference, but time was too valuable and, by a great effort, I desisted from my desire to make a speech.

I was glad to see the beautiful new church that was built last year. Very few country churches, and not many town churches, but could be proud of such a handsome, well appointed church. It has a spacious auditorium, with an ell containing 10 Sunday school rooms. Kadesh Church claims the distinction of being the first country church in North Carolina to have separate Sunday school rooms. This was when the third church building was erected in 1891. I am proud of the fact that I was the young superintendent of this Sunday school at that time.

The church is served by a splendid heating system. It is equipped with a ventilating system, has a large recreation room in the basement, equipped with a kitchen with stoves, sinks, etc. Throughout there are modern conveniences, with lavatories, running water, pumped automatically by electricity from a deep well. The church auditorium is well lighted with ten lamps of 200 watt power each. It is a complete plant and the amazing thing is that this beautiful brick veneer church was built at a cost of around $7,000.00 and is all paid for. Hugh D. Hoyle was chairman of the building committee that did the wonderful job. He was ably assisted by Joe Lutz, R. F. Stamey, Will Porter, Clyde Powell, W. C. Dixon and Ben Gantt, the other members of the building committee. But this couldn't have been accomplished without a lot of free labor, and on the day they started excavating for the new church, there were 18 teams on hand which were donated. They went forward joyfully to the end, with much free labor and materials.

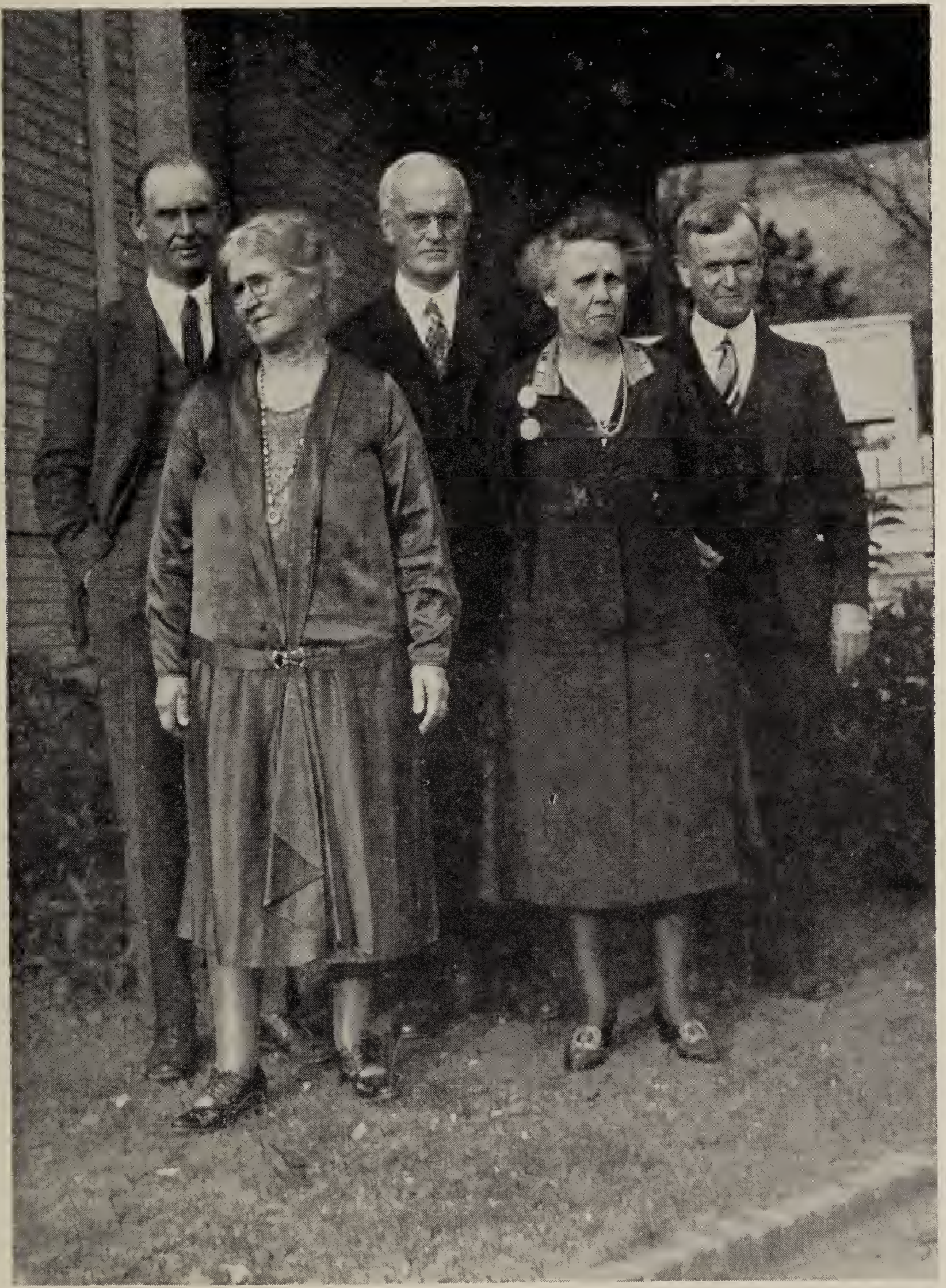
This is the fourth church building erected here. The first was a log structure erected April 11, 1833. The centennial was observed here three years ago. The second building was erected in 1871 and was rebuilt in 1891 and this building was erected in 1935, as mentioned.

I was talking to several members of the building committee and it would be hard to find a set of prouder men and women who sacrificed and worked to make possible this Temple to their God. I wish their spirit was more abroad in the land.

When I saw the great crowd that was attending this conference, I wondered how they could be fed. Then I remembered my ten years' residence in this community and their gracious hospitality. Not for a long time have I seen such a groaning table. Boiled and fried country ham, great platters of crisp, brown fried chicken, pork, beef, boiled eggs, seasoned just right, all kinds of pies and so much cake that the crowd couldn't eat it all. I saw enough food left to feed a hundred men after the table has been visited time and again by hungry men like myself. The only disappointment was that Woosley, I think, told me that the strawberry pie was particularly fine, and I immediately made a bee-line for the place he said it was, but I was too late. The table was about 200 feet long, but I will not attempt to further describe this feast, lest I make you too envious of our good fortune. This is Brother Scott's fourth year, and I know he hates to think of leaving these gracious people.

Another of his country churches, I was told, had even a more splendid building than that at Kadesh. This is Clover Hill Church, about ten miles west of Kadesh. It is a beautiful stone church. I was told that one of the faithful members, W. C. Edwards, bore the expense of the hauling of all the rock from the quarry which is only a few miles from the church.

Talk about the folks leaving the country for the towns, these farmers and business men are the bulwark of our church. They live in good houses themselves, and honor their Lord by giving him their best. I am not going to wait so long to visit Kadesh again.



THE AUTHOR'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS (1928)
Eugene Ivey, Hattie White, Ben Ivey, Emma Foard, George F. Ivey

COPY OF HOME NEWS DESCRIBING A VISIT TO NATIONAL FLOWER SHOW AT ATLANTIC CITY

SEPTEMBER, 1930

THE Show was held in the $15,000,000 Auditorium, recently erected by the residents of Atlantic City. It is said to be the largest in the world and occupies seven acres of ground, about as large as one of Charlotte's up-town blocks.

The Flower Show was held in the main auditorium, an immense unobstructed room of two and a half acres extent, with a vaulted roof one hundred and thirty feet high. It seats forty-one thousand people, but nearly all the seats were taken out to give room for the exhibits. Probably three thousand seats were left for those who cared to rest and listen to the organ recitals. During the Flower Show, one of America's great organists, Mr. Karl Bonawitz, gave an organ recital each afternoon and evening.

It was given out by the press that one hundred thousand people attended the show. There were six hundred entrants of exhibits from fourteen states.

Tuesday and Wednesday, gladiolus, evergreens, garden exhibits, etc., were being featured. A beautiful garden, about seventy-five feet by seventy feet, won the first prize for its class. It was banked at the back with tall evergreens, about twenty feet high and planted in front with rhododendrons and various other evergreens. A rock garden at the edge of the evergreens, with running water, gave a realistic and artistic touch to this display. A lawn of real growing grass came next, with a large terrace of flagstones. It represented an outdoor living room at the back of a house. At one side of the lawn was a cozy nook for a tea table with seats at convenient intervals. Another enterprising nurseryman had a garden exhibit, with rhododendron and azaleas blooming, not a few, but banks of them. He had kept them in cold storage to hold back the blooming until now. An interesting exhibit was a large desert garden, with hundreds of all kinds of cacti, from the tiny ones up to six feet tall. This exhibit won a $250.00 prize.

The prize for the best rock garden went to Drers' exhibit. They showed a water lily pond in the rock garden. The lily pond was fed by a stream of water, flowing over the rocks, issuing from a small forest of evergreens. There were numbers of gorgeous lilies blooming in this pond, and it was surrounded by a garden of roses.

Nearly all the large seedmen and nurserymen had very expensive and beautiful exhibits. It was estimated that half a million dollars worth of flowers and exhibits were shown, and I can easily believe the statement that over a million blooms of one sort and another were shown.

One of the unique exhibits shown was that of a big rose grower who had a rose tree—15 feet high, covered with hundreds of all kinds of roses. They were kept in vases that were ingeniously fastened to the limbs of the tree, but were not in evidence. White roses were used at the top, then a section of pink, and the lower part of the tree darker shades of roses.

Another nurseryman had in his exhibit apple trees, with ripening fruit. They had been trained flat against a wall and looked as if they belonged there.

Prizes were offered for the best banquet table arrangement. Haddon Hall Hotel won the first prize, with a beautiful arrangement. They used black service plates with black candles and black and crystal glassware. The chairs were upholstered in black to correspond. The centerpiece was of yellow tea roses, talisman roses and delphinium. All was very effective on the white damask cloth.

Thursday and Friday were specially devoted to the rose. Hundreds of varieties from dozens of trade growers, as well as amateurs, gave a color scheme that was enchanting. Many of the new choice varieties were shown, most of them labeled, giving an excellent opportunity to select what appealed to one's own taste. Great vases, holding hundreds of long stemmed beauties, made you stop at every turn to admire them.

Saturday was dahlia day and, while dahlias had been shown all week, fresh and larger supplies were brought in for this day. Beautiful displays were competing for the prizes given to the large exhibits. One large exhibit about 20 by 50 feet was especially attractive. Great vases of Jersey Beauty, Kathleen Norris, Mrs. I. Der Warner, Treasure Island, etc., filled the large space and this exhibit was much admired.

The outstanding favorites in dahlias were Kathleen Norris, a huge graceful pink which I consider the finest dahlia grown; Treasure Island, a large light bronze; White Empress, one of the new favorite whites; Monmouth Champion, Xanthine Orange, one of the best new ones; Fort Monmouth, a large shaggy red; Helen Ivins, deeper pink than Kathleen Norris and a beauty; Harold Smith, a large loose yellow, semi-cactus; President Hoover, a peach red; but they haven't developed any that are greater favorites than Jersey Beauty and Mrs. I. de

Warner. Jane Cowl, a large bronze, was much in evidence and is a great dahlia. The prize for the largest and most perfect new dahlia went to a pretty white one, thirteen inches across. It was propagated in California, and is named Miss Margaret Broomall. Better dahlias are being propagated each year. The best growers discard all that don't have a good, stiff stem. They must also last well after cutting, must be deep, pretty and graceful. As a consequence of the competition in the shows, dahlias now shown are getting to be more and more great favorites. They are being used more and more by the florists for design making. The later, better ones keep better than roses, and in my opinion, they offer an infinitely larger variety of charming colors.

The rose is also being improved by hybridizing each year. I attended the meeting of the American Rose Society at Atlantic City and much of the time was given to the discussion of how to get better roses. One of the members said a perfect rose to her was a good grower, a good stem, a good perfume, beautiful foliage and she wanted a thornless rose. By the way, of the one hundred and sixty-two members present at the meeting of the American Rose Society, three-fourths of them were men. Mr. L. B. Coddington, the originator of the new fine rose, President Hoover, gave a talk on "Hybridizing Roses." He stated that out of forty thousand seedling roses, he felt fortunate if he got three or four real good ones. Among other rose notables present was Mrs. Van Fleet, whose husband gave us Dr. Van Fleet climbing rose.

It is not often they bring out a Claudius Pernet, a Dr. Van Fleet, a Talisman, President Hoover, etc.

A full session of the Rose Society was given to the discussion of municipal rose gardens and moving pictures of the Hartford Municipal Rose Gardens were shown. Hartford Court claims the distinction of having the first municipal rose garden. They claim fifty thousand visited the gardens one day in June.

I would like very much to see Charlotte start a municipal rose garden. One of the speakers said we could do with fewer policemen if we got the people to loving beautiful roses. Mrs. Ivey and I had a real good time, among the flowers, and I think I have added a great deal to my knowledge of good flowers and how to treat them.

(NOTE, 1940: Charlotte now has a municipal rose garden started about six years ago. Mr. Bob Meyer and I gave the first roses for this garden.)

ARTICLE IN THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER
JUNE 19, 1932

ROCK SPRINGS Camp Ground at Denver, Lincoln County, is the place for the two-day meeting of the Federated Evangelistic Clubs of North Carolina, on Saturday and Sunday, June 25 and 26. Mr. Vernon Patterson, president of the Charlotte Christian Men's Club, expects several hundred men in attendance from the clubs at Charlotte, Mooresville, Lincolnton, Gastonia, Statesville, Winston-Salem, Pineville, etc. Mr. C. E. Barger of Mooresville, president of the State Evangelistic Clubs, is very active in getting a large attendance at this meeting.

Rock Springs is the largest camp ground in the state and probably the only one in the state where camp meetings have been held every year for over a hundred years. It was organized in 1830 and is ideally situated for a large religious gathering. There is a very large, bold spring of clear, cold, sparkling water that unfailingly supplies the needs of the thousands who attend the evangelistic meetings held here the second Sunday in August from time immemorial.

In my memory, the camp ground was surrounded on three sides by virgin forests and among these trees were parked the covered wagons which brought the tenters' supplies, the horses and mules being tethered in the shade of the trees. Hundreds of wagons and horses were thus stationed for the days of the camp meeting.

The large covered arbor seats over 1,000 people and frequently, when a popular orator is the preacher, as many more are standing up around the open sides. The first arbor under which the worshippers met was covered with green boughs of trees but in 1831 the present large frame arbor with permanent roof was erected. Thomas Thompson, one of the pioneer carpenters, hewed the large square timbers that form the framework of the arbor which was put together with mortise and tenon. No nails were used in the original building but stout wooden pegs were driven in, which, after 100 years, still hold the framework firmly together.

Split boards were first used to cover it, followed by a succession of different kinds of roofing material. It is now covered with durable galvanized iron which serves all right except when a sharp shower falls down while a preacher is speaking, the honors going to the raindrops, as to which is being heard.

The earthen floor of the arbor is covered with clean, fresh straw during the camp meeting, keeping down the dust and making a clean carpet on which to kneel. The early Methodists thought it a sin not to kneel during prayer, and, in the memory of this writer, everyone under the arbor knelt on the straw covered earthen floor while prayer was being offered and sometimes these prayers were very lengthy.

In the rear of the pulpit was a section for the slaves who attended the camp meetings with the whites, before the Civil War. A platform for the choir and dignitaries now occupies this space. Just in front of the pulpit was, and is, the mourners' bench, where penitents were invited to come forward, kneel and be prayed for. Many bright conversions I have seen at this altar of Old Rock Springs during the four years my father was the circuit rider of Rock Springs Circuit, and thereby in charge of the camp ground. The arbor was lighted by candles fastened to home-made candle holders with three closed sides to protect from winds and drafts. These candle holders were hung to each of the four sides of the large wooden pillars supporting the roof.

While my father was preacher in charge, kerosene lamps with glass reflectors were installed, and were a great improvement. Now they use the modern electric lights.

The arbor is in the center of a large quadrangle, completely surrounded by wooden huts still called tents. Some of these tents are well built, with several rooms and, since I lived there, many of them have added another story, giving more room.

In the days of the tallow candles, the space between the large quadrangle and the tents was lighted by pine knot bonfires, kept continually burning from dusk till after the evening service. There were four platforms about three feet high made of green saplings. These timbers were covered with earth so as to protect the stands from the bonfires that lighted up the whole expanse. These stands were erected in the four corners of the quadrangle or campus.

Gone are those romantic nights when the firelight from the four bonfires made weird, flitting shadows over the large quadrangle, as crowds of worshippers were going to or returning from night (not evening) services.

It was a disgrace for any tenter not to have all his family attend all the services, and I have heard sharp criticism from the pulpit directed to the occupants of a few tents that had the lights burning, showing that they were not attending services.

There were three rows of tents and, at one time, there were over 300 tents and every one occupied. There are still about 200 tents but I notice some of them badly need repairs.

In the rear of the tents was a temporary shelter, usually covered with green branches of trees to protect from the hot sun. Here is where the cooking was done, coffee made, etc. While breakfast was being prepared, the odor from hundreds of steaming coffee pots and the frying of ham, etc., was very appetizing.

A stationary table, with benches, is erected outside the tents but with a substantial rainproof shelter. Food tastes fine in these surroundings. There is space for a promenade between the first and second row of tents, and this was used to a great extent by young couples in the same way Fifth Avenue is used for the Easter parade.

Thousands regularly attended from all over North and South Carolina. Miss Sallie Whisnant of Charlotte, now Mrs. W. W. Hagood, and her sister, Miss Pet Whisnant, were regular attendants. Mrs. Hagood proudly announces that she was converted at old Rock Springs Camp Ground. Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Asbury rented a tent there for several years and many others attended from Charlotte.

Early in the morning the people in the tents heard a bugle calling them to a sunrise prayer service at the arbor. Everybody, except those preparing breakfast, was expected to attend. At 8 o'clock there was a preaching service as well as at 11 o'clock, 3 o'clock and at night. This seems like a lot of preaching, but most of these people lived in rural districts and had no opportunity to hear preaching except about once a month and in the winter when the roads were bad, even this monthly sermon was missed. They were, therefore, eager to hear.

There has always been a tent reserved for the preachers. This will accommodate a dozen or more. Every morning some of the elect sisters came to make up the beds and tidy up things. There is no provision for meals at the preachers' tent, as the preachers are invited out to eat among the tenters. The beds in the preachers' tent, as well as the others, are rough board platforms about 30 inches high, extending clear across the room. This platform is covered with eight or ten inches of clean, fresh straw over which are put sheets and it doesn't make a bad bed.

About 1878 it was announced that Miss Louisa Painter, a gifted Quaker lady preacher, was to preach at Rock Springs. There was present the largest crowd I ever saw there. At the service people were standing up ten to twelve feet deep all around the large crowded arbor.

Dr. William Robey, one-time pastor of Tryon Street Methodist Church, was one of the preachers at Rock Springs. Rev. Dr. W. M. Robey at one time preached two hours and ten minutes at Rock Springs on "Hell" and held his crowd. He edited a prohibition weekly, published in Charlotte in the eighties. Rev. M. V. Sherrill, grandfather of Frank O. Sherrill of Charlotte, was a gifted preacher and was often heard at Rock Springs.

Among the original campers at Rock Springs were the Sheltons (Tom and Alec Sheltons' home was near Denver), Thompsons, Beattys, Asburys, Howards, Kellys, Barkleys, Caldwells, Sherrills (the parents of Junius Sherrill of Charlotte), Bivens, Connors (the parents of Mrs. W. L. Sherrill of this city), and many other well-known families. Uncle Freeman Kelly had the distinction of attending 93 camp meetings at Rock Springs. He missed only one during his lifetime when he was too ill to attend. The Kelly tent is the oldest on the camp ground and is the original one built of logs. In the last few years one of his descendants has built onto the log structure, making it two stories.

Rev. Van B. Harrison is the present pastor at Rock Springs Circuit. O. F. Howard, a son of one of the original campers, is chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Camp Ground Association. Both of these men are much interested in the proposed meeting of the Evangelistic Clubs and have promised their hearty support. A great two-day meeting is expected on Saturday and Sunday, June 25th and 26th.

J. B. IVEY AND MRS. IVEY ATTEND CHURCH IN NEW YORK

Copy of Article in North Carolina Christian Advocate
Issue of December 12, 1935

LAST Sunday, when we started out to church in New York it was snowing and continued until about 3 p. m. Mrs. Ivey and I took a Fifth Avenue bus for the Riverside Church of which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is pastor. I always enjoy being out in the snow and had a good time watching it come down on the long ride up to Riverside Drive.

In spite of the snow storm the church was filled downstairs and I think the balconies were also full. Dr. Fosdick preached a good sermon on "Our Desperate Need of Humility." The bulletin stated that 31 new members had been received into the church the previous week. This church has many helpful and useful activities. Among other things, they conduct an employment office and, during the last month, they found employment for 1,485 persons—37 per cent of these were between the ages of 41 and 55; 5.1 per cent between ages of 56 and 70, while 59 persons were over 70 years old. I consider this practical Christianity to give these old people something to do. They had furnished all the staff for a small hotel just starting. After a few weeks the manager of the hotel wrote to the service thanking them, stating that his guests were complimenting him on the "efficiency and courtesy of his staff." They have 700 to 800 employers who use this employment service regularly to furnish them with help.

In reading their church monthly, I came across some interesting facts about the wood used in the construction of the church. A wood specialist was employed to search for the best woods. He found the white oak for the beams in Tuscarora Valley, Pennsylvania. The wood for the pews came from Cheat River Valley in West Virginia, and the timber for the book cases, panelling, etc., came from Breathitt County, Kentucky. Most of these trees were 500 feet high and estimated to be 250 years old. They were selected while standing, many of them in virgin forests far from the beaten path and difficult to convey to New York.

It was news to me that the New York building code requires all wood used in the construction of such buildings to be fireproofed. The logs were placed in huge cylinders and a solution of salt, ammonia and other fireproofing ingredients were forced into the wood. Borings were then made into the logs and subjected to a flame at a temperature of 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit.

One day while the building was in construction, a plumber was called to seal up some connection. He and his helper arrived while many of the workmen were sitting around at lunch. As the plumber set up his pot and prepared to melt the lead, one fun-loving workman busied himself assisting the plumber by gathering up small sticks, shavings, etc., for the fire. When it was all nicely arranged, the plumber used up a whole card of matches trying to light the dry shavings. The crowd of onlookers, who were in the secret, offered more matches, but after trying another batch, the other workmen could hold in no longer and burst into loud guffaws.

Sunday night we went up to 174th Street to attend the services at Dr. Christian F. Reisner's church. I thought probably the depression had wiped out his great enterprise. He started out to build a great temple on Broadway costing several million dollars. Dr. Reisner told me they still owned the property and had made application for a loan of two and a half million dollars to build a thirty-nine story apartment house, the first five floors of which would contain the church. At present they have two large apartment houses and the new building will be between the two present buildings. (Dr. Reisner died in 1940.)

They are worshipping now in the second basement of one of their apartment houses. We had to climb down two stories to get to the church auditorium. As we came in, we found the congregation being entertained by an opera troupe of children. The Sunday before they had Shumann-Heink to sing to them, and Dr. Reisner announced for the next Sunday evening they were going to have a children's orchestra, the leader being five years old, and the oldest member seven years. Dr. Reisner has a great many people interested in his ambitious plans to rear the magnificent Broadway Temple, with a lighted cross several hundred feet up in the air atop the building. Their architect is the same one who designed the Empire State building, the tallest in the world. Senator Wagner of New York is one of the members of this church. Dr. Reisner will be remembered as being at one of the Epworth League conventions at Lake Junaluska several years ago. He and Mrs. Reisner said they had a fine time at Lake Junaluska and wished they would be invited back.

FLORIDA

Article in The Charlotte Observer, March 10, 1935

FLORIDA has many interesting spots to interest the tourist, such as the beautiful Bok Singing Tower, which draws thousands each day to hear the chimes and wander through the beautiful grounds with their birds and flowers. The day we were there recently, there were about a thousand cars parked, and I saw two big sightseeing buses which came from Miami, bringing people to see this great attraction.

If California had the Crystal Springs they would advertise it, so that the royalty of Europe would be coming to see it. To my mind the Crystal Springs are more extensive and more attractive than the famed Marine Gardens of Catalina Island.

But there has been opened to the public in the last year, the greatest attraction yet, the beautiful estate of James Deering, the harvester magnate. Though thousands visit this estate, it is yet comparatively unknown, as it is not advertised, and no doubt many thousands who visit Miami miss this worthwhile attraction because they do not know about it.

Mr. Deering was about 20 years developing this extensive estate. There are a little over 200 acres in the tract, and money, time and art have made it a showplace which will attract lovers of the beautiful all over the country. Mr. Deering is said to have spent 35 to 50 million dollars in building and beautifying this spot. When he started nearly all of it was a wild waste of tropical grass. He has transplanted thousands of tropical trees, landscaping it so artfully that the forests and jungles look as if they had always been there.

When we were asked to pay $1.98 each to view Vizcaya, as the estate is named, we doubted that we could be repaid. But we soon changed our minds and blessed the name of a friend who insisted that we see this showplace.

First, you are directed to drive over the large estate. You enter by the large gate lodge on Deering Plaza a few miles out from Miami on the way to Cocoanut Grove. You pass by the superintendent's house, a building of stucco and Cuban tile, charming and good enough for anyone. Nearby are buildings for other employees. Farther to the west is the farm group, wagon sheds, mule stables, gardener's cottage, etc.

Passing by the greenhouses and slat houses, you come to large plantings of papaya, bananas, mangroves, sugar cane, orange trees, avocado and other tropical fruits. There is a large planting of clumps of carissa plum, which was not in bloom. The white blossoms and red fruit are said to be most attractive in season.

The longer and more spectacular drive is the one on the other side of the main highway, entering by the south gate. Here are the extensive tropical groves. Occasionally you get views of the sea through vistas of palms. Just after you enter there is, on the left, about one hundred feet of hedge of flaming poinsettias six to eight feet tall, against a background of royal palms. There are said to be 80 different varieties of palms in the estate, the date palm, royal palm, Washingtonia palm, cabbage palm, petticoat palm, screw palm, travelers palm, palm leaf palms, etc.

After these drives you are directed to park your car on the street and walk to the home. Here is where I cannot attempt to do justice. The avenue is lined with orchid-hung tropical trees. Among other statuary on the way, I noticed an old Italian statue of Mercury, the god of merchants, thieves and adventurers. I don't like my profession to be classed with thieves and adventurers. Maybe that is why so many people think merchants are naturally thieves and rascals.

You walk through beautiful vistas, by fountains, bridges, soothed by the sound of small cascades, and then the view of the dwelling bursts upon you. I will not attempt to describe the forecourt, an impressive oval enclosure surrounded by fountains, statuary, etc.

The house is built of coraline stone gotten from the quarries on the Deering estate. Rare, costly marbles, mostly from Italy, are found inside, but the outdoors of the house and the outdoor sculpture are of native coraline stone. The house is covered with beautiful old tile from Havana, discarded from ancient houses in exchange for new. Two large Chinese gold fish bowls of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) are on the broad steps which are cut from coraline stone and you can easily see the design of fan and brain coral outlined in the stone. The large entrance doors are said to have come from the vestibule of Hotel Beauharnais, the palace occupied by Napoleon's stepson in Paris.

While the estate has a Spanish name, Vizcaya, and the house is Spanish in architecture, the furnishings are mostly Italian. You are directed to enter the stately Directoire Hall furnished in classic style. To the left is the ladies' powder room and on the right the cloak room for men. You then enter the library, furnished in the Adam style.

We were informed that the chairs, similar to Hepplewhite, had once belonged to Pauline, sister of Napoleon who married the Roman Prince Borghese. On the floor is an 18th century rug from Spanish looms.

Next is the Marie Antoinette Salon in the general style of Louis XVI. The plaster ceiling came from the Pelazzo Rossi in Venice and dates about 1750.

In the north arcade are photographs of water colors of Vizcaya by John Singer Sargent, made while a guest here in 1917. The originals are in the art museum at Worcester, Mass.

The furnishings of the north hall date from the epochs of Louis XIV, XV and XVI.

The great Renaissance Hall has very small doors, as in the period which this hall typifies. The houses were fortresses and, therefore, with small entrance doors. A notable Italian tapestry on the right wall, woven about 1550 for Duke Ercole II of Ferrara, depicts Hercules killing the Nemean lion. There are also two great Flemish tapestries in this room of about the same date.

Two rugs before the hearth, a third one at the farther end of the room, were made about the time of the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella, and are typical of the weaves made by Moorish artisans then working in Spain. There is in the center of this room another Spanish rug believed to have been made for the Admiral of Castile, Fadriquez Enrequez (1473). This nobleman was the grandfather of Ferdinand, the patron of Columbus.

This hall contains several tables of historical interest. The long center table is of unusual size, and there is a dark walnut octagonal table belonging to the 16th century. Another is a heavy rugged square table. Inlaid in the top are a number of rich semi-precious stones said to have been cut in the Tuscan Grand Ducal workshop of the Medicis.

These tables were only obtained by gift from the king, and this one was given to the Strozzi family, nobler than that of the Duke's. Very few objects in this room are of later date than the 16th century and some of them are as early as 1400.

In the east hallway is a very fine life-size portrait of Mr. James Deering. It is inscribed, "To Mr. James Deering from his friend, John S. Sargent, Miami, 1917."

The east loggia opens on the sea, and you are invited to rest here and enjoy the view. Here are some great cedar doors that are said to have come from an old palace in Rome, which was owned by the noble Torlonia, who was Napoleon's banker. There is a table from the Sciarra Palace, Rome. The two lotus shaped fish bowls are of the Sung Dynasty (960-1293).

The music room is filled with interesting antiques. There is an old spinet formerly shown in the Art Institute of Chicago. This was made in 1645. There is also an old zither, and a large, painted harp only a little less ancient.

I was interested in the great banquet hall, though I think I would eat with more ease and comfort in less pretentious surroundings. Everything is on such a large scale. The heavy antique stretcher dining table must be 20 feet long, and the heavy, high back chairs are elaborately carved, and no two alike. Mr. Deering was very fond of entertaining his friends here. You are impressed with the simple, yet impressive, large sideboard. On this sideboard is a gold embroidered altar cloth of the 17th century. On the long banquet table is a Chinese velvet cover of the Ch'ien Lung Dynasty (1736-1796). In this room is a Greek marble table that is said to be of the first or second century.

The tea room is furnished in Greek and Chinese designs.

All the ladies, especially, are much interested in the pantry. Here are shown elaborate tea and dinner services of fine old china, as well as full services made by the best makers, especially for Vizcaya, and ornamented with Mr. Deering's crest and monogram. Here are services of Leeds, Crown Derby, Worcester, Lustre, Lowestoft and Wedgewood.

Beyond the pantry is a small room where the flowers are arranged each day and distributed over the house.

You then step out of the southern door and are entranced as you catch a view of the extensive formal gardens. They are not as extensive as the Versailles Gardens, but travelers who have seen both say that these gardens surpass them, as here, besides the parterre of trimmed borders and colored walks, lakes, fountains and flowers, you have the rich tropical forests, views of sea, etc. Nine years was spent in developing these extensive beautiful gardens.

From the casino at the farther end from the house, is one of the prettiest views, over the lagoons, bridges, palm avenues, out over the tropical ocean, with its southern water. There are interesting walks which tempt you to investigate curious nooks, etc. The Australian pine makes a very pretty hedge with its fine cut foliage. The Chinese O bridge is large and impressive and the reflection of the curved arch makes a perfect O.

On your way back to the house from these most interesting gardens, you come to the seawall. The water is 30 feet deep and sea-going vessels unloaded here, in a hundred feet of the houses, their cargoes of antiques and other supplies from foreign lands. This basin is protected by a large stone structure in the shape of a barge. At each end of this seawall are picturesque Venetian bridges. Protected by a portion of the house is the swimming pool. Bathers can have the choice of bathing in the sun or in the shade of the house. All around are beautiful decorations.

On our return from this most delightful trip through the house and grounds, we did not go back by way of the drive, but followed a romantic path leading through dark jungles of tropical trees, vines, strange shrubbery and plants. We passed over a number of interesting rustic bridges, and by a fountain that is fed by a flowing well of water. Our feet lingered in these enchanted spots, but soon we were back to the main entrance and in the regular world again.

(NOTE 1940: I understand that the Deering Estates have not been open to the public since 1935 when we saw them. What a pity the public is deprived of the sight of all this beauty, and how glad we are that we saw it the year it was open.)

FROM THE YOSEMITE TO SAN DIEGO AND THE EXPOSITION

Article in The Charlotte Observer, 1935

THERE is quite an advantage in touring in an automobile. My trips through California heretofore have been in a Pullman, and, catching only a fleeting glimpse of the country one traversed, one misses so many interesting places. We reluctantly left Yosemite Valley and the big trees on Tuesday afternoon. We were told that we could save a hundred miles to Fresno by taking a more direct road, rather than go back through the Yosemite.

The road looked good and was good for about ten miles, but from then we went over a rough mountain road, and as they were making a new road, we had numerous detours. We found the detours in California just like the ones in North Carolina—very bad. For a hundred miles we couldn't average over fifteen miles an hour.

When we got down to the level of the San Joaquin Valley, we found the heat very oppressive. At a gas station near Fresno, they told us the thermometer was 105 with no ocean or mountain breezes to help out.

Fresno is a thriving city with nice buildings, good, wide streets, etc. It is the center of the grape industry. We would go miles and miles and see practically nothing but grape vineyards. The vines are pruned down nearly to the ground each season, are tied to a stake and grow like a bush to three or four feet high. There are no arbors or trellises as we are accustomed to in North Carolina. In this valley they are now raising cotton and, I understand, getting along well. Look out, though, when the processing tax is taken off, for they can't compete with the cheap labor of the South. The unions are pretty strong throughout California and good wages are paid.

We reached Fresno about sundown and had planned to spend the night, but the air was so hot and stifling, we decided to drive on to Coalinga, nearer the coast, where our A. A. A. Hotel Book told us there were two good hotels. We arrived at Coalinga at 7:30 p. m., stopped and inquired of a bunch of natives the way to Fox Hotel. They looked at us in amazement and said, "Why the Fox Hotel burned down two months ago." We then asked the way to the other one and they told us that had also burned lately and, if we wanted to sleep that night, we had better hurry to the one remaining hotel. We did not like the looks of that one at all, and decided to go 75 miles farther to Paso Robles, where there are a number of good hotels. Clarence Walker is always meeting up with acquaintances, and at this juncture one turned up who lived at Coalinga. He was unpatriotic and friendly enough to advise us to drive on to Paso Robles.

Did you ever drive at night over a new road, in an unknown country, over mountain roads with sharp turns, etc.? If you haven't, you cannot sympathize with us on that 75-mile ride. Clarence is a good, but pretty swift driver and, in spite of remonstrances from his passengers, he drove much faster than was comfortable. Fortunately for us there was very little travel, and the roads were plainly marked. We missed the mark in the middle of the road and the signs, "Curve Ahead," which we have on all main roads in North Carolina, but at last we saw the lights of Paso Robles, drove up to the Paso Robles' Springs Hotel, were assigned comfortable rooms and were soon sleeping the sleep of the just, and very grateful that we were alive.

The Paso Robles is near the coast. The temperature was delightfully cool and we had a comfortable night. This has been a favorite resort for many years. We were told the Indians came here for health and cures long before the white man came. They have sulphur and hot mud baths that are well patronized.

Leaving Paso Robles next morning, we passed within 29 miles of San Simeon, where Hearst has his immense ranch and luxurious home. As Mr. Hearst had neglected to invite us to come by, we passed him up.

Part of the trip down the coast was pretty hot. We noticed about 50 cattle in one bunch in the field had gathered close together under the shade of a big tree, and farther on saw a flock of sheep huddled together under two trees to escape the hot rays of the sun.

The California towns are enterprising. They let you know when you are coming to their town. Before entering one, we saw this sign, "Atascadero, one million population," and in smaller letters, "1,000,000 White Leghorn Hens." Pismo is the center of the clam industry. It seemed about every other house was advertising clams, and one concern had a man out on the street waving a large sign on the end of a long stick, letting us know we could get clams there.

But we had our eyes set on Santa Maria, where there was a large flower ranch. It was lunch time when we arrived at Santa Maria, and we had a dish entirely new to me—abalone steak. Abalone is a shell fish but of large size, and we were served with large cuts like steaks

WAWONA
26' THROUGH THE OPENING
CUT IN 1880

CLARENCE R. WALKER, J. B. IVEY, MRS. WALKER, AND VIRGINIA IVEY WALKER AMONG THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA (1935)

and I will have to say that it was one of the most delicious meats I ever ate.

We visited the flower ranch or farm as we would call it. This farm has 200 acres of all sorts and varieties of flowers, hundreds of kinds, and they raise them only for the seed which they supply to wholesale seedmen in the East. Practically all of them were in bloom, and they made a gorgeous spectacle. I had the best time I have had in a long time. All kinds of larkspur, candytuft, godetia, stock, snapdragon, petunias, calendula, anagallis, gypsophila, poppies of all kinds, calliopsis, centaurea, wallflower, marigolds, zinnias, etc. Almost any flower you can think of. I had the opportunity of seeing new strains of these flowers. All were named and our pleasant young man, who showed us around, was well posted and could answer any of our questions.

I had a letter of introduction from our wholesale seedman to another flower seed grower at Guadaloupe about ten miles away. I thought I had seen lots of flowers at Santa Maria, but this other grower had 2,000 acres planted in all kinds of flowers. He had a trial garden of several acres where he had a few rows of each kind he grew, where we could compare varieties, etc. Then we got into the automobile and drove over the various fields with their riot of colors. For instance, there was a field of several acres of gypsophila (baby's breath) massed close together and about four feet high. To one accustomed to seeing only a few plants of this, it was wonderful. Everything else was on the same scale. I thoroughly enjoyed myself, took copious notes and left with a new idea of the possibilities of California's flowers. The long seasons here, with no rain while the flowers are blooming, make it an ideal place to raise flower seeds. Yet, I saw in a flower shop in San Diego flower seeds that were put up in Chicago.

I had another ambition satisfied that afternoon as we left Guadaloupe and drove down the valley through vast fields of wheat, barley, etc. I had seen our harvesters work in the wheat fields, but there they cut the wheat, thresh it and bag the grain all with one machine. I had never seen one of these combines at work, and had the luck to pass by a field of barley that afternoon where one was at work.

I had Clarence stop the car. I crawled through the barbed wire fence and hurried over to see the machine at work. The rancher kindly stopped it, and held down a helping hand and lifted me up on the machine where I could see the whole operation. It was a most interesting experience. The combine was drawn by a caterpillar tractor. Before the days of tractors they were drawn by a team of 42 mules. I rode around the large field, they stopped and let me get off, and I left with a great sigh of satisfaction.

As there is no danger of rain, they pile the grain in the field until they get ready to haul it to the station. We noticed a great pile of thousands of sacks with a cot and mattress on top where a man slept at night to protect it from thieves. Clarence told me that thieves came one night to his ranch in Imperial Valley and carried off a truckload of alfalfa hay. He never caught up with them.

The largest freight trucks I have ever seen were seen that afternoon. Many of these use Diesel engines. These new engines burn crude oil and get many more miles to the gallon. Regular trucksters are complaining at the competition, as they pay a tax of five cents per gallon, selling at 18½ cents a gallon, while the Diesel engines use oil at four or five cents a gallon and no tax. Clarence said that efforts were made in the 1935 Legislature to have a tax put on their fuel, but they decided to wait for a while, though there are 185 Diesel engine trucks used in California.

We had a beautiful drive that afternoon down the coast. The Pacific ocean was right by our side most of the way. We passed through a number of beaches of which there are quite a number near Los Angeles. We avoided Los Angeles and drove direct to Long Beach, the most extensive of Los Angeles' beaches.

Long Beach is a beautiful city with skyscraper hotels, business blocks, etc. The climate is perfect, not cold in winter, never hot in summer. You need your overcoat at night. The flowers are gorgeous. I saw a great 200 foot long hedge of red geraniums four to five feet high. As they have no frost, the geraniums, hibiscus and roses bloom and grow outdoors all the year. Clarence's mother and sister live at Long Beach and have a beautiful apartment on Ocean Avenue, overlooking the Pacific.

Long Beach has lost 10,000 population since the earthquake of 1933. The earthquake completely demolished the schoolhouses which were very poorly built, and, had the earthquake occurred during school hours, there would have been thousands killed, as the school buildings crushed like eggshells. The schools have been housed since in one-story huts. They expect to get in the new school buildings the first of the year 1936.

School teachers in California get paid very much better than in

North Carolina. Teachers, other than principals, receive $1,200.00 a year. They are very exacting. For instance, Miss Marjorie Walker has to attend Spanish classes two nights every week.

Before getting to Long Beach and after leaving, we passed by great forests of derricks in the oil fields. Many of them were dry but a great many were still pumping.

As we left Long Beach, we drove down the coast through the beaches of Huntington, Laguna, Oceanside, La Jolla, Pacific, etc. At San Juan Capistrano we visited the old Mission. This was one of a string of 42 missions that were scattered along the coast, being about 40 miles, or a day's journey, apart. They were built by the Indians under the direction of Franciscan Fathers, and were the homes of thousands of the Indians who were forcibly Christianized and were taught various crafts.

This mission at San Juan Capistrano was one of the largest, housing at one time about 1,500 Indians. There are said to be about 2,000 Indians buried in the patio of the mission. The mission is built around a large patio. This is now a beautiful flower garden. We were shown around by a young Spaniard, colorfully dressed in Spanish costume. He gave us an interesting lecture on the mission, and the many interesting articles collected there. The mission was partially wrecked in the earthquake of 1812 but has lately been restored, and is a most interesting point to visit.

Another interesting point is the place where Ramona was married. This is a large old adobe home in the old town of San Diego. The owners were devout Catholics and had a chapel built in one of the large rooms in which Helen Hunt Jackson placed the marriage of Ramona and Alessandro. The large building is kept up as a museum and the patio is filled with tropical palms and flowers. Here was a century plant blooming, rearing its flower stalk about 25 feet high. The gorgeous flowers were being visited by a crowd of butterflies when I saw it. This is the first blooming century plant I have seen. It only blooms once as the plant dies after it blooms.

Everybody, I suppose, who comes to San Diego goes down into the Mexican towns of Tia Juana and Agua Caliente to see where the Hollywood stars and others lose their money in gambling and betting on horse races. Clarence drove us down there on Friday morning and it is a very interesting trip. The Mexican border is only 15 miles from San Diego and Tia Juana is just over the line. They have in the last few years built new racing tracks, a casino and fine hotels down at Augua Caliente, a few miles farther into Mexico. They spent money lavishly and it is, I guess, one of the most luxurious gambling places anywhere.

(NOTE 1940: The Mexican government a few years ago barred gambling and the glory of Tia Juana has departed.)

We were there in the morning (the races are in the afternoon) and they allowed us to walk through the magnificent casino, but when we started to get a nearer view of the gaming tables, they showed us out.

The Agua Caliente is one of the prettiest hotels I have seen. It is built in Mexican fashion around a patio which is filled with palms and tropical flowers. Beautiful grounds are kept up all around the hotel. I asked the clerk the rates and was surprised to find out that one could stop there by the week for as low as $7.00 a day, room and board. But I suppose most of their guests paid much more. The rates ran up to $40.00 a day.

Everybody visits the wishing well and the spa. They claim the swimming pool and surrounding buildings cost a million dollars. A funny looking Mexican asked little Virginia if she didn't want to go swimming in the million dollar pool. He said everybody did. It was too early in the morning to see much moving about, but I suppose we could have seen a lively scene there that afternoon and night.

Clarence said he didn't think they were doing quite so well since California is wide open as to liquor and racing as well. But they haven't anything nearly so magnificent as Agua Caliente.

We drove back by Coronado Beach, a fine resort in sight of the city, just across an arm in the bay. We also visited the Navy Flying Field, where Clarence got his training as a flier during the World War. There are a great many planes here, and they are coming and going all the time. This is also a big navy base and we drove around the extensive barracks. I never knew before the difference between the Navy and the Marines. The Marines have an entirely different color of uniform, and it is said there is quite a rivalry and jealousy between the boys of the Marines and of the Navy. I was told the Marines are landed and fight on land, while the Navy does all its fighting on ships. In my innocence, I thought the Navy became Marines when they landed to fight.

There are a great many war ships, plane carriers, etc., anchored in the harbor of San Diego, and plenty of men in uniform are seen over the city.

The city is crowded and hotel accommodations were a little scarce. We got into a rather second or third class hotel the first night. I can pretty well judge a hotel by observing how many and how large towels they give you, and when the housekeeper came around and said something about our "quota" of towels, I was suspicious, and later when the maid came to the door and said: "Here is one bath and two faces," I was sure we had gotten into the wrong place. We started out next morning and soon found very nice quarters, We had rooms at $2.50 each with the same accommodations as in New York or Atlantic City would have cost double.

Clarence left us to go over to his business at Imperial Valley and Virginia and my granddaughter, Virginia, and I started out to see the exposition. I expected it to be more or less like a big state fair, as they only have had a short time to get ready. I was surprised to find it so extensive and so good. The buildings that they used for the exposition in 1915 have been kept in good repair, and have been painted up and look like new. Thousands of palms, trees and shrubbery were set out for the other exposition and now show up fine. There are 1,400 acres in Balboa Park, with 290 acres used for the exposition buildings and grounds.

With the exception of the foreign villages at Chicago, the other exhibits are in most cases equal to those at Chicago with many features that Chicago did not have. Chicago didn't have the beautiful tropical trees and shrubbery, nor the rugged topography of the grounds. A beautiful walk is down through a grove of palms across a beautiful bridge where one can look way down over vistas of cool-looking tropical jungle. At night, this and other similar walks are very ingeniously lighted with concealed lights and you see trees bathed in red, another one in yellow and other colors.

Walking through the extensive gardens, you are again delighted with these lighting effects at odd points. Several famous gardens are reproduced. The patio of the House Hospitality is a copy of one in Guadalajara and one of the most famous small gardens in Spain is reproduced. The pansy garden contains 5,000 pansy plants in each four beds and it is a gorgeous sight though it is late for pansies.

They have a large concession showing the early gold settlements of the '49 days. An old-time coach carries you down for about half a mile through a deep gulch, where are reproduced the stores, saloons, dance halls, sheriff's office, general store, etc., probably looking very much like those early days. Our guide told us that the nudist colony had the largest attendance of any exhibit, but I doubt this, as I saw comparatively few going in.

I think probably the best show there was one put on by the movie people. In the large Hollywood building is collected a lot of material showing the actual garments, scenery, etc., used in famous pictures, a case of the various machines used to make certain noises, Shirley Temple's shoes, etc. You are shown how the pictures are made, edited, etc., a pile of original drawings used in making Mickey Mouse pictures. It is said it took 12,000 drawings to make one of these animated pictures.

Then we were sent to an auditorium where we saw a picture being taken by real actors, real directors, etc. All the big lights were turned on, the immense camera was turned and the microphone was moved around on a long arm, kept just above the line of vision of the camera. It is very enlightening and interesting.

Ford has a good exhibit in a handsome building, but it is not nearly so extensive as the exhibit at Chicago. He makes up for the deficiency in other ways. He built a large bowl with the stage and 3,000 seats where he furnishes fine programs of choruses, operas, etc. The Los Angeles Opera Company is to be there, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and many others.

During the season he is presenting five famous Pacific Coast Symphony Orchestras and each day some famous musician conducts concerts. All these are broadcast over the extensive grounds and you can sit in some shady nook and listen in from any place on the grounds.

Ford has built an exact reproduction of 14 famous old and modern roads. The Old Roman Roads, the Summer Palace Road in China from Peiping centuries old, the Gold Road across the Isthmus of Panama, the Inca Highway in South America, the Oregon Trail are among the reproductions. You are invited to a free ride in a Ford over these different roads. The sections are probably 200 feet each in length and you drive from one right onto another section.

The Firestone singing fountains are very pretty, especially at night when they are lighted, and the colors change as the music changes. With certain notes the six fountains are flame and change to cooler shades of green and blue in harmony with the music.

The Federal Home Owners Loan Corporation has a large exhibit of many kinds of model houses, built on a small scale, with figures showing how much such a house will cost. There is also a model fabricated house, air-conditioned, with figures as to what it costs. The California Model Home, gorgeously furnished, had a lot of visitors passing through it all the time.

Balboa Park claims to have the finest zoo in America. It is very large. Some of the special attractions are a giant tortoise 450 years old, the 23-foot python, monkeys, seals, reptiles, etc. The bird cage is immense, large trees growing in it. The birds don't realize they are confined.

Every afternoon while there, toward six o'clock, we were drawn to the Japanese Tea House, a regular Japanese pavilion, in a beautiful setting, streams with arched bridges, and palms 20 feet high, etc. Here, around a table on the veranda, we would sit, where we were served with tea, sandwiches, rice cakes, served by pretty Japanese girls in their colorful kimonas. In this place we were apart from the crowd and could hear the music coming softly from one of the loud speaking stations. It was very romantic and pleasing.

Little Virginia wanted to see the midget village. They have probably 25 or 30 little folks here living in little houses built for them. They have a continuous performance from their stage.

Television was interestingly explained and I talked into a 'phone and could see my image on the screen at the other end of the room. Then I went to a 'phone and talked to another man I had just met. He was at another 'phone at some distance away and we could recognize each other's faces as they showed on the screen in front of us. It is the first time I have had any confidence in practical television.

The Bell Telephone Company has an exhibition giving a demonstration of how they scramble speech, insuring privacy in their telephone conversation across the ocean. I spoke into the 'phone, the operator then had the machine to repeat what I said scrambled, so that no one could understand it—then it is unscrambled. I spoke into another 'phone and a second later the machine repeated it and I could hear how my voice sounded. I tried everything that I thought was worth while.

The General Electric had its House of Magic show with several new things that they did not have at Chicago. The electric eye was their most interesting experiment, and where they popped popcorn by passing electric current through a glass vessel holding the corn. The corn was popped but the glass container was hardly warm.

The retreat every afternoon at 5 p. m. always drew a crowd. There is a regiment of U. S. infantry stationed on the grounds, and every afternoon at 5 o'clock they march with drums and bugles to the Plaza del Pacifico and impressively haul down, fold up the flag and march away to inspiring music.

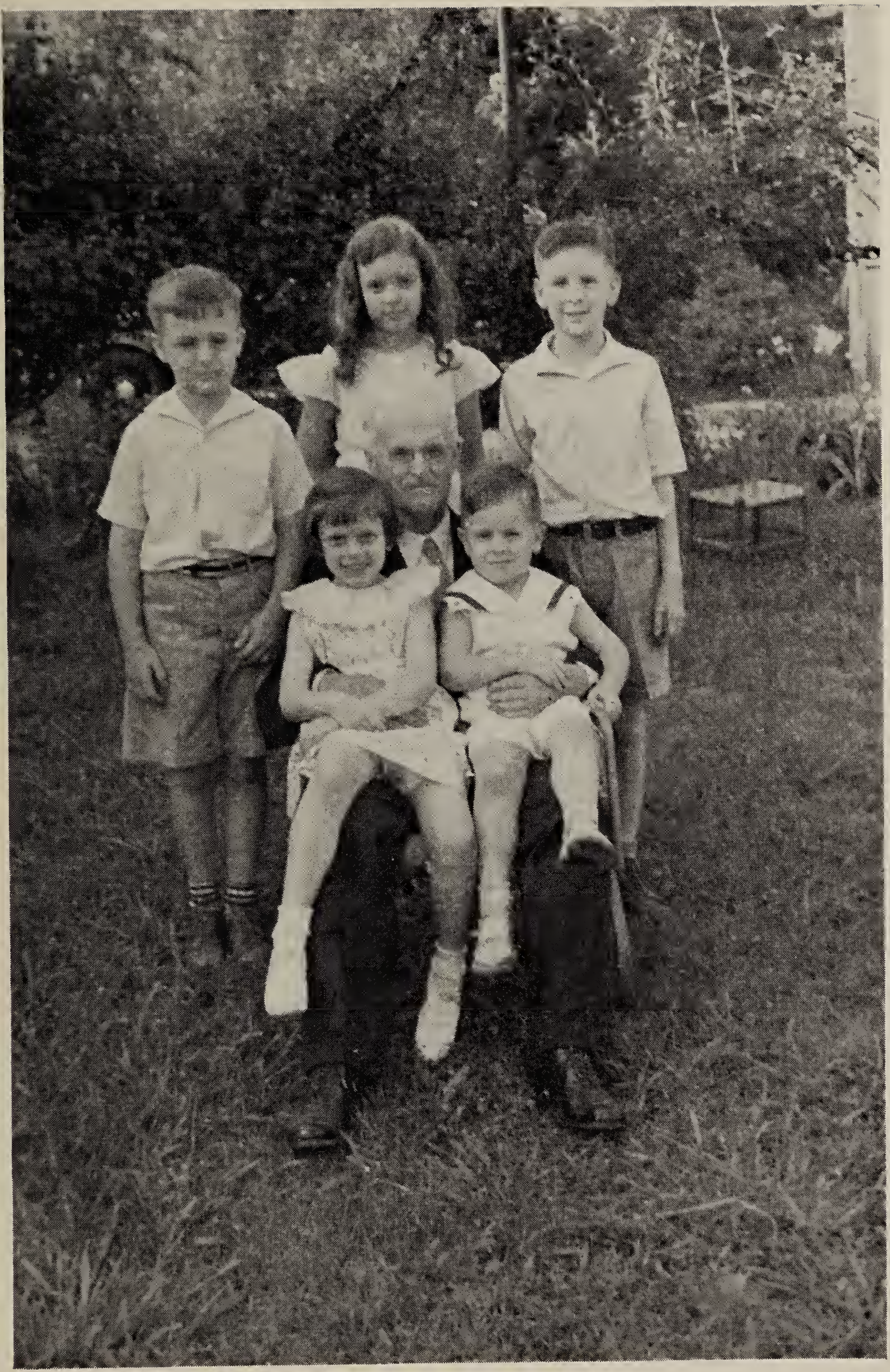
The University of Arizona has planted a large cactus garden from giant ones 30 feet high to the tiny baby ones. There are thousands of different cacti in this interesting garden.

Of course, we had to go to see Alpha, the mechanical man, which weighs 2,000 pounds, moves its head and arms, rises up and sits down at the word of command, answers questions, etc.

The palace of fine arts contains many fine pictures. Probably the two most looked at were "The Penitent Magdalen" by Murillo, and Rubens' "Holy Family." It was about the first of the old masters' paintings that I could see anything in.

Of course, there were many commercial exhibits, such as the immense fountain at the Coca-Cola exhibit; wares of different countries; a large midway; Indian village; horticultural building; government exhibits; the permanent large museum of natural history, etc.

The San Diego exhibition is well worth going to see and is quite a success. I noticed the attendance is well onto a million. Last Sunday's attendance was 48,000.



THE AUTHOR WITH FIVE GRANDCHILDREN (1934)
Standing: Ervin Jackson, Virginia Walker, George Ivey
Seated: Mary Clare Ivey, Ivey Jackson

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Article in The Charlotte Observer, 1935

WHEN, in 1810, John Colter, one of the members of the Lewis and Clark expedition, reached St. Louis after four years of exploration, he told marvelous stories of a land where there were boiling springs and great geysers shooting boiling water 200 feet in the air. No one believed him and his "fanciful region" was called "Colter's Hell." Colter is believed to have been the first white man to explore the region now known as Yellowstone Park.

I had visited the Yellowstone Park about 1912, but I found it just as wonderful and awe-inspiring when Mrs. Ivey and I visited it in June of this year (1935). It has been greatly improved with more and better roads, more and finer hotels, while some of the earlier hotels at Fountain Geyser and Norris Basin have been torn down.

Old Faithful Inn, the greatest log structure in the world, has been largely added to, and is still the favorite stopping place. Only a few hundred feet away is the Old Faithful geyser which throws a great volume of hot water 200 feet in the air. It erupts regularly every 60 to 80 minutes. Fifteen thousand gallons of water are thrown up at each eruption. At night the geyser is illuminated by a large searchlight at the top of Old Faithful Inn. During the day there are always great crowds waiting each hour to witness the great show.

When I was there before, we traveled by romantic stage coaches drawn by four to six horses. I asked our driver back there in 1912 if he thought automobiles would take the place of the coaches. He spoke very positively, "No sir, they will never allow automobiles in this park." In August, 1915, the first automobile entered the park under severe restrictions. They were limited to low speed, and they had to stop whenever a vehicle was sighted. Two years later, in 1917, the automobiles replaced the interesting but too slow stage coaches. At each of the large hotels in the park is shown one of these big coaches, with high seat for the driver, and seats for sixteen people. The children now have a great thrill climbing up in one of these coaches and having their picture taken.

The next year after we were there I read an account of a band of outlaws holding up several of these coaches on a lonely stretch of road and robbing the passengers. That would be hard to do now. In 1914, 20,250 visited Yellowstone Park, while last year there were

499,292. As there have been eight per cent more visitors this year, it is believed that they will pass the half million mark this year.

It is impossible to adequately describe the many wonderful things to be seen in Yellowstone Park. You have to see it, and then you can hardly believe some of the things you see.

Yellowstone Park is about 60 miles from one side to the other and contains 3,438 square miles. One cannot realize that this fairly level plateau has an average elevation of 8,000 feet. One of the roads leading from Canyon Hotel to Mammoth Springs reaches an elevation of 8,860 feet at Dunraven Pass on Mt. Washburn.

Mt. Washburn Peak has an elevation of 10,317 feet. When we were in the park the last of June, we frequently came upon piles of snow by the roadside and a great bank of snow was on the north side of the Canyon Hotel. There is a good road to the top of Mt. Washburn but it was not open until July 1st on account of 25-foot snow drifts covering the road at some points. The roads are kept open in the winter by snow plows to Mammoth Hot Spring on the northern border of the park, but the balance of the park is blanketed with deep snow and no one can get in or out except with the aid of snow shoes or snow sleds.

We came into the park at West Yellowstone, Montana, the southern entrance, on Monday, June 27th. The Union Pacific has a beautiful station here and a very attractive large dining lodge. At 9:30 the large, comfortable auto buses drove up and we were called by name until there were 14 in each automobile. The drivers had the names of each one of us and whenever a stop was made to allow us to get out and see some view, he would not move until he saw everyone of his crowd was seated in the bus. In fair weather the tops are rolled back so that every one can easily see the high cliffs and other views.

There is a very attractive entrance at West Yellowstone where every automobile is stopped, names registered and a small fee is charged. At this entrance is a huge pile of elk, moose and deer antlers. At Mammoth Springs is a house built of these antlers, hundreds of them. The elk, moose and deer shed their antlers twice a year and then grow some more.

The Yellowstone Park is a great game preserve. There are in the park approximately 34,600 elk, 850 mule deer, 950 buffalo, 700 moose, 700 horned antelope, 525 brown and black bear, 260 grizzly bears and 150 big horn sheep. Among the small furred animals are the otter, mink, marten, skunk, badger, wolverine, beaver, weasel or ermine. Ermine is a small, long animal with brown fur in summer which changes to white in the winter. We didn't notice many birds. Maybe it is too cold for them. I had to wear my overcoat nearly every night.

Every one is interested in the bears. They come down to the road as they have found out that the tourists have candy. It is very dangerous to feed them, as they are wild animals and will just as lief bite your hand off if you try to feed them by hand. We were told at Yosemite that 79 people were treated in the hospital there last year from being injured by bears.

Every day in the evening the bears are fed near Canyon Hotel. There were over 1,000 who gathered the day we were there to see the bears fed. There was a stout fence between us and the bears. A ranger gave an interesting lecture. There were only thirteen bears that evening at feeding time, but the ranger said he had counted sixty-five at one feeding. The grizzly bear cannot climb, but the black bear can, and often lolls on a branch up in a tree in the summertime. The ranger told us the way to tell whether a bear was a black or grizzly, when one got after you to climb a tree and, if the bear climbs up after you, it was a black bear.

Yellowstone Lake is a beautiful body of water, with 100 miles of shore line. It is 26 miles across and is well stocked with fish. You don't have to have a license but are limited to catching five. Here we saw where you could catch a fish from the lake and, without changing your position, turn around, throw the fish on your line into a pool of boiling water and cook it. This, however, is not allowed now. While the water near these boiling springs is warm enough in which to bathe, the water in most of the lakes is too cold, about 35 to 45 degrees.

Our second night was at the hotel situated on the shore of this lake. It is a large, beautiful hotel and the view is magnificent. In the distance are many snow-capped mountains. I think we were served better meals here than at any of the other hotels. The Canyon Hotel is the largest and finest. It has about 400 rooms and the large lounge room is the most attractive of any I have ever seen.

This hotel is situated on a high bluff near the Yellowstone Falls and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. The falls are very scenic and are 308 feet high. There are a number of other pretty falls where the Yellowstone River has worn its way through a gorge about

1,000 feet deep. One can go down to the foot of the falls, and there are 494 steps down to the river. If we had never seen the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, we could enthuse over the coloring of the cliffs, for it is very beautiful, but one should see this first, and then the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

But the geysers are the great attraction at Yellowstone Park, there being over 3,000 geysers and hot springs in the park. The best known and the favorite is Old Faithful, which is the only one that puts on a show regularly. The oldest is said to be the Castle. The deposits have built up a high rim around this geyser, which resembles the walls of a castle. It plays at irregular intervals. The basin around Old Faithful Inn has 26 erupting geysers and over 400 hot springs within easy walking distance. A ranger conducts a party through this basin each morning, giving an interesting lecture along the tour. There are about 30 rangers in the park. They are very courteous, and are glad to answer any questions. Rangers are not allowed to receive tips.

The many other interesting geysers include the Riverside Geyser, which throws its water about 100 feet at an angle across the Firehole River. The Excelsior Geyser, near the southern entrance, is the largest but has been inactive since 1890.

The Punch Bowl spring is five feet above the general level, is 10 feet across, and has built up a beautifully colored rim, about 18 inches high. When the Whistling Geyser is in eruption the roar can be heard about half a mile. When the Giantess Geyser is in action it sends up boiling water 150 to 200 feet and it lasts 12 to 30 hours, and the force of the eruption shakes the earth. It erupts every 10 to 20 days. We did not see this one in action.

There are many beautiful hot water pools from the clearest water through the colors of the rainbow to the mud geyser. The Morning Glory pool is a beautiful pool, 25 feet across, and is in the shape of a morning glory, funnel-shaped and of a beautiful blue color. The Chromatic pool is one of the most beautiful and striking. Then there are the Topaz pool, Jewel geyser, Turquoise pool, the Black Pearl, the Gem, Black Sand pool, Tea Kettle pool, Topaz spring, Sponge geyser and many other odd and interesting geysers. One of the largest and most beautiful is the Mammoth Terrace springs above Mammoth Springs Hotel. Here there is a gentle, regular flow of crystal clear water over terraces where the mineral deposits make beautiful lace-like formations. These beautiful terraces are about 100 feet across.

The different colors of all these geysers and pools are not caused by the mineral contents of the water, but mostly by algae, a very small, low form of vegetable life, that only lives in hot or warm water. The yellow deposits that give the park its name are caused mostly by the sulphur that is in most of the water.

The water from one of the hot springs feeds a large swimming pool near Old Faithful Inn. This is housed in a large attractive log house. It is said that 1,200 trees were used in the log work of this bath house. The swimming pool holds 280,000 gallons of water, which is kept at about 90 degrees temperature, and they don't have to use any wood or coal to heat the water.

There were a good many Rotarians from North Carolina at the Old Faithful Inn, when we arrived there. We saw Rotarians from Charlotte, Asheville, Raleigh, and there were probably others whom we did not see.

In our tour of the West we ran across a number of Charlotte tourists. We saw at Yosemite, Mrs. Max Hunter and her daughter, Miss Sally, with Miss Katherine Crowell. At Los Angeles, we saw Misses Ida Boykin, Henrietta Henderson and Nell Barnhardt, who had driven across the continent in a coupe. Both these parties were going to Yellowstone Park.

I am anxious for the time to come soon when our Great Smoky Park will be fitted up with hotels, lodges and camps, and roads will be built so that the great beauties of our North Carolina mountains can be easily reached.

There are very convenient places, besides the hotels, lodges and camps, where people can live very economically in Yellowstone Park. Here are all the conveniences of light, water and stores where any supplies can be bought at reasonable rates.

Everything is under the supervision of the government, and the public is treated right. It is a great thing ot have these playgrounds taken over by the government for the use of the people.

OUR VISIT TO ALASKA

Article in The Charlotte Observer, August 7, 1938

I HAD heard so often that the trip to Alaska was most enjoyable that Mrs. Ivey and I decided to see for ourselves if all we had heard about that country was true. With the exception of two passengers from Augusta, Ga., and one from Atlanta, we were the only Southern people on the Yukon, the Alaska Steamship Company's 8,250 ton steamer. As it seems so little known in the South, I will try to tell you a few interesting things we saw on our trip.

The Yukon is not a large steamer, 375 feet long and 50 feet wide. It is a popular trip on the Western coast, and the middle United States, and we were loaded to capacity—about 250 passengers. There are Canadian boats also which make this same trip, run by the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

We left Seattle, sailing out through the Puget Sound by Vancouver Island, off the coast of British Columbia. It takes two days to get to Alaska. The boat keeps to the inside passage practically all the way, making for a very smooth voyage. This channel varies, being at places several miles wide, and at other places very narrow where the boat had to creep along at slow speed. The channel at Whitestone Narrows is only 120 feet wide from shore to shore.

Alaska is a large country and is called the "Misunderstood Country" because so little is known of it. It has an area of 600,000 square miles, about one-fourth that of the United States. The most western point is Seward, almost as far west as Honolulu. The part of Alaska which we visited is about the latitude of Maine, but the winters are comparatively mild, because the shores are warmed by the Japanese current. Navigation is open all the year to Skagway, 1,000 miles north of Seattle. I was told the thermometer seldom gets as low as zero at Skagway, and the snowfall doesn't amount to as much as in Washington, D. C.

On the high mountain slopes above Skagway it snows about nine months in the year, and the tops are covered with snow the year around. Farther north the weather is much more severe. At Nome the thermometer runs as low as 50 degrees below zero.

Alaska has four different general types of bears—the grizzly, the brown, the black and the polar bears. At Kodiak Island are very large bears and they frequently grow 10 feet long.

On the coasts where our boat touched, they have 12 months of rainy season. At Ketchikan, the first point we stopped at in Alaska, we were told the annual rainfall is 15 to 18 feet (not inches) a year. A passenger who got on at Juneau said it had rained there every day for a month. Frequently these boats make trips when it rains all the time. We were very fortunate as it was beautiful sunshiny weather nearly every day of the 11 days we were on the boat from Seattle back again.

Alaska was named from the Indian word, Alayesksa, "Great Land," and was discovered by a Russian mariner in 1741. It was bought from Russia by the United States in 1867 for $7,200,000. This was considered a high price at that time, but now the yearly exports amount to about 10 times that figure.

There are three chief industries in Alaska—fisheries, $50,000,000; minerals, $16,000,000, and furs, $4,500,000. I inquired from several people living in Alaska if Alaska could support a population from farming or other industries than the three above named, and they all said they didn't think so. In the nearly 70 years since the purchase by the United States, the population of the whole territory has only increased to 60,000.

We saw no Eskimos or reindeer on our trip. You have to go much farther north to see them. It is too warm for them here. At Cape Barrow, the most northern point in Alaska, 3,200 miles from Seattle, you can find plenty of both. We also saw very few mosquitoes, although we had armed ourselves with preventatives, having been warned that we would strike big mosquitoes and plenty of them. The only mosquitoes we saw were on the Mendenhall Glacier trip. We were told that there were millions of them at White Horse Pass on the way to the Yukon gold fields.

Skagway was the head of navigation during the gold rush days of 1898 and 1899. Here at one time during this rush were 30,000 people gathered in shacks and tents getting ready for the trip to Dawson and the Yukon country, 450 miles farther on. When the railroad was finished from Skagway to Lake Bennett, Skagway was doomed. It is now a village of 450 inhabitants and these dwindle every year. It is a pathetic sight to see a "Ghost City." Here are garish, showy buildings, empty and rundown, losing their weatherboarding and shingles. Less than 40 years has seen the rise of a bustling city, alive with energy, now in such a short time, only an empty shell.

Adventurers gathered here from all over the world, all intent on making wealth in a hurry. Here came Mrs. Harriet Pullen from her home in the States. She was looking for a job, and some one offered her $3.00 a day to cook. She then sent back home for her seven horses. When they came she rented them out to transport prospectors to the mines and cleared $25.00 a day at it. She raised a family, one of whom, Daniel, made the best record in his class at West Point, and won many medals in the World War. Mrs. Pullen still lives at Skagway, running the hotel.

Molly Walsh came and ran a "grub tent." She bore a good character. Two men wanted to marry her and when she married one, the other one killed her. Jack Newman, one of her admirers, has erected a monument to her memory. What stories these buildings and streets could tell if they could talk!

Mr. Itjen, the enterprising owner of Skagway's unique street car, has on the rear platform of his car a life-size figure of "Soapy Smith" complete with derby hat and cigar in his mouth. "Soapy" was the town's outlaw and terror. He ran a big gambling house and saloon. Here he and his henchmen robbed, in one way or another, every man with any money who came in. The Vigilance Committee met one day after a man had been robbed and killed in his gambling joint. "Soapy" heard of the meeting and went down to attend. When he was halted, he drew his pistol. One of the committee shot at the same time as did "Soapy," and both of them were killed. When "Soapy's" henchmen saw their leader was dead, all left the town that could. I was told they only caught 17 of them. So ended the career of an outlaw who terrorized the young city of Skagway.

"Soapy Smith" got his name from the methods he first used in fleecing the adventurers who flocked to Skagway. He would ostentatiously wrap a hundred dollar bill around a cake of soap and apparently carelessly put it among a lot of soap which he would offer at a big price. When the purchaser bought the lot, he of course never found the cake of soap with the hundred dollar bill. "Soapy" was smart enough to have removed it while they were looking on.

Mr. Itjen, the owner of the street car, has dramatized "Soapy." He has a museum where he shows the roulette, faro table and other gambling devices and has dramatized "Soapy's" gambling joint. He also shows his gat, his iron knuckles, etc. He gives a lecture telling about "Soapy's" untimely end, but neglects to tell about what a grand scoundrel, outlaw and terror he was. He has erected over his grave four tombstones, three of which have been chipped off by relic hunters and taken away. The last one he preserves by putting a stout iron guard around it.

In Mr. Itjen's sightseeing car lecture he shows his passengers just how they washed the sands for gold. Mr. Itjen has on another pier a dummy of his street car, with figures of famous characters of the gold rush days, among them Pack Horse Bill, Sleepy Joe, Dance Hall Kate, Apple Annie, Diamond Lil, Doll Baby Ida, One Eyed Tom, etc. Mr. Itjen must make money for he filled up his sightseeing car several times a day with about 20 passengers at 50 cents each.

Among the pioneers is Mrs. Blanchard, who has a nice home and one of the prettiest gardens I ever saw. She has dahlias 12 inches across, pansies four inches across, and many other flowers. She lends you a rule to measure them. I also saw delphinium eight feet high in her garden. The pansies were raised from seed sown in March and, in less than four months, they were covered with fine blossoms. With such long daylight and so much rain, vegetation grows marvelously. I gathered some immense wild raspberries but they had grown so fast they were almost tasteless.

There is a railroad to Bennett now and one can make the trip to Dawson, the old gold fields, with comparative comfort. It is said some one in the Post Office Department at Washington wrote the postmaster at Dawson asking why he had not sent in a report. The postmaster informed the department that Dawson was in Canada.

Lynn canal is one of the natural waterways through which the steamers go. It is said one of the congressmen at Washington, when he heard about it, asked who dug it.

Alaska contains Mt. McKinley, next to the highest mountain in the world, 20,300 feet high. To people from Washington State, who are bragging about their Mt. Rainier, the Alaskans tell them truly that Mt. McKinley would cover all of Puget Sound and its snowy top would be a mile above the top of Mt. Rainier.

Alaska has one glacier, the Columbia, that is larger than all the glaciers of Switzerland combined. We made a trip 11 miles from Juneau to see at close quarters the Mendenhall Glacier. We were driven right up to it, and I walked up on the glacier. The Mendenhall Glacier is 200 feet deep, one and a half miles wide and 25 miles long. The huge drifts have compressed the snow into hard blue ice. It moves down the valley slowly, melting off at the end. A large river, almost as large as the Catawba, flows from this glacier.

Before coming up to Juneau, our ship came right up to Taku Glacier. This moves gradually down the valley right into the sound. Our engineer blew his whistle to dislodge some of the ice, but it did not break off. We saw, though, where small icebergs had broken off into the water. The Taku Glacier is 300 feet thick at the water's edge, one mile wide and many miles long.

Sailing along each day we had an interesting panorama of snow-capped mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, etc. The mountains come right to the edge of the water and, for 50 miles at a time, we could not see where there was enough level surface for a garden.

Ketchikan is the largest city in Alaska, with about 6,000 population. The main street is of wood built on piles and the canneries, ice cold storage places, are also built over the water. The houses are built up on the side of the mountain and look like pictures of Swiss villages. Ketchikan has six canneries and is the headquarters for 1,000 fishing boats. They ship a great deal of frozen fish, but the largest amount of fish is canned. I was told that the capacity of these canneries is from 1,000 to 2,000 cases a day during the season. We have on board now over two million cans of salmon that we are taking to Seattle to be shipped all over the world.

At every stop to load salmon, we were privileged to go through the canneries. They employ the latest automatic machinery and, after the fish are cleaned, everything is done by machinery. The salmon are cut up, packed into the cans and labeled all by machinery. I was told that the canning season lasts only about six weeks, while the fish are running. Now is the salmon season and the canneries have no trouble getting all the salmon they want as the waters seem to be full of them. At Ketchikan we saw a salmon ladder, which was built to help the salmon climb a turbulent stream in the town. We were told that at spawning time the streams are literally filled with salmon pushing their way up. The salmon they are using are about 24 to 30 inches long.

The operatives are Filipinos and native Indians. On the Annette Island, about 16 miles from Ketchikan, is a large cannery run by the Indians. It is a co-operative plant, and they have a nice village. The cannery and village were founded by Father Duncan, a preacher who became interested in the Indians and gave his life to teaching and helping them. They have a nice church and the pastor is the only white man who lives in Metlakatla.

These Indians are better looking and seem to have more intelligence than most of the Indians in the States. Father Duncan founded a good school and these on Annette Island are well educated. One of the Indian bosses told me that the operatives at the cannery make five to ten dollars a day, besides getting a part of the profits. We stopped at eight or ten different canneries from Ketchikan to Skagway.

All the towns we stopped at have many stores, with curios to sell the tourists. No matter what time the boats come in, they open up the stores for the tourist trade. We stopped at Juneau on our return trip at 3 o'clock in the morning. Some of the passengers who got off here said the souvenir stores were open at that hour.

Totem poles are popular souvenirs. They are supposed to be made by the Indians, but many of them look to me like they were made in Japan. They get three to four times the prices from the tourists that they usually sell for.

Most people have an idea that the totem poles are the idols of the Indians, but this is a mistake. They are family trees and the taller they are, the more dignity of the family or tribe. Chief Shakes' totem pole at Ketchikan is about 50 feet high. Chief Shakes' tribal house is here. The Indians formerly lived in the communal house, 40 or 50 in one house, many families, but all of one tribe. The women always married in some other tribe. Now the missionaries have taught them to live in separate houses.

On our return voyage, we stopped at Sitka, which was the Russian capital of Alaska. Sitka had a castle, later burned, and it is said magnificent court balls were held in Sitka before San Francisco was thought of, except as a mission. Here is a Russian cathedral with valuable pictures and antiques you can view for 50 cents. There is an old men's home here with about 180 inmates. They have good schools. At 9:30 a curfew signal is given by the fire department which is the signal for all children to be home—a good idea.

In 1906, Juneau was made the capital, and the glory of Sitka has departed. About the only industry at Sitka is its fisheries—not all the excursion boats stop here.

The tides are high in Alaska; at Ketchikan, they told us the tide was 24 feet.

Juneau claims to have the largest gold mine in the world. It crushes 12,000 tons of ore daily. All the latest machinery is used.

It seems that liquor stores are more numerous than any other kind. At every place they were much in evidence.

This Alaska cruise was very enjoyable and interesting. We were more pleased than we expected.

AN EDITORIAL IN THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, 1932

"THE OBSERVER considers itself exceedingly fortunate in being able to command the services of Mr. J. B. Ivey to report for its columns daily the Methodist Conference now in session in Jackson, Miss.

"One can not follow the veteran and beloved merchantman in his narratives without beginning to wonder what it can conceivably be that Mr. Ivey can not do admirably and successfully.

"His style of writing is vivid, with an occasional touch of the graphic which many a professional journalist will regard with a feeling of reverence, if not of personal despair.

"Mr. Ivey is filling for *The Observer* an assignment that its vast body of readers will appreciate and indicating in his daily dispatches that he can fill a reportorial position with a grace and ease commensurate with that of building a great store and almost as artfully as he can grow tulips and dahlias."

A VISIT TO THE FLOWER SHOW AT PHILADELPHIA

From an Article in The Charlotte Observer, of March, 1937

"I WANT to go back and have another look at that acacia," I heard a man say at the Philadelphia Flower Show last Tuesday. A short time before this, I heard a woman in the other end of the hall sigh and say, "Oh! those acacias."

The acacias, the roses, the tulips and the arrangements of flowers in bowls and vases seemed to draw the largest crowds at the big Spring Flower Show that is being held this week at the large Museum Hall in West Philadelphia.

This is the third immense flower show I have visited in the last week. I may be said to be dissipating in flower shows for I attended the National Flower Show staged in the large armory in Baltimore. Then I went to New York and very much enjoyed the exhibits of the International Spring Flower Show that was held last week in four of the large rooms in the Crystal Palace in New York City. But I was not sated and think I enjoyed the last one in Philadelphia more than either of the other two. It occupied one immense hall which is said to be the largest auditorium in the country, with the exception of the one at Atlantic City. This auditorium is 450 feet long and 350 feet wide. Imagine one of our city blocks covered with beautiful displays of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of the finest flowers that can be grown and you will have some idea of the size of the flower show.

The fact that the display was all on one floor and evidently carefully laid out according to plans made by a master architect, may have had something to do with my decision that this was the best show. After reading over my notes taken at the New York show, am not sure which of the two shows I think was the better one.

The huge hall was decorated with natural green foliage hanging from the ceiling everywhere. Then the ceiling was high enough to take in the largest exhibits. The wild gardens had, as background, cedars and other trees 20 to 25 feet high and many of the exhibits were 100 feet long and wide in proportion. There were many wild woodland scenes with blooming dogwood, azaleas, rhododendron, etc., with small wild flowers blooming along the banks of quiet streams of water that meandered naturally through the grassy banks, and moss-covered rocks that were so cunningly placed that they seemed to always have been there.

In the center aisle, as one entered, was a long, formal garden bed of blooming tulips. I stepped the bed off and found it was 125 feet long and 10 feet wide. I counted the blooms in a small section and found there were about 30,000 tulip blooms in this one bed, and all of them of one color, pink, and all were low growing, part in full bloom and part in bud, making a most attractive display.

There were also many tulip and hyacinth gardens. The tulips which won the first prize were grown by Mr. and Mrs. George D. Widener, of Chestnut Hills, Pa. These were huge blooms and all growing naturally in attractive beds and borders. They also had a lot of fantasy, the pink parrot tulip, with stems about 15 inches long. I have never been able to grow this variety with good stems. Other varieties with long stems and huge blooms were: King George V, Pride of Haarlem, The Bishop, Zwannenberg, etc. Mrs. Payne Whitney had a larger display of tulips in the New York show, but they were no finer than Mrs. Widener's at the Philadelphia Show. Among the New York tulips which impressed me were, Tantalus, a fine bronze, Pink Pearl with pleasing strips of white; Golden Statue, fine large yellow; Elizabeth Evers, deep pink; and Glacier, a fine new white. Glacier may have a longer bud than Zwannenberg; but Zwannenberg is hard to beat. The finest pink, in my opinion, was Insurpassable, a new one to me.

The acacia garden referred to was wonderful. Many of the plants had been trained as trees 6 to 8 feet high, and the large, graceful, feathery, yellow heads were just lovely. There were hundreds of beautiful plants of acacia in other exhibits close together, and I look for acacia to be grown more, after so many people saw this display. There was a great crowd in attendance and I was glad of my height for I could stand in the second or third tier of people and see over their heads, otherwise I would have had to move slowly with the line, and it would have taken much longer to see the exhibits in which I was specially interested.

Tuesday was the day the roses were judged and the display included 50 large baskets, each containing 50 roses with huge stems 4 to 5 feet long and such blooms that looked almost too perfect to be natural. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a beautiful new yellow rose, won the first prize in that class. Better Times, a fine new red, was another prize winner. Pink Briarcliff, one of the older varieties, won in the pink class. In the New York Show, the rose exhibit also drew numbers of onlookers. The favorite varieties here were Autumn, burnt orange; Better Times, red; Briarcliff, pink; Claudius Pernet, yellow; Mrs. F. R. Pierson, crimson; Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, yellow; Premier Supreme, rose pink; Souvenir, yellow; Talisman Senior, red; Mary Hart, scarlet crimson; Templar, red; White Killarney; Token, orange shaded to golden pink. Token won the first prize in this class at New York. A curiosity in roses shown at this show was Tom Thumb, the smallest rose in the world. The bloom was about half the size of a dime and was kept in a special glass case for its protection.

At both shows there were large displays of orchids, which were beautiful, but in my humble opinion this flower is much overrated. In Philadelphia was shown a new orchid, the Helen Wilmer, in shades of deep lavender and purple. This is from the orchid garden of Fritz Eugene Dixon, who grows 20,000 orchids. The Helen Wilmer Orchid took seven years to develop and is valued at $500.00 for one bloom. It was said that a special policeman was stationed in the hall to guard this valuable plant. By the way, I heard the other day that there was a larger commercial orchid garden near Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Among so many tulips, hyacinths and jonquils, the Dutch influence in gardens was seen. Stumpp and Walters of New York had a beautiful Dutch tulip garden; that I thought ought to have received the first prize; but instead they got a special prize for their exhibit. The garden contained 1800 fine specimens of tulips, beautifully arranged in the planting. The background was blooming azaleas, against tall evergreens, and in the center were four rock steps leading up to an old, weatherworn wooden gate. A three foot wall of rock made an immediate background for the tulip garden, and very low varieties of evergreens bordered the garden on three sides.

John T. Scheepers, who always had an outstanding exhibit, had a formal tulip garden with beds of fine growing tulips against a background of a summer house flanked on both sides with an ornamental fence on which, at each end, an urn ornament was used. A blooming wistaria vine was clinging to the wall of the summer house. Placed in the garden at several places were clumps of boxwood trained in shapes of chickens and other ornamental figures.

The exhibit that caught my eye, and to which I had to go back several times, was a woodland scene by Kattmiller, on the main floor at the New York show. Large, rough, moss-covered rock composed a high wall at the back over which poured a pretty waterfall 20 feet high. Flowering dogwood and other trees helped to make a beautiful background. The stream wound among grassy, wild flower-covered banks, and made a truly beautiful sylvan scene. A two year old boy on Saturday escaped from his parents and climbed over the exhibit to explore the pool at the bottom of the falls. He thought he could catch some fish, but instead, fell into the pool. He was rescued by his distracted parents before any harm was done.

I saw in the paper that former President Herbert Hoover and wife, as well as the mother of the present President, visited the New York show the same day I was there, but I didn't see them. I was looking at flowers, not at people. The papers said that the attendance was cut down some on account of the floods, but I was glad there were no more in attendance as it was hard to get around as it was. It was stated there were over 200,000 in attendance at the New York show, and they paid $1.10 to get in.

Two interesting gardens at New York were a reproduction of the La Petite Trianon Garden of Versailles, celebrated in connection with Marie Antoinette. Another interesting garden was "In a Persian Garden."

One of the school garden clubs had built a reproduction of Mt. Vernon. There were a number of window gardens for school and homes that gave many good ideas. The first prize winner for these window boxes was made up of trailing ivy and miniature blooming plants of azaleas.

A very showy plant was a large blooming specimen of Marguerite. This was a single plant trained very symmetrically. It was about 4 feet high and about 6 feet across. It was simply covered with blooms.

There was always a crowd of lookers at the arrangement of flowers in bowls and vases. One class was confined to seven roses arranged in contemporary vases, and the vase which gained the prize was filled with roses with graceful, crooked stems. The dinner table bowl arrangements were beautiful. The first prize went to an arrangement of pink and lavender sweet peas, with stems 12 to 15 inches long. If I had been a judge I would have given the prize to a bowl of white and pink spirea astilbe, tastefully arranged with sprays of bleeding heart. The judges of arrangements seemed to favor severe simplicity in arrangements. In another exhibit of plants, the first prize went to a single cactus plant. It had a few blooms only, but the shape of the plant was graceful, which you don't often see in a cactus.

A garden of tree roses was interesting, and I saw also geraniums and lantana trained in a single stem up to about 5 feet and then allowed to bloom in beautiful heads.

The hydrangea gardens were very attractive as well as many exhibits of cinnerarias. Mr. J. P. Morgan won a prize on his display of cyclamen plants—beautiful foliage and gorgeous blooms, about 50 to a plant.

The snapdragons, too, were gorgeous. The stems were about three feet long, with heavy full blooming heads 12 to 15 inches long.

I mustn't fail to mention the delphinium. There were large beds of growing delphinium, with stately blooms on 5 and 6 foot sturdy stems.

One could get a great many practical helps in arrangements of flowers and in laying out formal gardens, from the various exhibits. The demonstration by the North American Gardeners Association showed the difference in growing plants where some element was lacking, such as calcium, nitrogen, phosphorus, and shown beside these specimens were plants with perfect fertilization. These plants were grown in washed sand, so as to have a perfect demonstration.

I noticed in the New York catalogue that there were 68 judges, 162 trade exhibitors and 104 competitive classes. The list of patronesses of the show reads like a society register, and numbers among others, Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss, Mrs. Irene and Mrs. Henry Du Pont, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Mrs. Arthur Curtis James, Mrs. Samuel A. Salvage, Mrs. Payne Whitney and others.

I find I have used up all my space without mentioning any of the fine exhibits at the Baltimore Show and since I saw the other two last, they evidently made a deeper impression.

IMPERIAL VALLEY
WESTMORELAND, CALIFORNIA

"ONCE an arid desert waste, feared by man and shunned by all except a few of the hardiest of nature's plants and creatures, the Imperial Valley, within the space of thirty-five years, has been transformed into the most productive garden spot in America, sending out every day in the year, a trainload of food to market." From the All-American Canal Number of the *El Centro Times.*

Mrs. Ivey and I left Charlotte the sixth of March, 1940, to visit my daughter, Mrs. C. R. Walker, who lives in the Imperial Valley in California. I was just convalescing from a streptococcus infection of the throat, and had a bad cough which my doctor said would not get well until hot weather. The air of Imperial Valley is so dry and pure that in one week my cough was entirely gone and I was gaining strength every day.

I was told that the winter in the Valley was unusually mild this year. On Easter Day, when Charlotte had three inches of snow, the thermometer was 94 in the shade in El Centro, the county seat of Imperial County. The air is so dry that we were not at all uncomfortable, and it did not feel any warmer than 82 to 84 in Charlotte. It is hardly ever freezing weather, and vegetation grows right on during the winter. I was told that the beautiful evergreen tree, the tamarisk, of which we saw so many in the Valley, would grow to a large tree in four or five years from a cutting stuck in the ground. It is not a popular tree with the ranchers now, as they have found that it is a gross feeder, the roots often going 200 to 300 feet in search of food and moisture.

It is a beautiful sight to see great fields of green in every direction in this section that was a typical desert only forty years ago—great fields of alfalfa, wheat, barley, lettuce, asparagus, flax, oats, clover and other crops are now grown.

The whole Valley is laid off into square or oblong plats, and most of the ranches are one-half mile long by one-fourth mile wide. There are about one and a half million acres of arable lands in the Valley, half in the United States and half in old Mexico. At the time the Valley was being developed, all of the 750,000 acres situated in Mexico were owned by one man, General Guillermo Andrade.

Water is the genii that transforms this desert waste into what is claimed to be the largest irrigated district in the world, with 600,000 acres in cultivation and with a population of 60,000 people, where 40 years ago there was nothing but sand dunes, sage brush, mesquite bushes, rattlesnakes, gila monsters, etc. You only have to drive out 20 to 30 miles in the direction of Palm Springs or Yuma to be in the primitive desert again, and, if by some miracle, the Colorado River would dry up in a year's time, the whole region would be deserted, and in less than five years the desert would have reclaimed the whole beautiful Valley.

The Valley was once connected with the ocean, as evidenced by a map drawn in 1721 by Spanish explorers, which map shows a large sea connected with the Gulf of California. The silt from the Colorado River washed down and built up land separating this sea from the main body of the ocean. Great beds of oyster shells and other sea shells, 200 feet deep, are found in the valley. In course of time this inland sea dried up. About 1890, extensive salt works were established here.

In 1892, Colonel C. R. Rockwood, an engineer, who had been connected with a land promotion company of Denver, Colorado, was asked by the Denver Company to make surveys and find if it was feasible to bring water from the Colorado River to irrigate this great district of desert. Let it be remembered that this whole district is below sea level, varying from 50 feet below sea level at Calexico, the border town between California and old Mexico, to 240 feet below sea level at the Salton Sea, which is the lowest point. All this land is below the bed of the Colorado River. From 1892 to 1907 the Colorado Irrigation Company, as the company was then called, had a lot of ups and downs, mostly downs.

Mr. John C. Beatty of Denver interested a number of Denver capitalists in the scheme, but the panic of 1893 crippled most of them so much that Mr. Beatty had to go to New York to interest other capitalists in the project. Mr. Beatty then got a cousin of his, Mr. James H. Beatty of Canada, to put in $50,000,000, according to Mr. Rockwood, but was not able to put the plan through, losing all of his money.

Mr. Rockwood then went to Scotland where he was led to believe he could secure money for the irrigation project. These prospects were coal operators. Coal, at the time of Mr. Rockwood's visit, was in a depression and the coal men decided against putting any money in the Colorado Desert Enterprise.

Then a Mr. Ferguson and Dr. W. T. Hoffman were interested with Mr. Rockwood. They tried to interest London capitalists without success but finally Mr. George Chaffey, a capitalist, became interested in March, 1899. Real work was resumed in April, 1900, and in December, 1900, work on the canal was started and settlers commenced to arrive. All supplies had to be hauled from Flowing Wells. A round trip from Flowing Wells to Calexico required five days and water had to be hauled several miles by wagon. The Southern Pacific then extended their railroad to Calexico.

In the summer of 1901, the canal brought water to Imperial Valley and then the settlers could bathe. The Chaffeys became discouraged and sold their interest in the California Improvement Company for a pittance. Then came the deluge. The retaining walls of the canal diverting the water from the Colorado River were entirely inadequate. The opening which was first 60 feet was enlarged by the floods of the Colorado to 150 feet, then 300 feet and at last to a width of nearly half a mile, bringing all the waters of the Colorado River rushing into the Valley. Salton Sea then began to fill up, the salt works were destroyed and the Southern Pacific tracks had to be moved two or three times to keep out of the way of the water.

On my first trip to California, in 1906, our train stopped at the Salton Sea and we could see where the tracks had been submerged. It was seen that if something was not done, the whole Valley would be covered with the waters of the Colorado River.

The floods washed away a good many of the ranches, and made a great river that could not be crossed except by huge cables. A wagon body was fastened to immense pulleys and passengers and freight were pulled by a rope over the raging torrent.

The water washed away countless dens of rattlesnakes and these snakes were everywhere. One of the settlers heard the rattle of a rattlesnake one day in the tent, in which they lived, and at last found it in a box on which one of the children was sitting, using it as a stool at the dinner table. Another settler, Mrs. Stewart, killed three rattlesnakes in one day in their tent.

The Southern Pacific Railroad saw something had to be done or their railroad would be submerged, and the prospective business from the settlers, who had commenced to come by the thousands, would be ruined. They built tracks to the intake, put all available work trains on the job, opened up a rock quarry and commenced filling up the break with rock. All trains had orders to stop and let these work trains have the right of way, and at one time they said they were dumping a carload of rock every five minutes into the break. At last they had the break under control and the settlers could again breathe easily. But the California Development Company, who had spent so much time and money on their dream, was bankrupt, and the control passed into other hands.

The Salton Sea is still there about 50 miles long and of various widths. It is fed by the waste water from the irrigation ditches and is said to be several feet higher than last year due, they think, to an unusual rain fall of five inches last fall.

The boiling mud pots on the edge of the Salton Sea are visited by many people. We visited them and saw many bubbling mud holes, and saw the escaping steam and gases from many openings in the earth.

Practical use is being made of this gas. A company has drilled down several hundred feet and is using the natural gas to make dry ice in a large plant they have erected on the shore of the lake. One of the men kindly showed us the operation of making the dry ice, which is very simple.

Sometimes it does not rain to amount to anything for a year. In fact, the ranchers do not want rain, as they prefer to use water from their irrigation ditches when, and only when, it is needed. When it rains, the schools have to give a holiday, as the school buses cannot travel the dirt roads when they are wet. The cars slide off the shiny, slick roads into the ditches. Remember, all of the soil of the Valley has been built up by centuries of deposits from the Colorado River, and you never saw such slick mud, when it is wet.

But the way that land produces! Raising flax seed is one of the newer crops. Last year over 47,000 acres were in flax. The average yield is 25 to 30 bushels to the acre, while two to ten bushels is the best that can be gotten from the northern middle states, which has been the flax raising section. A record of 62½ bushels of flax seed on an acre has been raised in the Valley. I learned that quantities of the flax stems from the Valley are shipped to Brevard, N. C., where they are being made into cigarette paper. Alfalfa can be cut six to eight times a year, making about five tons to the acre, besides enriching the soil. After being in other crops for two or three years, they have to grow alfalfa for the benefit to the soil.

There is more acreage in alfalfa than any other crop. Last year there were 173,646 acres in alfalfa. Great trucks, carrying over 200 bales of hay and drawing a trailer carrying the same amount, can be seen every day, transporting the hay to Los Angeles, San Diego and other points on the coast.

The fields of alfalfa are also being used to feed cattle, sheep, etc., brought in from the ranges of Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, to be fattened for the market.

Last year 70,000 to 80,000 cattle were grazed in the valley and more than 100,000 sheep. 40,000 head of hogs were shipped out of the Valley last year. There are 14,000 colonies of bees, and the honey, I can testify, is of the finest grade.

Imperial Valley claims to be the first in the nation in value of lettuce, cantaloupes and watermelons. During the winter, a trainload a day of lettuce moves out of Imperial Valley. Raising early cantaloupes is a great industry in the Valley. In 1939, the acreage in cantaloupes was 26,000 acres, and the value of the crop was five million dollars. Besides this, 3,221 acres were in Honey Dews and Honey Balls of the value of half a million dollars. Six hundred carloads of melons have been shipped out of the valley in one day, going to all parts of the United States.

I was told that the wages paid out from the time of planting the melons to loading on the cars amounted last year to three million dollars. Most of this labor is Mexican, though the migratory labor, as described in "Grapes of Wrath," is used in the harvesting.

I saw one of the migratory camps at Niland, and men, women and children were living in cloth tents. When work gives out at one place they load their tents on top of their cars and move on.

Sugar beets are raised in great quantities. They average about twenty tons to the acre and they bring about $180.00 per acre, including $40.00 per acre bonus from the Government. There is good profit in beets as long as the price stays up. They cost about $35.00 to $40.00 per acre to grow. They are shipped to Los Angeles where they are converted into sugar.

Here are a few more statistics taken from the before-mentioned "All-American Canal" number of the *El Centro Times.*

Number of acres devoted to different major crops in Imperial

Valley in 1939: Lettuce, 23,000; peas, 6,591; watermelons, 5,975; squash, 1,002; mustard greens, 498; grapes, 1,394; grapefruit, 5,889; oranges, 904; pecans, 664; asparagus, 1,190; sugar beets, 7,210; barley, 54,134; oats, 4,727; wheat, 4,786; Bermuda grass seed, 4,454; clover, 635. Carrots yield a carload to the acre; cabbage, 450 acres, 608 carloads; Milo maize, 35,909 acres; tomatoes, 3,014 acres, producing 1,087 carloads.

Nearly all the work is done by machinery. Big Diesel tractors draw a row of plows making furrows up to 15 feet wide. I saw two Diesel tractors pulling a big plow that was plowing deep to bring up new soil. They were making a furrow three feet deep and three feet wide. If you don't believe it, I took a picture and can show you my son-in-law, Clarence Walker, standing in the three-foot ditch. The operators of the giant plow obligingly lifted it out of the ground to show me. Clarence said the plow probably cost $1,000.00.

Cultivating is done by tractors. The irrigation and waste ditches grow up quickly with weeds and other growth, and these have to be cleaned out often. This work is done by a caterpillar tractor, pulling a huge scraper.

The alfalfa is cut by a mower and, after drying for a day or two, is raked into rows by a long, circular moving rake. This rake was invented and manufactured by a local concern. Then a baler comes along, picks up the hay, carries it to the presses on the same machine, and dumps the finished bale of hay on the ground—the whole works moving over the ground at one time. These baling machines bale 800 to 1,000 bales in ten hours. A great deal of the baling is done at night, when hay is not so dry and dustry. The ranchers in the Valley think nothing of plowing, harvesting, etc., all night, also on Sundays.

A big truck moves along with a moving platform coming down to the ground in front of the truck. This platform picks up the bales of hay, carries them to the rear of the machine where they are stacked. When the truck is loaded, unless the hay is sold on the field, which is often done, the bales are carried to some central point and stacked in great piles of several thousand bales to wait for a purchaser. The association of hay growers of the Valley looks up the buyers. No attempt is made to cover the hay as no rain is likely to come to damage it. Very few take the trouble to have shelters for the expensive machinery used, but let the machines stand in the open until needed. There is so little moisture that rust is not a problem, but it looks slovenly to me.

The harvesting machines for wheat, barley, flax, etc., cut, thresh and bag the grain, all in one operation.

The Boulder Dam on the Colorado River will be a great boon to the Valley. Formerly the ranchers were dependent on the flow of the Colorado River. Only last year for several weeks, the bed of the river was dry and no water came into the Valley. Also, the canal came through Mexico, and, owing to war or any trouble with Mexico, they could stop the water. Now water is coming from Boulder Dam, which saves up the water during flood times and pays it out as needed. Also, the canal from Boulder Dam now is all on American property. The new canal is not all finished yet. We rode out beyond Niland to see the big dredges digging the new canal.

One of these dredges has a boom, reaching out 160 feet. The big scoop holds twelve yards. The ordinary dredge holds three yards.

The counties also are large in California. Imperial County is about 120 miles long. El Centro is the county seat. It is a nice clean town with good looking stores. All of the stores are built over the sidewalks, as in Cuba, so as to shade the sidewalks. It has a fine large hotel, "The Barbara Worth Hotel," air-conditioned, and well run. Several thousand paloverde trees line the streets and more are being planted each year. This is a pretty tree with dainty evergreen foliage, and when in bloom it is covered with pretty yellow blossoms.

California has one of the best school systems in the nation. El Centro has splendid, attractive school buildings. All the new school buildings are being built one and two stories to withstand earthquakes, having learned a lesson from the Long Beach earthquake when practically every school house in the city was shaken down. In the El Centro schools last year there were 78 1/6 per cent white, 7 1/2 per cent negro and 14 1/3 per cent Mexicans, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos and other foreign nations.

There are eighteen churches in El Centro, but not well patronized, judging by the attendance at one of the leading churches in Brawley which we attended one Sunday. The building was handsome, the auditorium large, but a pitifully small congregation, so much so, that when six of us came in, the preacher called one of his ushers up and I think asked him where all the crowd came from. Anyway, later he welcomed the Westmorelandites. In my humble judgment, the Great West will not come into its own until it pays more attention to the spiritual along with their great physical growth. Many of the ranchers carry on their farm work on Sunday.

Don't get the impression that Imperial Valley is a perfect Eden with no serpents. Like other farmers, the ranchers are at the mercy of the markets, the insect pests and myriads of things that may happen. One rancher had about 200 acres in wheat, and while I was there the wheat heads were filling up, then rust appeared over the whole tract, and completely ruined the whole crop. He was cutting it all down, hoping to salvage some of his loss by baling and selling for hay.

They can never tell when they plant a crop what the price will be at harvest time. Mr. Walker told me of one rancher who made $50,000.00 in one lucky year, and lost all of it in the course of a few years by a succession of crops which he couldn't sell for what it cost him to produce. I met one man who formerly had a large ranch, but lost it all, and is now working by the day looking after irrigating the tracts.

Then in July, August and September the heat is almost unbearable, getting up to 120 in the shade. Many of the women and children have to move to the mountains and seashore to escape the torrid heat, but the poor men have to stay at home to look after the ranches.

Practically all the dwellings have an air-conditioning system that gives relief. Outside a window is built a screen that is covered with excelsior. This excelsior is kept wet by water constantly dripping on it. A large electric fan forces the air through this wet excelsior, causing evaporation which cools the air.

As mentioned, owing to the dry atmosphere, the heat is not nearly so oppressive as in Carolina. There are very few heat prostrations. But for the greater part of the year, Imperial Valley is a delightful place in which to live, and nature does wonders in producing and a large part in feeding the millions of the United States.

VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, 1939

I THINK every one will agree that the most popular and the most interesting of the exhibits at the World's Fair was the one by General Motors. It was in a large building, over to one side, and every time we went by the building there were two long lines, two deep for a couple of city blocks. We planned to see this on Monday when we went out to the World's Fair, but we overslept and did not get out there until after ten o'clock, and the waiting lines were so long that we would have to stand in line for a couple of hours. We decided to go early Tuesday morning and we hit it just right. We got to the General Motors building at half past nine, and were in the first group of people who were admitted to see the exhibits. The building does not open until ten o'clock but they commenced a little earlier that morning and we did not have to wait so long.

The exhibit was viewed from very comfortable, upholstered chairs which moved around the building at different levels and the view was just below you. A loud speaker at each two seats explained the exhibit. Their plan was to show the country as it will be in 2040, with their idea of constructing automobile roads so as to permit 100 miles per hour speed, with no grade crossings. Besides this, it showed ideal country places, villages, industrial plants, etc. As visitors in the moving chairs toured this exhibit, they experienced the sensation of traveling hundreds of miles and viewing the scenes from a low-flying airplane. As you traveled on several levels of the building in your magic chairs, you viewed towns and cities, rivers and lakes, country and farm areas, industrial plants in operation, country clubs, forests, valleys and snow-capped mountains. There were approximately 500,000 individually designed houses; more than a million trees of eighteen species, and 50,000 scale model automobiles, of which 10,000 are in actual operation over super-highways, speed lanes and bridges. In order to get all of this in, they move on different levels.

Other parts of the General Motors building are also interesting. They have a giant microscope and you see the little animals in a drop of stagnant water, magnified to the length of a couple of inches. The magnified scene is thrown on a screen and you do not actually have to look in the microscope.

They also have each style of their automobile on display, with the sides of glass so you can see every part of the automobile.

I think probably the most interesting building to us was the Russian building. I understand they spent two million dollars on this building and it certainly looks it. They have a great many large plants, moving pictures, etc., showing their huge plants, collective farms, etc., that they have built since the revolution. They certainly make a fine showing. Of course, they do not show any of the bad features. In this building is seen the plane that flew across the North Pole. The Russians took away their building and they have no exhibit in the 1940 show.

The Italian building is also very interesting. From a dome at the top of the building, which is probably 60 feet high, flows a cataract of water. Standing inside at the large front window, you see the curtain of water about twelve feet wide flowing down into a pool. They also have many exhibits showing the industries of Italy. In another place in the yards they show the "crack" train of Italy running between Rome and Naples. These are regular engines and cars and different in many respects from ours.

Japan has also spent a lot of money on their exhibits. They show how silk is made from the real cocoon. They have two Japanese girls at work all the time. They have a number of exhibits showing their products. They also have a pretty restaurant with two Japanese girls in costume. The grounds are beautifully landscaped, with a pretty stream of water flowing down through it, and under an arched bridge. It is a lovely place with its evergreens and blooming flowers planted around. Among other artistic items shown here is the copy of the Liberty Bell, which is about fifteen inches high, and is made of real pearls. There must be a thousand pearls in the bell and clapper. Even the crack in the bell is outlined in blue pearls.

I do not like to admit it, but the three countries that we do not admire much, Russia, Italy and Japan, have about the best exhibits of any.

Germany did not make any exhibits at all, but there are exhibits from sixty foreign nations. Most of the exhibits are in good-sized buildings and are very interesting.

North Carolina has a splendid building with a very creditable display of the resources of the State and pretty pictures of the mountains and seashore. Miss Miriam Johnson, who used to be in charge of our personnel department, is in charge of this building, and she took special pains to show us around. She has two or three helpers who get people to register, and they explain the different exhibits to the visitors.

Mrs. Ivey and I stopped at the Governor Clinton Hotel, right across from the Pennsylvania Station. The best way to get to the grounds, if you are near the Pennsylvania Station, is to take the World's Fair train, which leaves about every ten minutes from the Pennsylvania Station and, without stopping, takes you to the World's Fair grounds, ten miles away, in about twelve minutes. They advertise, "From the World of Today to the World of Tomorrow, Ten Miles in Ten Minutes for 10c." They go under the East River to Long Island, about half of the time under the ground. There are several other ways to get to the Fair grounds. You can go on the subway from Times Square in twenty-four minutes for 5c. You can also go to the Fair grounds by bus.

After you get to the grounds there are several ways of getting around. An ideal way for you to get your bearings is to take a sight-seeing bus.

The sides of these buses are open and you sit facing the outside. You go to all parts of the grounds and a lecturer tells you about everything. The fare is 50c for the round trip. The Greyhound Bus Company has buses that stop at about fifteen stations at the Fair ground and the fare is 10c. You can get off at any station or you can stay on and make the rounds for 10c. The seats are very comfortable and the bus is open so you can see on both sides. There is a small moving motor train that travels through the grounds. They can accommodate about fifty people. The trains go places the buses cannot. The fare is 20c to any point it goes.

If you are very lazy, or can't walk, there are electric driven chairs, with a guide, that will take you anywhere for $2.00 per hour. There are also push chairs at less rate.

While we were there the five millionth person entered the Fair. This person was given his money back, furnished a guide free to show him over the grounds. During the four days we were there the people reported that over a million people visited the Fair.

The National Cash Register Company has built a giant cash register 40 feet high. This can be seen from every point and the attendance is marked up on this every few minutes, so you can see how the attendance is every day.

Tuesday was Declaration Day and they had the largest attendance they have had. I expect the largest attendance they will have will be Saturday, June 10th, when the King and Queen will be there. As July 4th is a holiday it may be one of the biggest days.

I am glad I did not drive up in our car as we planned. Thousands of cars are driven in. They have parking space right outside of the grounds and there is space to park 35,000 cars. There is plenty of room for everybody. They have twenty-five miles of asphalt and concrete roads, and as automobiles are not allowed in the grounds, you can walk anywhere. The sightseeing buses do not move very fast, not fast enough to hit anybody.

There are seventeen information booths, 2,000 policemen, and there is always some one to direct you to certain places. They are very polite and anxious to please you. There are plenty of seats, both outside and inside of the buildings. Most of the buildings are air-conditioned, and everything seems to be perfect for the comfort of the visitors. There are loud speakers placed all over the grounds where you can hear music. They also give the special events that are taking place, or that will take place throughout the day. You can always find something interesting to listen to.

At the Chase and Sanborn exhibit they have a large open space where they have a marionette show every few minutes. Charlie McCarthy is the chief attraction, of course, and they manage those figures marvelously.

We stopped a few minutes in the Temple of Religion. They have a large open hall, with good seats, where they have lectures and music. The day we were there the Staten Island school was to give a concert and other singing later. The Temple of Religion is a very large building and is worth seeing.

There is a World's Fair post office on the grounds. I mailed our post cards and they are post-marked from the World's Fair Station.

The Fair will cost between $150,000,000 and $160,000,000, and it is doubtful if they will ever get their money back, as it costs a great deal to run the Fair, and $150,000,000 is a lot of money.

I would advise any one to see the Theme Center before seeing the General Motors exhibit. They are similar, except that the General Motors' is so much finer. You go up through the Trylon on an escalator up to the middle of the Perisphere, and then you get on a moving platform and look down on a vista of forest, towns, roads, etc., supposed to represent the country of tomorrow. It is worth going to see, but see this before you see the General Motors exhibit. The Trylon is 700 feet high and the Perisphere is perfectly round with this exhibit down on the bottom, and you look at it from the moving platform about half way up. There are beautiful fountains in a number of places and they look very pretty at night, with the colored lights playing on them. The grounds are beautiful at night and I am sorry we did not get to see the grounds longer at night. We were getting pretty tired and decided to go to bed before 10 o'clock, and before the fireworks came on.

They say the only exhibit that is making any money is the Gardens on Parade (except Billy Rose's Aquacade which made $100,000.00 in 1939). The Gardens on Parade are large gardens with all kinds of blooming flowers artistically arranged. Inside the building there are pot flowers and cut flowers. It is well worth going to see and Mrs. Ivey and I had a good time roaming around. Many of the buildings have beautiful landscaping around them, with green grass, evergreens, etc., laid out by experts.

There is a large space given to amusements. I suppose Billy Rose's Aquacade is one most largely attended. Mrs. Ivey and I did not attend this, and saw very few of the amusement places. We went over Thursday morning, but most of these amusement places do not open until in the afternoon and, as we were tired, we did not wait to see any of them.

Merrie England has a good show. They have reproduced "The Old Curiosity Shop," and several other historic buildings full size. They have young men dressed in red coats and pants, with funny looking hats, just like they dressed a hundred years ago.

We also saw the Midget Show. They have a little village, with little houses just for the midgets—furniture, etc., are all built to their size. The midgets gave a show every hour, and it is worth going to see.

We wanted to see Sun Valley, which is a reproduction of the Sun Valley in Idaho, but it did not open until 4 o'clock. We could see through the gate, houses which seemed to be covered with snow, with real looking icicles hanging from the eaves. Later in the season I went to see the show again, and found Sun Valley very interesting.

Frank Buck has a large place there with hundreds of animals but we did not get into that.

We happened along by Borden's Milk exhibit late in the afternoon where they have a large milking station. They have about a dozen cows and they were driven in, washed, and an attendant put an electric milker on one of the cows and at once you could see the milk flowing into a great reservoir above. They have an electrified farm at another place that I am sure is worth seeing, but we did not get to see it.

In the telephone exhibit, if you draw the lucky number you can telephone free to any place in the United States. The lucky one is in a little glass cage where you can see them telephoning. All around the place there are about a hundred ear 'phones and every one can hear the lucky ones telephoning.

We found the glass factory interesting. They were making goblets when we were in there.

The railroad yards are very interesting to visit. You can see five of the very latest Pullman trains. One of the coaches shows duplex sleepers, and, instead of one sleeper being over the other, you go up steps to the upper sleeper which is much more convenient. The Pennsylvania has one of its latest trains here on exhibit, and the England-Middleton Railroad sent over its crack train, "Coronation Scot," which runs between London and Edinburgh. This shows the sleeping cars, the dining cars and the English coaches, which are divided off into compartments. We traveled on this train, only we did not travel first-class, from London to Edinburgh when we were in Europe.

In the Hall of Pharmacy, we ran across Miss Jessie Connelly, who used to be in our Charlotte store. Miss Jessie is in charge of about sixty employees in this Hall of Pharmacy.

I forgot to say the Ford Motor Company has a large exhibit. They have what they claim is a perfect road, and you can ride on it in one of their cars. There was such a large crowd waiting to ride we did not stay to see it.

An interesting place was an oil derrick in operation, digging an oil well. They are about 400 feet deep now.

There are hundreds of places that would be interesting to visit, but we did not get to see several places we wanted to examine. We were anxious to see Houses of Tomorrow, showing a number of houses with the newest equipment, etc. We did not get into the building, Masterpiece of Art, where thousands of fine paintings are being shown, and there were a number of other places we did not get to see, but we saw enough to pay us well, and to convince us that the World's Fair is well worth going to see.

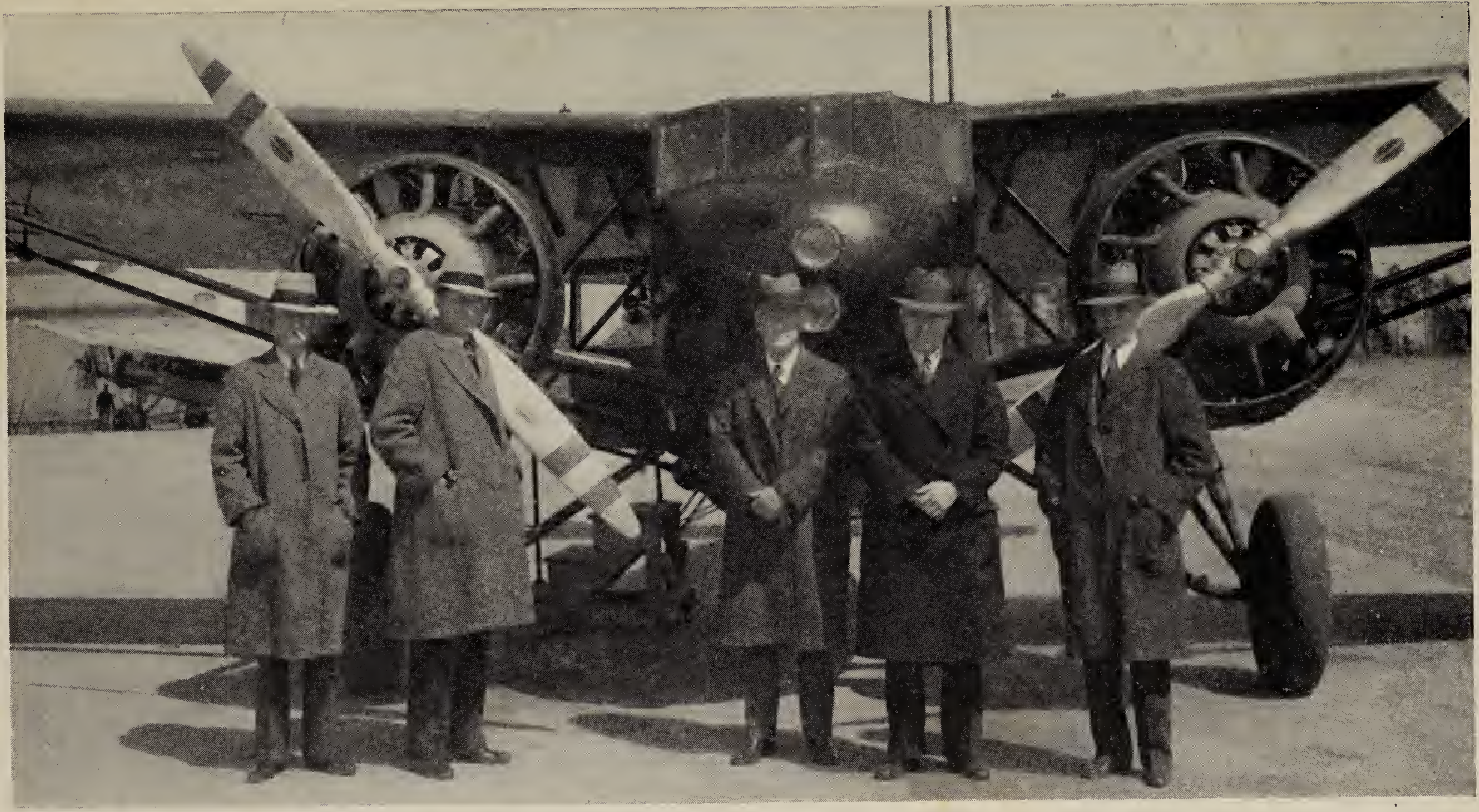
AIRPLANE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA
FEBRUARY, 1941

I TOLD Mrs. J. T. Lillard at church week before last I was going to California to visit my daughter, Virginia. She said, "Take me along. I have always wanted to go to California." "I am going to fly," I said, "do you want to go that way?" Very positively she answered, "No, no, no." It is strange what a fear of the airplane still exists in the mind of the average man or woman, despite the fact that statistics show there are fewer accidents per thousand from traveling by plane than by train. It is much safer than by automobile. I think Mrs. Ivey would have accompanied me, except for her fear of air travel and she would have much preferred my traveling some other way. It is the magic carpet that takes you anywhere at incredible speed, and I was much thrilled over the exciting experience of traveling aloft.

I did not relish the idea of getting up in time to take the 3:10 a. m. plane for Atlanta, so I took a night train, had a good rest on the Pullman and took the Delta Lines plane at Atlanta at 8:55 a. m. Tuesday morning. This is a large Douglas plane, carrying 21 passengers—that is, if the passengers are not too heavy. The plane is licensed to carry only so many pounds, including fuel, mail and express. Each passenger is asked his weight, and when the limit is reached, no more are accepted, and there may be an empty seat or two when additional passengers are refused space. We had nearly our capacity all the way, except after nightfall.

Our first stop was Birmingham, Ala. Then we stopped a few minutes at Jackson, Miss. There was no other stop until we reached Dallas, Texas, where we arrived on time at 2:30 p. m. Here I was met by Mrs. Maffett and Mrs. Gunnell, two Junaluska friends, who live in Dallas. They drove me all over the city and showed me the magnificent buildings of the Southern Methodist University, the tall skyscrapers, bank buildings, hotels, department stores, etc. There are many fine homes and evidences of wealth are everywhere.

At Dallas we changed to the American Air Lines, leaving there at 5:06 p. m. We stopped at Fort Worth for twenty minutes and made one other stop before getting to El Paso, Texas, at 8:41 p. m. We made short stops at Douglas and Tucson, arriving at Phoenix at 11:45 p. m. on time. I could have gone on to Los Angeles that night, but I could get to Westmoreland earlier by stopping all night at



THE AUTHOR ON HIS FIRST AIR TRIP (1933)
D. L. Reece, W. T. Buice, J. B. Ivey, H. W. Patrick, George M. Ivey

Phoenix and taking the Golden Gate Limited train of the Southern Pacific for Niland.

I was told that our twin motored plane traveled at 4,000 to 8,000 feet elevation—4,000 feet over the comparatively flat country until we got to Texas, then at 6,000 feet to El Paso. After that we looked down, passing over hills and plains from 8,000 feet elevation. It did not seem this high, and I had a delightful sensation of ease and comfort. It was hard to believe that we were traveling as fast as on a train for we were so high above the earth that we apparently passed the objects very slowly. The big ranches looked like small gardens, the automobiles appeared to be toys and the roads looked like paths. I could hardly believe that we were traveling one hundred and seventy-five miles per hour, though I was assured that was our speed.

I was lucky in having a bright sunshiny day in which to make my first long distance trip by airplane. The terrain below was beautiful, though the mountains looked very flat from our perch high above them. I was disappointed in the apparent size of the Mississippi as we crossed it at Vicksburg a few minutes after leaving Jackson, Miss. The Father of Waters looked much smaller than our Catawba River.

The "chauffeur" of our ship is called the "captain," and the other trained pilot is "first officer." I asked what the driver was called and was told his official title is the "pilot." I felt much safer when I knew there were two experienced pilots in charge. Our first officer told me he had been flying on these commercial planes for thirteen years. He also told me that they completely overhauled or rebuilt the engines every 3,000 hours. The engines consume about 90 gallons per hour. Counting 2,824 miles from New York to Los Angeles and taking about 18 hours, I figure that the plane uses 1,620 gallons per one-way trip. At 20 cents per gallon this would make the fuel alone cost $324.00. The other expenses of this trip would amount to a good figure, and if it were not for the government subsidy for mails, I don't suppose they could come out even.

Every convenience imaginable is supplied. The comfortable, high-back, reclining chairs are very restful, and if you want to take a nap, the stewardess in attendance immediately comes and tucks a blanket around you. There is also a small pillow provided for every passenger. In the little compartment above you is a space for these two articles, also for your hat and other small accessories. The stewardess is a registered nurse and is ready at all times to answer questions as to where we are, how fast we are flying, how high we are, etc. At regular intervals she passes chewing gum which helps in relieving the sensation one has in the ears when passing quickly from a high elevation to a landing. Then between meals she serves tea or other drinks and gives you a morning and afternoon paper. She served a splendid lunch and dinner in a neat tray that you hold in your lap. The meal is hot and you have a luxurious feeling dining at 8,000 feet elevation in perfect comfort and ease. For lunch I had a quarter of a chicken, celery, olives, pickles, pineapple salad, dainty sandwiches, dessert and a drink. For dinner I had lamb pattie, asparagus, lima beans, fruit salad, celery, olives, watermelon sweet pickles, ice cream, cake and tea. Everything that can be is wrapped in cellophane. All these services—dinner, newspaper, gum, etc.—are complimentary and neither the stewardess nor any other employee will accept a tip. I am told that on the sleepers the stewardess will supply, on request, a handy overnight case if you haven't previously supplied yourself with the needful articles. This is also complimentary.

On entering the plane, the stewardess takes your coat and hangs it up on a rack. Before starting, she comes around and asks you to fasten your belt, a broad strap fastened in the seat, and also before landing she sees that you have the belt fastened. I can see how this is a good precaution, though I hardly knew when we landed unless I looked out of my window, it was so smooth.

The cabin of the plane is air-conditioned, the heat in winter being supplied from water pipes heated from the exhaust, and the coolness in summer produced by a regular air-conditioning plant. At each seat is a fresh air tube in case you want it, which supplies you only and thereby doesn't give your neighbor any discomfort. The ventilating system completely changes the air in the cabin every minute. If you want more air, pull open the small tube above your seat. Also the lights are concentrated on your book or paper so that your neighbor in front or rear can sleep in semi-darkness, while you have a good light for reading.

I can hear you asking, "How about the air bumps?" Very rarely the plane would shake a little as we struck an air pocket, but no one was sick or seemed to suffer any discomfort. It was really much more comfortable riding than I ever experienced in any other kind of conveyance. While the plane is aloft you can walk about as you please, and the stewardess will give you a drink of ice water. If you prefer, she will bring it to you.

You can write very comfortably as it is so smooth, but watch your fountain pen. Aloft the air is rarified and your pen may belch an airy ink bubble. You are advised to have your pen full, leaving no room for air, or ask your stewardess to open your pen for you. If you haven't the necessary writing materials, the stewardess will supply you with stationery, picture post cards, and a complete writing kit.

If you feel the need of a shave, the stewardess will supply you with an electric razor which she sterilizes after each use. The shaver plugs into a special 12-volt electric outlet in the lavatory wall.

After leaving El Paso the stewardess told me we were nearing the oil country and to look out for the bright lights caused by burning natural gas at the oil wells.

I don't know whether the female is more timid about air travel than the male, but the men outnumbered the women on this trip about five to one. One old lady at Atlanta said she was going through to Los Angeles. She had a tremendous suitcase which was much over the baggage weight allowed (40 lbs.), but the agent told her to take her small bag with necessities and he would send her big bag by express. The charge on baggage over 40 pounds is 65c per pound. I guessed her bag weighed 60 pounds and if so the charge would have been $13.00.

You may have gotten the impression from this article that I am enthusiastic about air travel. You are correct.

TRIP TO BOULDER DAM, BOULDER, NEVADA
MARCH, 1941

ON MY recent trip to California my son-in-law, C. R. Walker, drove me up to Boulder Dam, a place I had long wished to see, as it is the greatest structure of the kind in the world.

The dam, tunnels, spillways, dynamos, etc., are of such dimensions that it is hard to believe. For instance, enough cement was used in the construction of the dam to build a five-foot walkway from the North Pole to the South Pole, or enough to build a roadway 20 feet wide from Miami, Florida, to Portland, Oregon. There is more concrete in the dam than would take to build a mound the size of the Great Pyramid, which Herodotus tells us, took 1,000,000 men twenty years to build. When full, the lake will hold enough water to supply 5,000 gallons for every inhabitant in the world. It will produce enough electricity to allow a 40-watt light for every home in the United States. There will be enough water in the lake when full to cover the State of Connecticut 10 feet deep. The spillways, one on each side of the dam, will each carry as much water as the Colorado has ever carried through Black Canyon in flood times—200,000 gallons per minute. No matter how much of a flood comes from the very large section draining into the Colorado, it will never flow over the top of the dam.

Boulder Dam was built in five years—two and a half years ahead of schedule. It was such a vast undertaking that no one construction company would or could undertake it. The Dam was, therefore, built by a combination of six large construction companies. Their gross earnings were $54,000,000.00. At the peak of construction 5,250 men were employed. A city of many homes had to be constructed to house the workers, and a dozen large dormitories, each with 172 air conditioned single rooms, were erected. A large eating place capable of seating 1,300 men was in use. Special buses were designed and used to transport the workers from Boulder City, about eight miles from the plant, to and from their work. Some of these buses had two decks and carried 150 men at each load.

I did not see the many cottages that were used by the men with families and I suppose they have been moved away as they are not now needed, and Boulder City did not want to look like a ghost town of deserted homes.

Boulder City is now a beautiful little town with wide, clean, paved streets. They have a nice hotel, air conditioned, and well managed. Our room had twin beds, bath and every convenience. They have many stores, mostly souvenir stores, and a moving picture theatre. A large, permanent office of the Department of the Interior is situated on a hill in the center of this model town. All of this is right in the midst of where there was nothing but sand and desert vegetation a few years ago. Even when there were many thousands of workers there during the construction, and, of course, attracting many wandering criminals, there has never been but one robbery in Boulder City, when the movie theatre was held up. The criminals were caught in two hours. It is a discouraging place for criminals as there are only about three roads leading out of Boulder City, and a criminal could not go far through the desert without being caught up with by telephone.

Most of the 300 miles we drove to the Dam were through desert and we would drive as far as forty miles without seeing a single habitation. One did not have to watch for side roads for there weren't any in this forty mile stretch. Most of this desert will "blossom as the rose" when given water, and this great reservoir of water will now provide for these productive lands.

A constant stream of visitors go to see this great project. We were told that an average of 1,000 per day come to see the Dam and during one month over 40,000 visited the site.

We drove down to the dam at once after looking after our hotel accommodations. We just couldn't take it in, it is so huge. The crest of the dam is 1,244 feet from the Nevada side to the Arizona side and is 45 feet wide. The crest is used as a U. S. Highway from Nevada to Arizona. The Dam itself is 726 feet high and 650 feet thick at the base—this being a wall longer than one and a half of our city blocks. Elevators at the top of the Dam take you down to the level of the machinery and nearly to the level of the river. There is a charge of 25c and a courteous guide takes you around and explains everything and answers any questions. The elevator takes you down 528 feet which is nearly the distance to the top of Washington Monument and is equal to a forty-story building. Some of the corridors through the structure of the Dam are for visitors, and there are also many others, several miles of them altogether, for inspection of the Dam, to examine the contraction and expansion of the huge mass of concrete.

One of these corridors leads across from one shore to the other. At one place our guide stopped us and said we were in the exact center of the river, which is the dividing line between Nevada and Arizona. He said, "I am in Arizona and you are in Nevada."

The sand and gravel for the cement were obtained from a pit a few miles up the river. This material was taken to a plant erected for the purpose, where it was washed and automatically separated into various sizes. Belt conveyors took the different sizes to stock heaps to be used in mixing cement.

There is a free movie in Boulder City showing the progress of the building from the beginning. It showed, among many other things, lifting a bucket of mixed cement containing nine cubic yards, a huge load. This material was transported by train from the mixing plant to a point under the cable-way where it was picked up, carried to where it was to be poured, let down, a safety catch loosened, and the bucket was lifted up, leaving the cement. Cement is usually poured by tipping the bucket but these buckets of nine cubic yards were too bulky. The dam was built in 230 vertical columns, then when the contraction caused by drying separated the square blocks, it was filled in with thin grout—whatever that is.

When cement is poured in large sections it heats up to a temperature of 128 degrees and it would have taken 150 years for it to cool in this large bulk. In order to cool it quickly, they ran 580 miles of pipe through it. They forced water at 38° temperature through these pipes and cooled it down in a comparatively short time.

One of the most interesting sights to me was the cable lines stretched from the Nevada side of the canyon to the Arizona side to hold a huge tramway or traveling crane. To support the large loads transported, these cables were carried back through tunnels drilled into the solid rock for 50 to 80 feet. Then larger cavities were drilled and large iron bars placed across to which the cables were fastened. Then these bulbs and tunnels were filled with cement. On these cables are suspended huge cranes. When a carload of material was carried by railroad to the edge of the canyon, these cranes picked up the standard railroad box car, with its load, and carried it over the canyon, let it down to the working level, where it was placed on another track to be carried to the place where it was unloaded. It also was used to let down the huge sections of iron pipe which made the penstocks through which the water is carried from the intake towers to the turbine wheels. This pipe is 30 feet in diameter—not circumference, made of sheet iron two inches thick, and a section let down at one time by this traveling crane weighed as much as two standard locomotives. These sections of pipe, 30 feet high, were too large to be transported on any railroad, so a large machine shop, three blocks long and the height of a six-story building, was erected one and a half miles from the dam. Huge plates of iron two inches thick were put in presses and given the proper curve. Then they were welded together by acetylene torches. A section of this was then loaded on special built trailers and transported to the edge of the canyon and let down to the tunnels that had been blasted out and then fastened to the section already in place. Before taking these sections to the site of the dam, they were put in huge ovens and heated to a temperature of 1150 degrees Fahrenheit. This was to relieve the strain made by bending and other fabrication. After remaining in this temperature for three hours, the section was gradually cooled in the same length of time.

One of the most hazardous parts of the job was scaling the walls of the canyon to remove any rock that might loosen and fall on the workers. This called for the bravest of the men. They were let down by ropes from the top of the canyon. They sat in bosuns' chairs while they pried rock loose and drilled holes in other places in which to dynamite them. Anyone falling would drop several hundred feet onto the rocks below. This work continued for two years and at one time 400 men were so occupied, yet there were only seven deaths from accidents in this "scaling."

The drilling was done in mass style, by special apparatus called "Jumbos." One of these "Jumbos" carried a battery of thirty drills and was hauled on a 10-ton truck. This would be placed against a wall, air lines connected and the boring went five, ten and twenty feet into the wall. The holes were then filled with dynamite, wires connected and when men and apparatus were moved to a safe distance, the blast was set off.

The work was carried on both day and night. The bill for gasoline for the trucks, etc., amounted to $45,000.00 and the tires cost $15,000.00 per month. The whole project cost $126,500,000.00. Before it was finished, enough power had been contracted for by the Edison Power Company of California to pay all the cost, together with interest, in fifty years.

We could see where they were installing one of the huge generators. We were told it takes two years to build one of these and they are so large they have to be built on the spot. It takes two carloads of material to construct one of these generators. There will be fifteen of them when all are installed. Each one is rated at 82,500 K. V. A. The total installed capacity will be 1,835,000 horse power.

But there are three other benefits besides light and power to be derived from the Boulder Dam—flood control, water storage and silt control. Before the Boulder Dam was built, each spring great floods would flow through the Black Canyon. In 1906 the flood broke through the restraining walls in the Imperial Valley and threatened to wipe out this large, fruitful Valley. Homes and ranches were literally washed away. Millions of dollars were spent to control the river and at last the breach was closed. But in the summer time the river got down to a trickle and the crops were ruined for lack of water. This condition has been corrected. The Boulder Dam holds the flood waters and pays out as needed.

A great item of expense to the ranchers in the Imperial Valley was cleaning out the silt that kept washing down. The muddy water was loaded with silt—thousands of tons were carried down the river. Now the basin of the lake can hold millions of tons of this silt without filling up enough to be a nuisance.

Water is carried 300 miles from the Parker Dam, fed by the waters of the Boulder Dam, across the mountains to Los Angeles where it supplies water for this large city. At places, tunnels several miles in length have been cut through the mountains to carry the large aqueduct. At other places, the electricity from the dam is used to lift the water up the mountain to the tunnels.

About 100 miles above Imperial Valley the river is again dammed and a huge canal carries a flow of water down to the rich Imperial Valley. They no longer dread floods or drought.

Truly this was an enterprise that was boldly conceived and wonderfully carried out!